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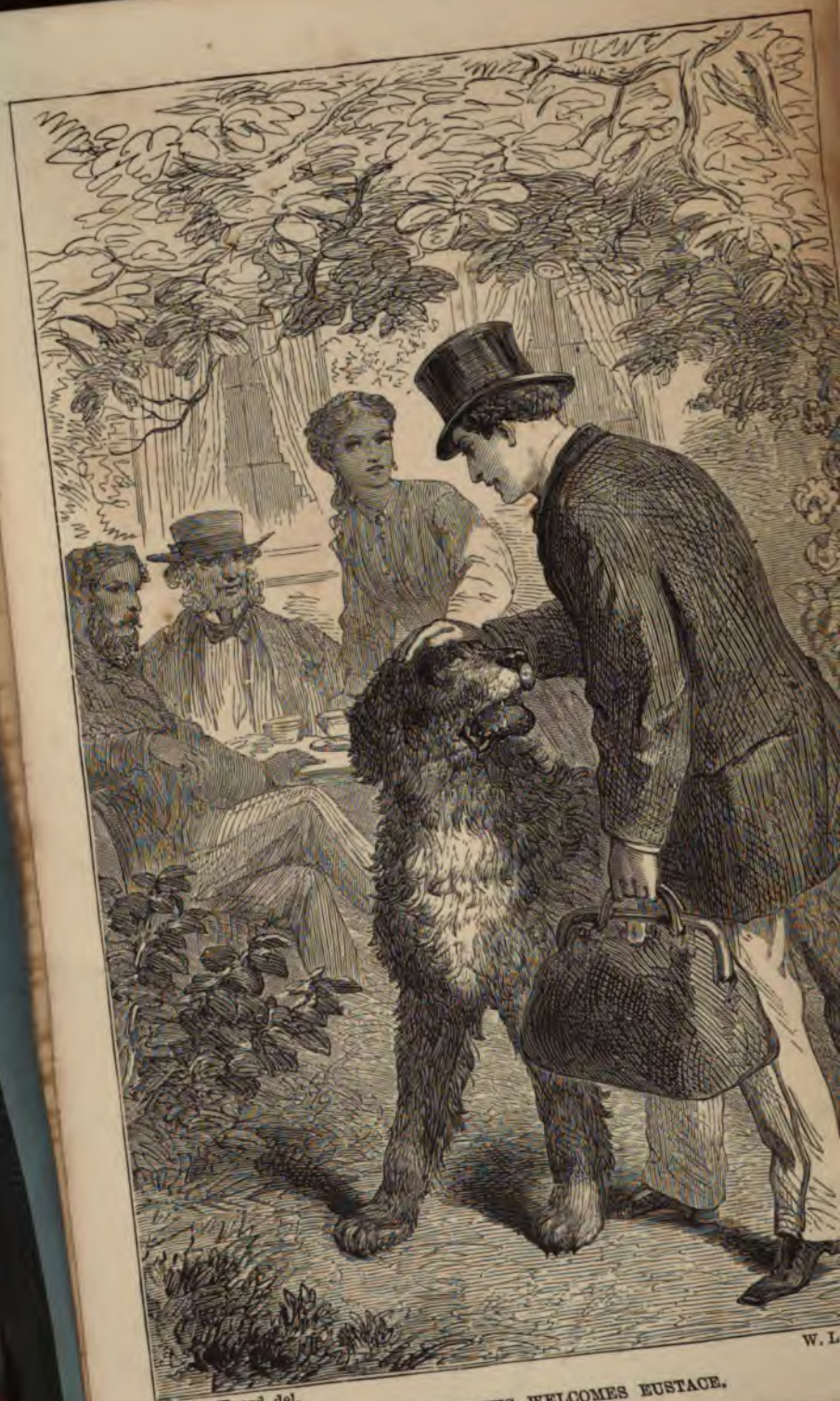
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Louis Hnard, del.

HEPHÆSTUS WELCOMES EUSTACE.

W. L.



BELGRAVIA

A LONDON MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY

M. E. BRADDON

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "AURORA FLOYD," ETC. ETC.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Another Episode in the Life of Miss Tabitha Tremoodle	489
"Beautiful for Ever"	227
Bric-a-bras Hunting :—Quest the Fifth : Berlin	92
Charlotte's Inheritance. A Novel. By the Author of "Birds of Prey," &c.	
Book the First :—De Profundis. Chaps. I.-IV.	244
Book the Second :—Downhill. Chaps. I.-III.	277
Book the Third :—The Horatiad. Chaps. I.-V.	416
Book the Fourth :—Gustave in England. Chap. I.	442
Chaps. II.-IV.	569
Cosmetics for the Hair	288
David Garrick	29
Dead-Sea Fruit. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady And-ley's Secret," &c.	
Chap. XXIII. Between Eden and Exile	5
XXIV. "L'oiseau fuit comme le bonheur"	13
XXV. "The Disappointments of Dion"	18
XXVI. "Infinite riches in a little room"	131
XXVII. Vale.	144
XXVIII. "Still from one screw to another thrown"	152
XXIX. Left alone	289
XXX. The Morland Cough	292
XXXI. Lucy's Farewell to the Stage	298
XXXII. "Could love part thus?"	307
XXXIII. A summer Storm	447
XXXIV. A final Interview	457
XXXV. Timely Banishment	462
XXXVI. Sit tibi terra levis	466
Diana Gay. A Novel. By the Author of "Bella Donna," "Never Forgotten," &c.	
Book the First.	
Chap. XVI. The Drag-hunt	109
XVII. Fatal News	118
Book the Second.	
Chap. I. Deserted Diana	117
II. A Visit	120
III. The Rivals	126
IV. The Candidates	206
V. A Change	209
VI. The Election-day	214
VII. A Warning	219
VIII. Lady Margaret receives	362
IX. A Round of Gaieties	373
X. The Petition	514
XI. A Proposal	516
XII. Defeat	523
XIII. Change	529
XIV. A sore Trial	532
Disagreeable People	315
Fallen among Flunkeys	505
French Etiquette	538
Glimpses at Foreign Literature :—George Sand	156
Jane Eyre's School	237

	PAGE
Léon Faucher, Statesman and Journalist	194
Letters from Lilliput :	
No. v. On little Martyrs	53
Literature in the Purple	351
Literature of the Line	499
London Palaces :	
II. St. James's Palace	30
III. St. James's—Carlton House—Buckingham Palace	184
IV. Buckingham Palace—Kensington Palace	323
V. Palaces that have passed away: The Savoy—Bride- well—Whitehall—Baynard's Castle—Crosby Hall	478
Manchester Men	79
Million a Minute, A	392
Mountain of Michelet, The	399
Mudie Classics :—Sir Alk Meyonn, or the Seven against the Elector	41, 162
Nice Girls	63
On Leave	333
Paletteville	176
Paragon Paris	67
POEMS :	
Aloe, The	568
Bit of Scandal, A	98
By the River	382
Dawn of Truth, The	161
Death upon the Mountains	537
Hawking Party, The	78
Ill Tidings	193
In the Firelight	66
Land in sight! Home at last!	224
Pairing	415
Saint May	51
Strange Harper, The	319
Tyro	488
Venetian Sketch, An Old	350
Violets at Home	130
Sensationalism in Science: Our Coal-fields	555
Story of St. Thomas's Hospital, The	561
Technical Education	84
University Men in Town	471
Vagueness	409

ILLUSTRATIONS

Hephestus welcomes Eustace	Drawn by <i>Louis Huard</i>	Frontispiece
Saint May	<i>Alfred Thompson</i>	51
In the Firelight	<i>Thomas Gray</i>	66
A Bit of Scandal	<i>C. J. Staniland</i>	98
Madame Carlitz	<i>Louis Huard</i>	139
The Dawn of Truth	<i>Alfred Thompson</i>	161
Ill Tidings	<i>Thomas Cooper</i>	193
Land in sight! Home at last!	<i>R. P. Leitch</i>	224
Holiday Time	<i>Louis Huard</i>	305
The Strange Harper	<i>Alfred Thompson</i>	319
An Old Venetian Sketch	<i>Thomas Gray</i>	350
By the River	<i>Thomas Gray</i>	382
Mr. and Mrs. Jerningham meet again	<i>Louis Huard</i>	457
Tyro	<i>Alfred Thompson</i>	488
Death upon the Mountains	<i>R. P. Leitch</i>	537
The Aloe	<i>Thomas Gray</i>	568

BELGRAVIA

MARCH 1868

DEAD-SEA FRUIT

J. Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII. BETWEEN EDEN AND EXILE

ON the last night of Eustace Thorburn's abode in his uncle's lodgings the two men sat even longer than ordinary talking, the elder watching the face of the younger with more than usual tenderness.

"I daresay the future seems a little dark to you, dear lad," he began softly, after they had talked of all things except that which was nearest to the hearts of both. "I won't try to comfort you with the usual philosophical truisms about the foolishness of youthful fancies. I won't preach the *vanitas vanitatum* of worn-out middle age to hoping, dreaming, despairing youth. Keep the dream, boy, even if there is a bitter flavour of despair mingled with the sweetness of it. Keep the dream. Such dreams are the guardian angels of youth, the patron saints of manhood. I have my patron saint, and I pray to her sometimes, and confess my sins to her, and receive absolution, and am comforted. To my eyes Mademoiselle de Bergerac would most likely be only a pretty young person with blue eyes—I think you said blue eyes—and a white muslin frock. But if she seem an angel to you, enthroned in your heart of hearts. A man is all the better for carrying an angel about with him, even if it be only an angel of his own making."

And then, after a pause, Daniel went on. "About your future career as a man of letters I think you need have no misgiving. Those little verses which you submitted to me in such fear and trembling have made their mark. They have gone straight to the hearts of the people. The rising generation always elects its own poet. The students of the Quartier Latin knew Alfred de Musset's verses by heart, and spouted and sang them, before they were reprinted from the magazine where they first appeared. M. de Lamartine thought very small things

of the youngster, just as Byron thought very small things of Monsieur Lamerline himself: for since the world of letters began, the public has had a way of choosing its own favourites, and has been ever indulgent to faithful servants. No, Eustace, I have no fear for your future. When you leave Greenlands, it shall not be for the smoke and riot of London. You must take a lodging in some pretty village by the river, and write your book or your poem as your guardian angel directs; and if your heart is broken, and you put it into your book, so much the better. Your heart can be patched up again by and by; and in the mean time the public likes a book with a genuine broken heart in it. Byron need to break his heart once a year, and send Murray the pieces."

"I could not trade upon my sorrows as Byron did."

"Because you are not Byron. He did not trade upon his sorrows. That is a true saying of Owen Meredith's, 'Genius is greater than man. Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.' I quote from memory. Byron's was genius—the real fire; the supernatural force that is given to a man to use, but seldom given to him to govern. Byron was the Ajax of poets—abused, distraught, roaring like a bull in his mighty pain,—and a demigod."

After this there came a long and animated discourse upon Byron and his successors. Of all things Eustace loved best to talk of poetry and poets, from Homer to Tennyson. What mortal creature does not like to talk "shop"? And then, when the two men had wearied themselves with the pleasant excitement of debate, there was a silence of some minutes, which was broken abruptly by Daniel Mayfield.

"I made a discovery the other day, Eustace," he said. "I have had half a mind to tell you nothing about it; but perhaps it is as well you should be told."

"What kind of discovery, uncle Dan?"

"A discovery about—well—about the author of *Dion*."

"What? Have you found out who he is?"

"No," replied Daniel very gravely; "I am no wiser as to his name and status; but I have found out that he was a villain, and is a villain still if he lives, I daresay; for I don't think so base a wretch as that would be likely to mend with age. I doubt if it will ever be any good to you to know more of your father than you knew when your poor mother died; but you have wished to be wiser, and I have humoured your wish. Do you remember what I said to you after I read *Dion*?"

"I remember every word."

"I told you then that the author of that book must have been the kind of man to fascinate such a girl as your mother. I have met with another book written by the same man, and have read it as carefully as I read the first. Eustace, I believe that man was your father."

"You—you believe that?"

"Yes," returned Daniel earnestly. "There is a picture of your

mother's girlhood in the book I have been reading, a likeness too close to be accidental."

"Let me see it, uncle Dan! let me see that book! Let me only assure myself that the man who wrote it was—"

"What would you do if you were sure of that?"

"I would find him—or his grave."

The young man had risen, and stood before his kinsman breathless, eager, ready to confront the universe in his passionate desire to avenge the wrongs of the dead. Standing thus, he looked like a sculptor's ideal image of righteous anger.

Daniel Mayfield looked up at him with a sad smile.

"And then," he said; "and then—what then? If you find a grave, will you trample or spit upon it? Surely it would be but a sorry vengeance to insult the dead. And if you find this man in the flesh, what will you do to him? Your face tells me you would like to kill him. You look like Orestes newly come from the temple of the Eumenides, charged with his dreadful duty. But Orestes did not seem any the happier for having killed his mother. The primitive instinct must always be—kill; the thirst for blood. It is only human nature to want to kill the man who has offended you, and the modern horse-whipping is a feeble substitute for the exploded duel. But then Christianity comes in with its law of sufferance and submission. No, dear lad, I cannot believe that any good could come of a meeting between you and your father, unless—"

"Unless what, uncle Dan?" asked Eustace, when the other paused.

"Unless, by his affection for you, he could atone for his desertion of your mother."

"Atone for that!" cried the young man. "Do you think any favours that man could bestow on me would blot out the remembrance of her wrongs? Do you think I could be so mean as to sell my heritage of vengeance for some mess of pottage in the shape of worldly advantage? No, uncle Dan; she is dead, and there is no such thing as atonement. It is too late—too late. While she lived she was ready to forgive; nature made her to love and pardon. If he had come then, and she had forgiven, I could have forgiven for her—with her. But she is gone. That man permitted her to die alone; and if I could forgive him the wrongs that blighted her life, I could not forgive him that last wrong—her lonely deathbed. And do you think he cares for my love or my forgiveness? The man who could leave my mother to her lonely fate for twenty years is not likely to be suddenly possessed with affection for her son."

"The day may come when you will be a son whom any father would be proud to claim."

"Let him claim me in that day, if he dare," answered Eustace with kindling eyes. "I belong to the dead.—And now, uncle Dan, tell me what this book is, and how you came by it."

"That part of the business is commonplace enough. I told you I knew a handy scrub of a man good at picking up any out-of-the-way book I may happen to want. I commissioned this man to hunt the second-hand booksellers for a copy of *Dion*—strange that neither you nor I ever speculated on the author of *Dion* having written other books. My man hunted without result as regards *Dion*; but one morning he came to me with a couple of thin volumes, bound in gray paper-covered boards, and looking very dingy in comparison with the gaudy cloth and gilt lettering that obtains nowadays. He had hunted in vain for *Dion*, he informed me; but in the course of his search he had come across this other book by the author of *Dion*. The book is yonder, in that parcel.—No," cried Daniel, pushing the young man gently aside; "you shall not look at the book while you are with me. *That* is a subject I do not care to talk about. Carry the parcel down to Greenlands with you, and read the book quietly—at night, in your own room. You will know little more of your father after you have read it than you know now. The book is a study in morbid anatomy; it is the revelation of an utterly selfish nature, and the writer is an unconscious moralist. *Vanitas vanitatum* is the unwritten refrain of his song."

"Was the book a success, like *Dion*?"

"It was not. I have taken the trouble to refer to the literary journals for the year in which this second book was published. In some it is passed over with a few cold words of approval, in others unnoticed; in one it forms the subject of what French critics call a *sanglant article*. The book wants all that is best in *Dion*—the freshness, the youth, the young romance that plays at bo-peep behind a mask of world-weariness. There is an interval of ten years between the two books. In the second the writer is really *blasé*. He is ten times more egotistical, more contemptuous and suspicious of his fellow-men—more everything that is bad. He has ceased to enjoy anything in life. He has no enjoyment even in his writing; indeed, he writes with the air of a man who knows he will only be read by inferior creatures, and one expects him at every moment to throw down the pen. One cannot read the book without yawning, for one feels that the man yawned while he was writing it."

"And in this cold epitome of his selfish life he writes of my mother?"

"Yes."

"And throughout the book you believe it is of himself he writes?"

"Of that I am certain. A man has a tone in writing of himself that he never has when his subject is only some figment of the brain. There is a passion, an acrimony, in genuine autobiography not to be mistaken. I do not say that this book is a plain narration of facts. There is no doubt considerable dressing-up and disguising of events; but the undercurrent of reality is obvious to the least experienced reader. There is one point that puzzles—I must own perplexes—me

beyond measure. It was perhaps a mistaken delicacy which induced me to respect your mother's silence about all things relating to that bad man. If I had found this book during her lifetime, I should have broached this painful subject, and compelled her to tell me all."

"But why—why?" Eustace asked with breathless eagerness. "What had you to learn more than those letters tell us—that he was a villain without heart or conscience, and that she was young and guileless, and loved him only too dearly?"

"There are passages in that book which have made me think that the relations between this man and my sister were something more than we have believed."

"You think that he married my mother?"

"I am disposed to think so. But the marriage—if it took place—could hardly have been an ordinary marriage. His allusions to it are very vague; but it seems as if, whatever the ceremonial was, its legal importance was only known to this man himself."

"Why do you think this?"

"From certain faint hints here and there. 'If she only knew her legal hold upon me,' he writes; 'if she were a woman of the world and knew her power.' There is some hidden meaning in these half sentences; I know not what. In a record of mixed reality and fiction, who is to say where reality ends and fiction begins? But you will read the book, and then judge for yourself."

Eustace Thorburn went back to Greenlands, depressed, but not utterly disheartened. He knew that his uncle had urged upon him the only honourable course open to him in his relations with M. de Bergerac. It would have been sweet to him to live on for ever in that friendly companionship with the bright and gentle creature who had welcomed him to her home with such simple kindness. And now reflection had convinced him that it was necessary to resign the dear privilege of this innocent companionship, he felt more keenly than he had felt hitherto all the sweetness of his life at Greenlands, and the dreariness of any life that could come after it. His ambition would be left to him; that wonderful, radiant high-road which every young man believes in—the *via sacra* that leads straight across the untrodden wilderness of the future to the Temple of Fame—would still await the coming of his eager feet. But even that sacred road would seem dreary and desolate if the pole-star of hope were darkened; or in plainer words, it must seem to him but a poor thing to make his mark in the world of letters, if he was not to be blest with Helen de Bergerac's love.

He returned to Greenlands by the same pathway which he had trodden just one year before, when he went a stranger to M. de Bergerac's house. Ah, how unutterably beautiful the Berkshire landscape seemed to him in its ripe, rich midsummer loveliness! High tangled

hedge, winding lane, distant hill, and woodland, shone before him like a picture too divine for earth.

"And I am to leave all this, and to leave her!" he thought. "I am to be self-banished from a home that Horace might have loved, and from the tranquil life which is a poet's best education. If such a sacrifice as this is duty, it is very hard."

For the first time in his life this young man found himself before the altar on which he was to sacrifice his happiness. In the existence of every man there comes the hour in which he must needs sacrifice his firstborn, or live inglorious with the remorseful consciousness that he has shrunk from the performance of a duty. The altar is there, and Isaac, and the knife is given to him. Heaven help him if his courage fail the weak wretch in that awful moment, and he refuse to complete the propitiatory sacrifice!

Eustace Thorburn approached his altar resolute, but very sorrowful; and the voice of the tempter pleaded with the casuistry of an Escobar.

"Why not stop at least till the book is finished?" said the tempter. "You will be doing your kind employer a disservice by depriving him of your labour. Your mighty secret can do no harm so long as it is securely locked in your own breast; and are you so weak a fool that you must needs betray yourself?"

And hereupon the stern voice of Duty came to the rescue.

"What warranty can you give for the preservation of your secret?" asked the cold calm matron. "A word, a look, from that foolish chit Mademoiselle de Bergerac, and the story would be told. As for the great book, which is no doubt predoomed to be the ruin of some too-confiding publisher, you may give M. de Bergerac almost as much assistance in London as you can give him in Berkshire."

Eustace heard voices and gay laughter in the garden as he drew near the gate in the holly-hedge, and amongst other voices the low gentlemanlike tones of Harold Jerningham. Hephæstus bade a noisy welcome as the young man opened the gate. M. de Bergerac and Mr. Jerningham were sitting by a tea-table under the chestnut-trees, deep in a learned dispute upon the history of Islamism; while Helen busied herself with the cups and saucers, and looked up every now and then to join in the argument or to laugh at the acrimony of the disputants.

"So Mr. Jerningham has not left Berkshire, although he talked of starting for a yachting expedition to Norway last week," thought Eustace, not too well pleased to see the master of Greenlands so completely at home in that dear abode which he was himself so soon to leave.

Helen started up from the tea-table with a little exclamation of delight as the returning traveller came across the lawn. She blushed as she welcomed him; but blushes at eighteen mean very little. Mr.

Jerningham stopped in the middle of a sentence and watched the young lady with attentive eyes as she shook hands with her father's secretary.

"We are so pleased to see you back again, Mr. Thorburn," she said. "We have missed you so much—haven't we, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, I have been very much at a loss for my kind assistant," answered M. de Bergerac. "Would you imagine it possible, Thorburn, that any man can pretend to doubt the original genius and creative power of Mahomet?"

And hereupon M. de Bergerac entered upon a long disquisition on the subject that was dearest to his heart, and Eustace had to listen in reverential silence, while he was languishing to tell Helen about the little commissions he had executed for her in town, or to inquire into the health of her song-birds, or the economy of the poultry-yard to which she devoted so much care. He wanted some excuse for looking at her sweet face and hearing her beloved voice, and all the poetry of Mohammedanism seemed dull and prosaic for him when compared with the magical charm of the commonest observation this young lady could utter. It is given to youth and beauty to drop pearls and diamonds from her lips unconsciously—pearls and diamonds invisible to common eyes, it is true, but the most precious of all gems for that one person to whom the speaker seems at once an angel and a goddess.

For that one evening Eustace Thorburn permitted himself to be unutterably happy. So magical a light is the glamour which true love sheds on the scene it shines upon, that the lover's eye is blinded for the moment to all that lies beyond the scene thus glorified. The future scarcely existed for the mind of Eustace Thorburn that happy midsummer evening. He lived in the present; and this quaint old garden, these chestnut-trees, this white-robed maiden seated under their shadow, dim and ghostlike in the twilight, constituted the world. The great canopy of heaven and the young moon and all the stars, the murmuring river, and shadowy woods and distant hills, had been created for those two. She was Eve, and he was Adam, and this was Paradise. The tones of the two sages disputing about the Sheeahs and the Soonnees might have been the murmurings of the west wind for any consciousness that Eustace had of their neighbourhood when once he was released from the duty of listening to M. de Bergerac, and free to converse with Helen.

And yet in the breast of one of these sages there beat a heart from which the pains and passions of youth had not yet been banished,—a heart that ached with a keen anguish as its owner watched those two figures seated in the shadow of the chestnut-tree. Mr. Jerningham had lived in society, and had learned the difficult art of conducting one argument with skill and judgment while another argument was being silently debated in his heart. *He talked about Islamism, and did battle*

for his own convictions, and missed no chance of putting his opponent in the wrong; and yet all the time that silent inner monitor was debating that other question.

"If I had been as free as this young man, could I have won that girl, with him for my rival?" he asked himself. "What gift has he that I do not possess except youth? And is there really a charm in youth more divine than any grace of mind or polish of manner that belongs to a riper age? Is it only a physical charm—the charm of a smoother cheek or brighter eyes,—or is it an indefinable freshness of mind and heart that constitutes the superiority? I do not think Helen de Bergerac the kind of woman to like a man less because there are a few lines across his forehead and a few silver threads in his hair; but I know that there is a sympathy between her and this young man that does not exist between her and me. And yet I doubt if any ambitious lad of five-and-twenty can love as devotedly as a man of my age. It is only when we have proved the hollowness of everything else in life that we are free to surrender ourselves entirely to the woman we love."

Again and again during the six months of his lingering at Greenlands, Mr. Jerningham had told himself that his case would have been utterly hopeless, even if he had been free to woo his old friend's daughter. And yet he pined for his freedom: and there were times when he felt somewhat unkindly disposed towards the harmless lady at Hampton.

"What are we to each other but an incumbrance?" he asked himself. "If she had been more guilty, we might be free, she to marry Desmond, and I—"

And then Mr. Jerningham reflected upon the Continental manner of marrying and giving in marriage. If he had been at liberty to ask for Helen's hand, what more likely than that the priceless boon would have been granted by the friend who loved him and believed in him? Theodore de Bergerac was of all men the most likely to bestow his daughter on a husband of mature age: since he himself had married a woman twenty years his senior, and had found perfect happiness in that union.

Mr. Jerningham fancied himself blest with this fair young wife, and pictured to himself the calm and blameless existence which he might have led with so sweet a companion. O, what a tranquil haven would this have been, after the storms that he had tempest, the lightnings he had invited and defied!

"Others men do not gather figs nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes," said the Divine Teacher. Mr. Jerningham remembered that solemn sentence. There are some precepts of Holy Writ that a man cannot put out of his memory, though he may have suffered by a quarter of a century the heaviest of losses in respect to the creed they teach.

"I suppose I had my chance of tender happiness, at some moment of my life, and I am told," he said to himself. "Desire is a bitter servitude, and has no ray on the visages of her subjects."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"L'OISEAU FUT COMME LE BONHEUR."

EUSTACE refrained from opening the parcel given to him by his uncle until he found himself in his own room, in the solemn quiet of a rural midnight. Then, and then only, did he feel himself at liberty to enter upon a task which had a certain sanctity. It was but a mixed record of truth and fiction, this book which his guilty father had given to the world; but some part of his mother's life was interwoven with those pages, her brief dream of happiness was shut, as it were, between the leaves of the volume, like flowers that have once been bright with colour and rich with perfume, and which one finds pale and scentless in a long-unopened book.

The book was called "*The Disappointments of Dion: a Sequel to Dion, a Confession*." By the same Author." This preservation in the second book of the name that had figured in the first seemed to indicate the autobiographical nature of both works. The hero of the *Disappointments* was the same being as the hero of the *Confession*—the same being, hardened and degraded by ten years of selfishness and dissipation. The Dion of the *Confession* had the affectation of cynicism, the tone of an Alcibiades who apes the philosophy of Diogenes. The Dion of the *Disappointments* was really cynical, and attempted to disguise his cynicism under an affectation of *bonhomie*.

Eustace sat till late into the night reading—with unspeakable pain, with sorrow, anger, sympathy, mixed in his mind as he read. Yes, this book had been written by his father—there could be no doubt of that. The first volume contained his mother's story. It fitted into the record of the letters, and to the story told by Mrs. Willows. Idealised and poetised by the fancy of the hero, he read the history of a girl's day-dream, and recognised in this poetised heroine the woman whose pensive face had been wont to brighten when it looked upon his. The story of a young student's passion for a tradesman's daughter was told with a certain grace and poetry. It is but an old story at best. It is always more or less the legend of Faust and Gretchen, and it needs a Goethe to elevate so simple a fable from the commonplace to the sublime.

The author of *Dion* described his Gretchen very prettily. It was a portrait by Greuse, with an occasional touch of Raffaëlle.

To the study of this book Eustace Thorburn applied himself with intense earnestness of thought and purpose. The Sibylline volumes were not more precious to the sage who purchased them so dearly than was this egotistical composition to the man who had found a leaf from his mother's life in the heart of the book.

How much written here was the plain unvarnished truth? how much the mere exercise of a romantic fancy? That was the question upon which depended the whole value of the volumes.

On the one hand, it would seem scarcely likely that any man would

publish to the world the story of his own transgression, or anatomise his own heart for the pleasure of a novel-reading public. On the other hand, there was the fact that men have, in a perverted spirit of vanity, given to the press revelations of viler sins and more deliberate baseness than any transgression confessed by the author of *Dion*. Eustace remembered the Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau; and he told himself that there is no crime which the profoundly egotistical man does not think interesting when the criminal is himself. But the strongest evidence in support of the idea that this *Disappointments of Dion* was throughout a narration of real events lay in the fact that those pages which described the author's courtship of a tradesman's daughter formed an exact transcript of his mother's story as Eustace had learned it. The quiet sea-coast town, gayer in those days than now; the bookseller's shop; the stretch of yellow sand beyond the rocks; the dull commonplace companion of the author's "divine C.;" the time of year; the interval that elapsed between the brief courtship and the elopement—all corresponded exactly with the data of that sad history whose every detail was written upon Eustace Thorburn's heart.

Throughout the book, places and persons were indicated only by initials; and this alone imparted somewhat of an obsolete and Minerva-Press appearance to the volumes. This circumstance also gave further ground for the idea that there was in this book very little of absolute invention.

Eustace read the two slender volumes from beginning to end at a sitting. He began to read before midnight. The broad summer sunlight shone upon him, and the birds were singing loud in the Berkshire woodland, when he closed the second volume. For him every page had an all-absorbing interest. The reading of this book was like the autopsy of his father's mind and heart; and there was something of the surgeon's scientific scrutiny in the deliberate care with which he read.

If there were any good to be found in this book, he was prepared to set that good as a *per-contra* in the dread account of debtor and creditor which he had kept against his unknown father. But he wanted to fathom the depths of evil in the mind of that nameless enemy. He wanted to ascertain the uttermost wrong this man had done him in the person of that dearer part of himself, his dead mother.

He read the book steadily through, pausing only to mark the passages which seemed to tell Celia Mayfield's story, and all passages which bore, however indirectly, upon that story.

It was half-past six when he read the last page; and half-past seven was M. de Bergerac's breakfast-hour. Happily, Mr. Thorburn was at that privileged age when a man can do without sleep, and find as much refreshment in a few pails of cold water as ponderous middle age can derive from a long night's rest. So he made his toilet, and went downstairs to the bright pretty breakfast-room, little the worse for the studious occupation of his night.

Mr. Jerningham had wandered down by the water-side after leaving

the cottage, and had seen the light in the secretary's window, and wondered what the young man was doing.

"In the throes of poetical composition, no doubt," thought the master of Greenlands. "How pleased he seemed to come back to these people; and with what a smile *she* welcomed him! And to think that if I were to offer every possession I have in this world, and my heart of hearts, and my pride, and my life into the bargain, I could not buy one such smile as that. I could have such smiles once for the asking; they shone upon me from the fairest faces, spontaneous and liberal as the sunlight; and I passed on, and did not cherish one of them to light my old age. O, surely there is some world in which we live our lives again, enlightened by the follies of the past; some Swedenborgian heaven in which the shadows of the things we love here are presented to us, and we move amongst them regenerate and spiritualised, and redeem the mistakes and errors of our earthly existence!"

Helen de Bergerac came in from the garden with an apronful of flowers as Eustace Thorburn entered the breakfast-room. And then came the arrangement of the flowers in old Wedgwood vases and old Worcester bowls, the clipping of stems, the plucking of stray leaves, the selections of dewy roses and jasmine, honeysuckle and geranium,—the most dangerous of all occupations for two people who would fain hide that secret which these two were trying to conceal from each other.

These two, however, behaved with supreme discretion. There was a dull pain in the heart of Eustace which made him more silent than usual. He could not ask the playful frivolous questions about garden and poultry-yard, aviary and greenhouse, Greek verbs or Latin verse-making, the asking of which until now had been such an unfailing source of delight.

The long night-watching had saddened him; the brooding over his mother's history had brought the sense of the irremovable stigma upon his name home to his mind with a new bitterness.

"Would this girl's father, with his Spanish pride of race and his pedigree of half-a-dozen centuries, ever bring himself to excuse that one shortcoming upon my part?" he asked himself. "If in all other respects I were the very suitor he would choose for his only child, could he forgive the bar-sinister which makes my shield unworthy to go side by side with his?"

And then the young poet remembered his poverty, and laughed at himself in very bitterness of heart for the folly which had permitted him to believe, even for one delusive moment, that Theodore de Bergerac would accept him for a son-in-law.

"Uncle Dan sees these things clearly," he said to himself. "He has told me my duty, and I will do it."

Helen saw the cloud upon his face, and wondered what could have changed him so suddenly. *Only last night* he had seemed so gay, so

happy. This morning he was silent and thoughtful; and something told her that his thoughts were sad.

"I fear you heard some unpleasant news while you were in town," she said anxiously; "and yet last night you seemed so light-hearted."

"Light-headed, perhaps. There is a kind of intoxication in pleasant talk about the things one loves and believes in; and last night the very atmosphere was intoxicating. The faint new moon, and the flowers, and the river,—those things mount to one's brain. The morning is sacred to common sense. Hope, faith, happiness, what are they but phantoms that vanish at cockcrow? Daylight ushers in the reign of worldly wisdom; and her rule is apt to seem hard."

"Does she seem such a hard mistress to you, Mr. Thorburn?"

"Yes; she shows me cruel truths in a cold pitiless way."

Helen looked puzzled. She felt that the conversation was in some manner dangerous, and did not know whither any further question might drift her. So she wisely desisted from questioning, and fell back upon such safe subjects as the flowers and the birds. But every now and then she gave a little furtive look at Eustace Thorburn's grave face; and those furtive glances convinced her that he was unhappy.

M. de Bergerac came from his library before the arrangement of the vases was quite concluded. He was the earliest riser in his household, and came to the breakfast-table always refreshed and invigorated by upwards of an hour's hard reading.

"I have been looking over your note-books, Thorburn," he said; "you have done wonders—those extracts from the old Venetian manuscripts will be invaluable to me. You must have worked very closely during your absence."

"I did stick to my desk at the Museum pretty closely. But I am more than repaid if my extracts are likely to be useful."

"They are of the most precious kind. Where should I get such another secretary? You will be able to finish my book some day."

"Papa!" cried Helen tenderly.

"Do not look at me so sadly, dear child. If I were to live to the age of Old Parr, the book would scarcely be finished. Thou knowest not how such a subject grows upon the writer—how he sees worlds on worlds opening before his dazzled eyes—ever distant, ever new—widening into infinity. Everywhere it is the wealth of man's imagination which astounds, which terrifies him; and he asks himself with shame and humiliation, of the most profound, is it *this* which I have set myself to catalogue? Is it *this* that I think can be numbered and summarised in my short span? In the traditions of the Rabbins what a universe! In the faith of Zoroaster, what worlds unexplored—unexplorable! What fond fantastic dreams, what sublime depths of thought, what grandeur of faith, in the pious mysteries of Brahma and Buddha! Every race peoples invisible worlds; and in each new voyage into the realms of untutored fancy the shadow-world stretches wider before our gaze.

Gods and demons, angels of good and of evil, assume shapes more gigantic, attributes more awful. Hell sinks to depths unfathomable. Heaven recedes from the weak grasp of mortal intellect. Stricken, distraught, the weak soul flees aghast before those barbaric wonders, and takes refuge in the haven of Christian faith. Ah, how simple, how beautiful, after the gigantic demonology of the East, seems the pure and perfect Redeemer of the West—beginning with the martyrdom of the magnanimous Prometheus, the bondage of the mythic Herakles, culminating in the atonement of the Divine Christ !”

And here M. de Bergerac dilated upon one of his favourite theories, the dual gospel of western Paganism and Christianity ; and fought with Eustace Thorburn in support of his pet hypothesis, to the effect that Grecian fable was only a distortion of Bible-history, and the stories of Prometheus and Herakles mere rude foreshadowings of the purer and holier story of man's Redeemer.

They fought out the battle of comparative mythology ; Eustace was of the two the more earnest Christian. M. de Bergerac went every Sunday to a pretty little Roman Catholic chapel, half hidden in a rustic garden, beyond Windsor ; but his faith would scarcely have satisfied the requirements of an orthodox director. The younger man had passed dryshod through the boundless ocean of mythic lore to that haven of which his patron had spoken—that harbour of rest for the wandering soul, where passionate desire to solve the great enigma is exchanged for the simple faith of childhood. From his mother's lips Eustace had learned that tender religion of the heart which Paganism tries in vain to match with the hard logic of a Plato, or the moral axioms of a Confucius. To this faith he had clung even more fondly since his mother's death. If not for his own sake, for hers he must needs have been a believer. Where else could he find hope and comfort in the thought of her sad pilgrimage ? Here her weak feet had travelled by hard and crooked ways—here the burden laid on her had been cruel and heavy. As an earthly destiny, with no hope of compensation beyond the regions of earth, Celia's life would have seemed all bitterness—the vengeance decreed by a pitiless Nemesis, not the just chastisement of an offended God. But if beyond the sad end of that sorrowful journey the traveller found rest and forgiveness in regions unimaginable to the earth-burdened spirit, the pilgrimage seemed no longer hard, the burden no longer heavy ; the enigma of all earthly sorrows received its answer.

This was the hope dear to the heart of Celia Mayfield's son ; and for this faith he fought sturdily in conversational battles with his patron, refusing to yield one inch of that ground on which the divinity of his Master's mission rested. He would accept for that pure Teacher no first-cousinship with Buddha or Confucius—no misty resemblance to Zagreus or Dionysus, Prometheus or Herakles—no intellectual relationship with Zoroaster or Mahomet. For the truth and the whole

truth of the gospel which he had read at his mother's knee, he was resolute and unflinching.

If he had been the most jesuitical of schemers, he could not have better forwarded his cause with Helen de Bergerac than by this championship of the true faith. She too had learned her best and earliest lessons from a mother's lips, and the philosophical breadth of view presented to her always in her father's conversation had in nowise spoiled the simplicity of those first lessons. She heard her father's rationalistic talk with unchanging regret; and hoped always for the day in which he should come to see these things in the same mysterious light which made them so sacred and so beautiful to her.

To-day Eustace was more than usually earnest. Was he not about to make his first great sacrifice in proof of his faith? Not on the shrine of Pagan honour was he about to lay down his happiness, but on the altar of Christian duty.

He determined that there should be little time lost in the completion of that bitter sacrifice. The knife should be sharpened at once for the slaughter of Isaac. And in this case, there was, alas, no hope of Divine interposition.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF DION."

THE secretary went out into the park, and down to the neglected shrubbery-walk that wound along the river-bank. This was the loneliest and wildest part of Mr. Jerningham's domain, and solitude was what Eustace Thorburn wanted to-day. He had brought with him, not his own poem, but those two slender volumes which contained the history of his mother's youth, and in the composition whereof he beheld the hand of his unknown father. He wanted to read this book for a second time, even more slowly and thoughtfully than he had read it for the first time. He wanted, if it were possible, to plumb the very depths of his father's heart.

The still summer day and the woodland solitude were well fitted for meditation. Eustace walked about a mile and a half from M. de Bergerac's cottage before he opened his book. The seat which he chose was a rude rustic bench, in a hollow of the bank, close to the edge of the river—a seat which at high tide was half covered by the water. The rugged sloping bank rose behind the rough wooden bench. The young man leaned lazily against the short burnt grass of the bank as he read.

The portion of the book most interesting to this one reader was that which told, in terms half cynical, half playful, of the writer's brief delusion—the little Arcadian comedy of rustic life with the girl whose heart he had broken, and the bitter tragedy in which it ended.

The scene depicted in this portion of the story was wild and mountainous; snow-crowned hills formed the background of the landscape. The sea was close at hand; all was gigantic, rugged, uncivil-

lised. Yet there was no mention of foreign customs or foreign people. There was a certain familiarity in everything, that was scarcely compatible with the idea that this rustic dwelling-place of Dion's was remote from England ; and Eustace decided that the scene of the story must have lain within British dominions. The description of the landscape might apply to many spots in Scotland, in Wales, or even in Ireland. Clue to the exact locality there seemed, on first consideration, none ; so faint were the indications, so general the features of the scene. The record had been evidently written long after the occurrences described. Only the cold light of memory illumined the pages ; after-disappointments had imbittered the spirit of the writer, and lent bitterness even to memory. It was, in very truth, the confession of a man infinitely worse than the author of *Dion*.

The following were the pages which told Eustace how rudely his mother's brief dream had been broken :

"I think we had scarcely been a month at H. H. before I began to discover how profound was my mistake. Tenderness and affection, a fond admiration of my mental attributes that approached idolatry — these my poor C. gave me in liberal measure. But the higher tribute of self-abnegation she could not give me. Hers was one of those natures which are not made for sacrifice. The grandeur of heroic souls was wanting in this gentle breast. In the haven of a domestic circle, safely sheltered from the storms of fate, to a man whose days were occupied in that hard struggle for life which the world calls business, and who asks of the gods nothing brighter than a household angel, this dear girl would have seemed the sweetest of wives. I think of her always with supreme tenderness ; but I cannot forget the weariness that crept upon me when I found how little sympathy there was between us.

"From all loud reproaches, even from the appearance of grief, she for a long time refrained. But I could see that she was not happy ; and this fact was in itself a torture to a man of sensitive nature and irritable nerves. A look, a half-stifled sigh, ever and anon told me that I had not found a companion, but a victim. The smile whose angelic sweetness had charmed me in the bookseller's lovely daughter had faded, nay almost vanished. It was like some mediæval legend : the supernal beauty met by the knight in the haunted darkness of an enchanted forest is transformed into a dull earthly spouse ; and the foolish knight, who had ridden home to his castle with a divinity, awakens to find himself mated to a peasant-girl.

"This was my first and most bitter disappointment. I look back now and ask myself what it was that I had hoped, and what substantial ground there had been for my hopes. Because this poor girl had a face like Guido's Beatrice Cenci, because she praised my book in her low musical voice and simple commonplace phrases, I must needs fancy that I had found the *Egeria* of my dreams, the companion

spirit, the inspiring and elevating influence which every poet seeks in the object of his love!

"I used to think my own thoughts very grand in those days. There were moments in which I yearned and hungered for some sharer in my dreams. I was steeped to the lips in Shelley's poetry; I wanted to find a Cynthia,—

'A second self, far dearer and more fair.

Hers too were all my thoughts : ere yet endowed
With music and with light, their fountains flowed
In poesy ; and her still, earnest face,
Pallid with feelings which intensely glowed
Within, was turned on mine with speechless grace,
Watching the hopes which there her heart had learned to trace.
In me, communion with this purest being
Kindled intenser zeal, and made me wise
In knowledge, which in hers mine own mind seeing,
Left in the human world few mysteries :
How without fear of evil or disguise
Was Cynthia ! What a spirit, strong and mild,
Which death, or pain, or peril could despise,
Yet melt in tenderness !'

This was the bright ideal of my dream ; and instead of this, what had I found ? A gentle girl, whose education had scarcely outstepped the boundary-line of the all-abridging Pinnock, and who consumed hours in secret weeping because she had offended her father, a small trader in a small country town, and had forfeited her social position in that miserable narrow world which was the beginning and end of her universe. Alas for my fond delusions ! Where was the

'spirit strong and mild,
Which death, or pain, or peril could despise' ?

"There were, indeed, moments in which some pretty poetical thought slipped between my poor girl's 'scarlet-threaded lips;' but she was too timid by nature to give voice to her brightest fancies, and I saw noble thoughts in her deep eyes which her lips never learned to translate. Sometimes, in the solemn stillness of a moonlight night, when we had wandered along some rugged mountain path, and reached a spot whence we could look down upon the pathless waste of waters, which of all spectacles in Nature's great theatre most affected this untaught girl, I could see that her mind took a kind of inspiration from the grandeur of the scene, and that the littleness of self was for the moment put away from her. Are there not, indeed, brief pauses of mental intoxication, in which the spirit releases itself from its dull mortal bondage, and floats starward on the wings of inspiration ?

'If we could stay here for ever,' she said to me one night, when we sat in the little classic temple on D. P., looking down from that craggy headland upon the barren sea, 'if this light could shine always, with those deep solemn shadows sleeping under the shelter of the rocks, I

think that one could forget all that is hardest in the world. Here I remember nothing except that you and I are together in the moonlight. Past, present, and future seem to melt into this hour. I can almost fancy the rocks and the waves feeling a sort of happiness like this—a sense of delight when the moon shines upon them. It is difficult to think that the waves feel *nothing* when they come creeping along the sands with that half-stealthy, half-joyous motion, like the nymphs you talk of, dancing in secret, afraid to awaken the sea-god.'

'If you had lived in the days when there were gods upon the earth, C., I think you would have fallen in love with Poseidon.'

"She was looking out across the sea with a dreamy light in her eyes, and her lips half parted, as if she had indeed seen a band of snowy-kirtled nymphs dancing on the broad stretch of sand in the shadow of the headland.

'Poss—who?' she asked wonderingly.

'Poseidon; one of the elder sons of Time and the Great Mother, the sea-god of whom you spoke just now. I think if you had lived in the Golden Age, you would have met Tyro's lover, and loved him, as she did. I never saw such a passionate fondness for the sea as you betray in every look and word.'

'Yes,' she said; 'I have always loved the sea with a feeling that I have been unable to express, as if there were indeed a human heart in all that wide ocean. When I am—when you have been away longer than usual, and I feel lonely, I come here, and sit for hours watching the waves roll slowly in, and thinking.'

"And here her voice trembled a little, and I knew that the thoughts of which she spoke were gloomy ones. Thus it was with us ever. For a moment she seemed a companion, a kindred spirit; but in the next we were back again in the old wearisome channel, and I felt myself stifled by the atmosphere of B.

"Her utter want of education made a gulf between us which even love could not span. The fact that she was intelligent, appreciative, was not sufficient to render companionship possible between us. Those regions which for me were densely peopled with bright and wondrous images were for her blank and empty as the desert plains of central Africa. Pretty poetical fancies—the wild-flowers of the intellectual world—took quick root in her shallow mind; but the basis for deep thoughts was wanting. I grew weary of conversation in which my part was almost a monologue, weary of long *tête-d-têtes* which left me no richer by one wise thought or amusing paradox. Day by day I fell back more completely upon my books for company. The poor child perceived this with evident distress. One day she asked me, with tones and looks most piteous, why I no longer talked to her, as I had once talked, about the books I was reading, the subjects that I had chosen for future poetic treatment. I told her frankly that it was tiresome to me to talk to her of things with which she had evidently no sympathy.

‘Indeed,’ she cried, ‘you are mistaken. I sympathise with all your thoughts. I can picture to myself all your fancies. The worlds which you tell me of, and the people, the strange wild worship of those strange people, I can fancy them and see them. They are a little dim and shadowy to me; but I *do* see them. And I so dearly love to hear you talk. I cannot discuss these things with you as a clever person would, and I cannot tell you half I think and feel about them; but to sit by you as you read or write, to watch you till you grow tired of your books, and look up and talk to me, is perfect happiness for me—my only happiness now.’

“Here her voice grew tremulous, and she broke down in the usual hopeless manner.

‘If you would only teach me to understand the things that interest you, if you would let me read your books, I should be a fitter companion for you,’ she said presently.

“I groaned aloud at the hopelessness of this idea. I was to teach this poor child to be my second self, to train her into sympathy, to grow my own Cynthia! I envied Shelley his happier fate, and that bright spirit which

‘walked as free as light the clouds among.’

But Shelley had made his mistake, and had drained the bitter cup of disappointment before he found his fair ideal.

“I know there are men who have educated their wives, but I never could understand this idea of the lover lined with the pedagogue. C. asked to read the books I was reading; *id est*, K. O. Müller, in the original German; the *Oresteia*, in the original Greek; *A Course of Hindoo Tradition*, published by the Society for the Propagation of Arianism; De Barante’s *Dukes of Burgundy*; and the *Old Ballads of France*, with an occasional dip into Catullus, Juvenal, Lucretius, or Horace. These were the books which I was reading, in a very desultory, unprofitable manner; for the weakness of my life has been inconstancy, even in the matter of books. A few pages of one, a random peep between the leaves of another, a hop, skip, and a jump between Oriental legend and Platonic philosophy, finding everywhere some point of comparison, some forced resemblance. I told my poor dear C. that anything like teaching on my part would be an impossibility. However, by way of satisfying the poor child’s thirst for knowledge, I sent a list of books to a London bookseller, including a few simple elementary works and my favourite English poets; and this little collection I presented to C. I found she had read all the poets, in her father’s library, and was indeed as familiar with them as I myself; but she received the books from me with an appearance of real delight. This was the first present I made her. It would have been a pleasure to me to lavish costly gifts upon her; but it was a pleasure more exquisite to withhold them, and to be sure that no adventitious aid had assisted me in the winning of her love.

"I think that most wearisome institution, the honeymoon, must have been inaugurated by some sworn foe to matrimony, some vile misogamist, who took to himself a wife in order to discover, by experience, the best mode of rendering married life a martyrdom.

"Enlightened by experience, this miserable wretch said to himself, 'I will introduce a practice which, in the space of one short month, shall transform the doating bridegroom into the indifferent husband, the idolatrous lover into the submissive expiator of a fatal mistake. For one month I, by my invisible agent Fashion, will bind together bride and bridegroom in dread imprisonment. Impalpable shall be their fetters; fair and luxurious shall be their prison; complacent and respectful shall be the valet and abigail, the lackeys and grooms who act as their gaolers; and in that awful bondage they shall have no worse chastisement than each other's society. Chained together like the wretched convicts of Toulon, they shall pace to and fro their lonely exercise-ground, until the bright sky above and the bright earth around them shall seem alike hateful. They shall be for ever plumbing each other's souls, and for ever finding shallows; for ever gauging each other's minds, to be for ever disappointed by the result. And not till they have learned thoroughly to detest each other shall the order of release be granted, and the fiat pronounced: You know each other's emptiness of mind and shallowness of heart; go forth and begin your new existence, profoundly wretched in the knowledge that your miserable lives must be spent together.'

"I had planned and plotted this residence at H. H., hoping to find a glimpse of Eden in this loneliness amid Nature's splendour, 'with one fair spirit for my minister.' If I had been fond of sport, I might have found amusement for my days, and might have returned at night to my nest to meet an all-sufficient welcome in my love's happy smile. But I was at this time a student, still suffering from the effects of overwork at O——, and a little from the disappointments of my career, hypersensitive, *tant soit peu* irritable; and C.'s companionship bored me. This was a crisis of my life in which I needed the sustaining influence of a stronger mind than my own. Even her affection became a kind of torment. She was too anxious to please me, too painfully conscious of my slightest show of weariness, too apprehensive of losing my regard. I could almost have said with Bussy Rabutin, '*Je ne pouvais plus souffrir ma maîtresse, tant elle m'aimait.*'

"It is needless to dwell upon this story of disappointment, that was so keen as to verge upon remorse. I hated myself for my folly; I was angry with this poor girl because she could neither be happy nor render me so. If there were any breach of honour involved in my broken promise, I paid dearly for my dishonour. And *that* kind of promise is never intended to be believed: it is the easy excuse which a faithful knight provides for his lady-love. Let me be guilty of perjury, that you may still be perfect, he says; and the damsel accepts the chivalrous pretence.

"With this poor child, unhappily, there was no such thing as reason. Worldly wisdom, the necessities of position, the ties of family, were unknown in her vocabulary.

'I have broken my father's heart,' she said, in that *larmoyante* tone which became almost habitual to her. And thereupon, of course, I felt myself a wretch. At this period of my life I sometimes caught myself wondering what would have become of Faust if he and Gretchen had spent six months in a rustic cottage amongst the Hartz mountains. Surely he would have languished to return to his books, to his parchments, to his crucibles and mathematical instruments, his Nostradamus, and his prosy insufferable Wagner; anything to escape that lugubrious maiden.

"And yet what can be a prettier picture than Gretchen plucking the petals of her rose, or my poor C., as I first saw her, bending with rapt countenance over my own book? O fatal book, that brought sorrow to her, weariness unspeakable to me!

"If C. had been reasonable, she could have found little cause to complain of me. I had no intention of breaking the tie so lightly made. That I was responsible for that step, which must colour the remainder of *her* existence, I never for a moment forgot. All I rebelled against was the notion that my future life was to be overshadowed by the funereal tint which her melancholy vision imparted to everything she looked upon. At one time I conceived the idea that she was disquieted by the uncertainty of the future, and I hastened to relieve her mind upon this point.

'My darling girl,' I said with real earnestness, 'you cannot surely doubt that your future will be my first care. Come what may, your prosperity, your happiness indeed,—so far as mortal man can command happiness,—shall be assured. I hope you do not doubt this.'

"She looked at me with that dull despair which of late I had more than once remarked in her countenance.

'H.,' she said, 'shall I ever be your wife?'

"I turned my face away from her in silence, wrung her poor little cold hands in my own, and left her without a word. This was a question which I could not answer, a question which she should not have asked.

"That evening, as I walked alone in the dreary solitude under the cliffs, a sudden thought flashed into my mind.

'Good Heavens,' I thought, 'how completely I have put myself into this girl's power by my folly; and what a hold she has upon me, if she knew how to use it, or were base enough to trade upon the advantages of her position!'

"Reflection told me that it was not in C. to make a mean use of power which I had so unwittingly placed in her hands. But I laughed aloud when I considered my shortsighted folly in allowing myself to drop into such a dangerous position.

"When we next met, C. was pallid as death, and I could see that

she had devoted the interval to tears. I keenly felt her silent woe, and with my whole heart pitied her childish disappointment. Until this occasion I had not for a moment supposed that she cherished any hope of such folly on my part as an utter sacrifice of my liberty. It was this of which I thought, and not my position in the world. Had I been inclined for matrimony, I would as willingly have married this tradesman's daughter as a countess. It was the hateful tie, the utter abnegation of man's divinest gift of freedom, the mortgage of my future, from which I shrank with abhorrence.

'My dear love,' I said to C., as I tried to kiss away the traces of her tears, 'I mean to love you all my life, if you will let me. And do you think I shall love you any less because I have not asked the Archbishop of Canterbury's permission to adore you?' And then I was guilty of that customary commonplace about 'a marriage in the sight of Heaven,' which has been especially invented for such occasions.

"After this I tried to indoctrinate her with the philosophy of the purest of men and most lawless of poets. I entreated her to rend custom's mortal chain,

'And walk as free as light the clouds among.'

But the exalted mind which can rise superior to the bondage of custom had not been given to this poor girl. She always went back to the one inevitable argument, 'I have broken my father's heart.'

"It was quite in vain that I endeavoured to make her see the ethics of life from a nobler stand-point. Her thoughts revolved always in the same narrow circle—B——, that odious watering-place, and the humdrum set of shopkeepers whom she had known from her childhood.

'You do not know how my father is respected in the town,' she said piteously, when I reminded her of the insignificance of such a place as B—— when weighed against the rest of the universe, and ventured to suggest that the esteem and approbation of B—— did not constitute the greatest sacrifice ever made by woman.

'As for the respect which these good people feel for your father, what does it amount to, my dear love?' I asked. 'A man lives in some sleepy country town twenty years or so, and pays his debts, and attends the services of his parish church with unbroken regularity, and dies in the odour of sanctity; or else suddenly throws the mental powers of his fellow-townsmen off their balance by forging a bill-of-exchange, or murdering his wife and children, or setting his house on fire with a view to cheating the insurance companies. What is the respect of such people worth? It is given to the man who pays his tradesmen and goes to church. He may be the veriest tyrant, or hypocrite, or fool in the universe, and they respect him all the same. He may have squared the circle, or solved the problem of perpetual motion, or invented the steam-engine, or originated the process of vaccination, and if he fails to pay his butcher and baker, and to attend his church, they will withhold their respect. Greatness of intellect, or of conduct, is utterly

beyond their comprehension. They would consider Columbus a doubtful character, and Raleigh a disreputable one.'

"Upon this I saw symptoms of tears, and timeously departed. The dear child took everything *au grand sérieux*. O, how I languished for the graceful badinage of Kensington Gore, the careless talk of my clubs—anything rather than this too poetical loneliness!

"I planned my future that night. Some pretty rustic cottage for C. in the hilly country between Hampstead and Barnet, within an easy ride of town, where my own head-quarters must needs be when not abroad. I had fancied that C. and I could have travelled together, but I found her far too *triste* a companion for continental wanderings. She was too ignorant to appreciate scenes which owe their best charm to association, and thus utterly unable to sympathise with the emotions which those scenes might excite in the breast of her fellow-traveller; nor had she the animal spirits which render the ignorance of some women amusing. She was, in short, the genius of home rather than the goddess of poetry; and I resolved to establish a home over which she might preside, a haven from the storms of life, whither I might go to have oil poured into my wounds, and whence I might return to the world refreshed and comforted.

"I pictured to myself this home, as fair as taste and wealth could make it. No flowers that my hand could lavish would have been wanting to adorn this poor girl's pathway. I have no reproach to make against myself here. There are few lives happier than hers would have been if she had been content to intrust herself to my guidance. But my liberty was a treasure which I could not bring myself to resign.

"All might, perhaps, have gone well with us but for one unlucky turn of affairs: an accident in which a fatalist would have recognised the hand of Destiny, but in which I saw only one of those foolish *concoits* which assist the further entanglement of that tangled skein called life.

"One day, in a sudden fit of disgust with myself, my books, my companions, and the universe, I left the house, and went on foot in search of some wandering Mephistopheles with whom to barter my soul for a fresh sensation.

"I was a young man. My *golden age*—the bloom on the peach of dawn, the budding of spring, the fresh dews of morning, the soft glow of sunset, had been waxed. The world called me a young man, and I knew what thoughts had not yet set their mark upon my brow. They were not marked upon my heart. I survived to be a young man, and yet the young man had all vanished. There was a pale, lifeless grey in a sunless afternoon. It is impossible to imagine a person more thoroughly blank than that on which I looked. There was no pleasure there, no mark that I had not looked at nothing. The house, as well as the man, was ruined—I had

tried them all. In the records of Roman dissipation my Suetonius could suggest little—except some darker vices—which I had not tried, and found wanting. I had slept under the reticulated lilies of Antinous, and supped upon beef-steaks and porter with the gladiators of Commodus, in the modern guise of Tom Spring and Ben Caunt. Love had been powerless to give me happiness. Friendship I had been too wise to test. My friends were the friends of the rich Timon. I did not value them so highly as to put their friendship through the crucible of pretended poverty. I took them for what they were worth ; and my sole cause of complaint against them was that they failed to amuse me. My life was one long yawn—and if I still lived, it was only because I knew not what purgatory of perpetual *ennui* might await me on Acheron's further shore. Could I have been certain of such an Inferno as Dante's—all action, passion, fever, excitement—I should gladly have exchanged the placid wretchedness of life for the stirring horrors of that dread underworld.

“On this one particular day, when most of all I felt the utter weariness of my existence, I wandered purposeless along the mountain-side—thinking of those rugged steepes of Hellas, which the scene recalled—and scarcely knew whither my footsteps took me, till I suddenly found myself in a scene that was very familiar, and on a spot which, though not by any means remote from my own eerie, I had hitherto avoided.

“I was on the landward slope of the mountain ; below me lay a lake, and between my stand-point and the water rose curling wreaths of blue smoke from the chimneys of a house which I knew very well.

“It was the hunting-lodge of E. T., a man who was, if not my friend, at least one of my oldest acquaintances ; a man between whom and myself there reigned that easy-going familiarity which passes current for friendship. We had been partners at whist, had been in love with the same women, *de par le haut monde* and *de par le bas monde*. We had bought horses of each other ; had cheated each other, more or less unconsciously, in such dealing ; had helped each other to break the bank at a Palais-Royal gaming-table ; had been concerned together in an opera-ball riot one Easter with the D. of H. and certain Parisian notabilities of the Bouvelard du Gand. If this be not friendship, I know not what is.

“The sight of those blue wreaths of smoke ; the remembrance of the riot in the Rue Lepelletier ; the little suppers at the Rocher and the Trois Frères ; the wit, the wine, the fever of the blood that for the time being is almost happiness—stirred my senses with a faint thrill of pleasure.

‘If T. is there, I will ask him to dine with me,’ I thought ; ‘C. must accustom herself to receive my friends, or to let me receive them without her. I am suffering from the Londoner's nostalgia ; I languish for the *air of the club-houses and the Ring*. It will be something

to hear the newest scandals, fresh from the lips of E. T., who is a notorious gossip and *mauvais diseur*.'

"I had some reason for concluding that T. was stopping at his place. The smoke gave evidence that the house was inhabited; and I knew that in his absence the place was generally shut up, and left in the charge of a shepherd, who lived in a wretched shanty further down the valley. My friend's finances were as slender as his lineage was noble. He claimed a direct descent from the Plantagenets; and was never out of the hands of the Jews.

'They are taking it out of me on account of that nasty knack of my ancestors, who raised money by the extraction of the teeth of Israel,' he said. 'But we have changed all that. Isaac of York has the best of it nowadays, and draws the teeth of the Giaour!'

"I turned aside from the narrow path skirting the mountain, and walked down the slope towards E. T.'s *pied-à-terre*. I was absurdly pleased at the idea of seeing a man whose character I thoroughly despised, and whose death I should have heard of without so much as a passing regret.

"In my utter weariness of myself and my own thoughts, I cared not in what cloaca I found a harbour of refuge. The gate of the small domain swung loosely on its hinges. I pushed it open and walked across the small lawn, bordered by shrubberies of fir and laurel. As I neared the porch, I saw the red glow of a fire shining in one of the lower windows, and was welcomed by a yapping chorus of lap-dogs, whose bark sounded shrill through the open door. There was no need for ceremony in this wild region; and even if I had wished to stand upon punctilio, there was neither bell nor knocker whereby I might have demanded admittance. I walked straight into the hall, or lobby—the former title is too grandiose for so small a chamber—and was immediately struck by the change which had come over the scene since I had looked upon it some twelve months before.

"It was then a rude chaos of gunnery, fishing-tackle, single-sticks, fencers' masks, boxing-gloves, plastrons, pipes, greatcoats, leather gaiters, fishing-boots, mackintoshes, and horsecloths; nauseous with the odour of stale tobacco, and dangerous by the occupation of savage dogs. It was now dainty as a lady's boudoir: the floor bright with scarlet sheepskins; the walls gay with French prints. A velvet curtain half shrouded the door of my friend's dining-room, just revealing a peep of the bright picture within—a table spread for luncheon, with snowy linen and sparkling glass. Half-a-dozen little yapping dogs issued from this room, and assailed me with shrill rancour. Not such specimens of the canine race had I before beheld in this mountain retreat. My friend T. ever affected the biggest and roughest of the species. Lancashire-bred mastiffs, Danish wolfhounds—the very Titans of the canine race from Mount St. Bernard or Newfoundland. These little creatures were the apoplectic descendants of that royal race which

was cradled on the knees of Castlemain and Portsmouth, swaddled in the purple of Charles. Among these appeared a couple of russet-coated pugs, with negro features, swart visages, and short bandy legs.

"Amidst the clamour of these creatures my entrance was unheard. I stooped down to examine the brutes, and was amused to perceive that the collar of one of the spaniels was the daintiest toy of filigree gold and mosaic.

'Has my friend turned *petit maitre*?' I asked myself.

"A second glance showed me a name upon the collar—Carlitz.

"Carlitz! Hast thou not read, O gentle reader, Eastern stories that tell how, by a magician's wand, a fairy palace has risen suddenly in the midst of the barren desert, with birds singing, and fountains dancing in the sunlight; and among the fountains, and flowers, and birds, and barbarously-splendid colonnades, tripping across the tessellated floors there comes something more beautiful than tropical bird or flower?

"The princess of the fairy tale—the Orient personified, with all its languid loveliness, its intoxicating sweetness, its colour and music, and sunshine and perfume—melted into one divine human creature.

"This is what the name upon the dog's collar did for me. It was the arch-enchanter's wand, evoking a goddess, in that bleak valley where I had hoped only to find a commonplace acquaintance.

"Carlitz! Shall I try to describe her—to describe the indescribable? Thou knowest her, kind reader; on thee, too, has she shone; for not to have seen her is to be a slave so dull that I would not think this book should fall into such unworthy hands. I will say of her what Lysippus said of Athens:

'Hast not seen Carlitz, then thou art a log;

Hast seen and not been charmed, thou art an ass.'

Or if, by reason of absence in far-distant lands, thou hast not seen her, picture to thyself the fairest princess of thy childish fairy lore, place her on a mortal stage, the cynosure of a thousand eyes, the idol of innumerable hearts, the topic of incalculable tongues, the gossip of uncountable newspapers, or, in one word—THE FASHION; endow her with a voice of the rarest power and richness; gift her with smiles that bewitch the fancy and accents that enthrall the soul; surround her with all the loveliest objects art ever devised or taste selected—and thou hast some faint image of that supernal being whom men call Carlitz.

"She lives still—still walks 'a thing of life and light,' which seen, becomes 'a part of sight;' but the first glory of her loveliness has departed, the rich ripe voice has lost some touch of its old music. She is still Carlitz, and to say this is to say that she is fairer than all the rest of womankind; but she is no longer the Carlitz of those days when Plancus was consul, and the Bonbonnière Opera-house was in its glory."

LONDON PALACES

BY WALTER THOMSON

II. St. James's Palace

GEORGE I. ended his reign by an act that would have sent a humbler man straight to Newgate. George II. began his reign by an act that would have placed any nobleman in his court in the Old Bailey dock. A very short time before his unlamented death, George I. burnt the will of his unhappy wife and that of her father, the Duke of Zell, in order, as Queen Caroline told Walpole, to deprive the son whom he detested of some important bequests. At the first council held by George II., Dr. Wake, the Archbishop of Canterbury, produced the old King's will, in order that it should be opened and publicly read. The little monarch instantly snapped at the paper, put it in his pocket, and left the room. It was never seen again. Rumour says it was at once thrown into the fire. It was generally reported that the King had left 40,000*l.* to his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, and a large legacy to his daughter, the Queen of Prussia. It is asserted that Lord Chesterfield, who married the Duchess's niece, pressed his claim out of spite, on having been proscribed the court, and received a sop in the pan of 20,000*l.* to stop his clamorous barking. The *great* Frederick also made frequent rough demands for money to the King his uncle, whom he hated.

In morals George II. was quite as disreputable as his father. The King was gallant because he thought it fashionable even to appear to be so. He made love to Mrs. Howard, one of his wife's bedchamber-women, a grave, gentle woman, who, in spite of her ambiguous position, preserved the respect of the whole court by the outward propriety and decency of her behaviour. Walpole describes the lady as extremely fair, and with beautiful soft light-brown hair: her features were regular and agreeable rather than beautiful. Her husband, a violent, rapacious man, eager for compensation, discovered the intrigue, and used to come and vociferously demand his wife before the soldiers of the guard in the quadrangle of St. James's Palace. He even wrote her an angry letter, and sent it by the Queen's own hand. When the King (then Prince) removed to Richmond, there being an apprehension that the virtuous husband would carry off his frail wife by force, Mrs. Howard was smuggled away to the Duke of Argyle's country-house. The indignant husband was eventually pacified by a pension of 1200*l.* a year; and the sale of the lady being once effected he never troubled her again. *The King, having a horror lest he should be governed, like his father,*

by his mistresses, seldom granted her any favours, stinted her in money, and when he grew tired of her made no provision for the woman he had once pretended to love. The King was one of those dull men who, as Lord Hervey cleverly said, "seem to think that having done a thing to-day is an unanswerable reason for doing it to-morrow." Even in visiting Mrs. Howard he was stupidly methodical. He went to see her every evening at nine. He frequently walked about his own chamber for ten minutes with the watch in his hand, till the hour-hand reached the first figure of the nine. Poor woman, she spent a miserable life; for the King insulted her, and the Queen watched every opportunity to heap on her the bitterest mortifications. One day, while she was putting on the Queen's neckerchief, the King, in a spiteful humour, snatched it off, exclaiming to the poor woman: "Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you wish to hide her majesty's!" Later in life Lady Suffolk became deaf, and the King grew tired of her; but the Queen, fearing to be supplanted by a new and younger favourite, urged her to stay at St. James's. The King grumbled at this, and used to say: "I don't know why you will not let me part with a deaf old woman of whom I am weary." Lady Suffolk, on her husband's death, married again, and ended her days tranquilly at her villa in Twickenham.

Madame de Walmoden, afterwards the Countess of Yarmouth, another of the King's favourites, possessed some influence over him, but hardly dared to ask the smallest favour in her own person. "If it be known that I have applied," she used to say, "I shall have no chance of succeeding."

Wishing to rule King George, and devotedly fond of her ill-conditioned and faithless husband, the Queen permitted his amours, and even constantly told him, by word and letter, how very unworthy she was of him. He too, with a gross want of delicacy that even in those times is almost inconceivable, used to praise Madame de Walmoden in his epistles to the Queen from Hanover. "I know you will love De Walmoden," he says in one letter, "because she loves me." Queen Caroline bore with these amours, which were to her a ceaseless vexation, partly from love, but still more to maintain her influence over the King, whom she secretly governed. The Duke of Grafton's amiable theory was, that Caroline loved no one, and therefore could not be jealous; for jealousy is only love turned sour. Sir Robert Walpole, who knew the court well, and had learnt to manage it, always declared that "the King esteemed the Queen above all other women, and loved Queen Caroline's little finger better than Lady Suffolk's whole body." When a man says, "I am determined to be master in my own house," you may be sure he is not master, and never will be. George II. was fond of saying this.

The Queen—a daughter of the Margrave of Anspach—though very fat, and marked with the smallpox, was considered by her courtiers to

have expressive eyes, a captivating voice, and small and finely-shaped hands. She was a woman of firmness and good sense, and ruled her unworthy husband under the guise of being a humble, submissive wife, ignorant and careless of state affairs. Even when the prime minister entered the King's apartment, to discuss business long before decided between him and the Queen, she would rise, curtsy, and offer to retire. The King, proud as most weak men are of the authority they believe they possess, would on these occasions often exclaim self-consciously, "There, Sir Robert, you see how much I am governed by my wife; yet dey say I am—ha, ha! It is a fine ting to be governed by vone's wife!"

The Queen always curtsied to her attendants if she met them in the palace, even to "my good Howard," as she called the woman whom she most detested. She was a brave, sturdy person, of high spirit, and was one of the earliest supporters of inoculation, when as yet it had been in England only practised on criminals. When the Porteous riots took place in Edinburgh, in her temporary regency, she declared that she would avenge such an insult, even if she had to turn Scotland into a hunting-ground. She was a devoted wife, and even when suffering from a dangerous complaint, concealed it, in order to attend the King in his morning walks at Richmond; and more than once, when she had the gout terribly in her foot, she drove back the disorder by bathing in cold water, in order not to be prevented from attending her husband. It was she who threw away such sums of public money on Kensington Gardens; and it was she who christened the string of ponds in Hyde Park, which were formed into one long sheet of water, now so familiar to us as the Serpentine. She never forgave her son Frederick the unnatural aversion he had shown his parents, and sternly refused to see him, even on her deathbed. "And unforgiving, unforgiven dies!" writes Chesterfield. That last scene of all Mr. Thackeray mocks with his usual cynical bitterness. The King, whose fondness revived when death was about to separate them, had been watching unceasingly by her bedside, refusing either rest or refreshment. When death approached, she said to her disconsolate husband, "George, you must marry again." "No, Caroline—no, *meiner liebe*," said the King; "*non, j'aurai des maîtresses!*" "*Ah, mon Dieu*," cried the Queen, "*cela n'empêche pas!*" Although affecting a fondness for the study of divinity, the Queen was said to be sceptical, and it is supposed that she refused to receive the sacrament from the hands of Archbishop Potter, who, to all inquiries as to the fact, replied only, like a true courtier, "Her majesty was in a heavenly disposition." She died with dignity, saying to her family, "Pray aloud, do, that I may hear you!" She then faintly repeated the Lord's Prayer, calmly lay down, waved her hand, and expired. The King detailed to Sir Robert, with tears streaming from his eyes, the virtues of his Queen, who, from her noble and calm disposition, had been such a relief and assistance to him in governing so humorous

and fickle a people as the English. "Henceforward," he said, "I shall lead a helpless, disconsolate, uncomfortable life. I do not know what to do, or which way to turn." But shortly after Madame de Walmoden came over from Hanover, created Countess of Yarmouth, and his inconsolable grief was consoled. Yet the King still used to declare that he never saw the woman worthy to buckle Caroline's shoe.

George II. led a dull methodical life at St. James's. He rose at seven in all weathers, transacted business, drove out, and then spent his evening at cards, with Lady Yarmouth and one or two officers of the household, in his daughter's apartments. Every Saturday in summer he drove to Richmond, without his daughters, and dined there. The party went about noon, in a ponderous court-coach, drawn by six horses, the Horse-Guard escort enveloping them in dust; and returned in the same wearisome procession.

The King was notoriously parsimonious, and when Prince is said to have so disgusted Miss Bellenden, a maid-of-honour, with whom he was in love, by counting his guineas, that she exclaimed saucily, "Sir, I cannot bear it; if you count out your money any more, I will go out of the room."

Like many mean persons, the King had fits of liberality. He once gave the University of Cambridge 2000*l.* to defray the expense of a public dinner in Trinity Hall. He is also said to have consented to pay a witty Dutch landlord, who had charged his suite nearly 100*l.* for a luncheon of eggs, coffee, and gin.* He once let a guinea by accident roll under the door of a wood-closet in his bedroom, and he made the page-in-waiting at once buckle to and help to remove the billets. However, when he found it, he gave it the boy.

He was a great stickler for etiquette, yet, even at court, etiquette was hardly so inexorable then as now. On one occasion, a stranger to the palace, when on a visit to some of the King's retinue, slipped down a flight of stairs, and, bursting open the door of a room in his fall, was precipitated, stunned, upon the floor. When the man came to his senses, he found a severe little old gentleman, with white eyebrows and a red face, carefully washing his bald head, and applying bars of sticking-plaster to the cuts. The amateur surgeon then picked up the wig of the injured man, and replaced it on his head. The man rose to express his gratitude; but the little man with the sponge frowned, and pointed to the door. It was the King, and the room so abruptly entered was the royal closet.

George II. was as irascible as he was pugnacious.† He once violently

* "Eggs are scarce, I suppose, Mynheer," said the King, when he perused the royal bill. "No, your majesty, but *kings* are," replied mine host.—ED. BELGRAVIA.

† His majesty was once seized with a fancy for a hasty-pudding at an hour when the royal cooks and scullions had struck work, and the kitchens were deserted. "Vot!" he thundered, "sall I be King of England, and not have a pudding-in-a-hurry for my supper? Gott dam!"—ED.

kicked the shins of Dr. Ward the quack, who had roughly twisted the royal thumb and given the King pain ; but he afterwards gave the successful impostor, whom Hogarth ridiculed, a carriage and horses, and presented his nephew with an ensigncy in the Guards. He used to scold his ministers, and he declared that the Duke of Newcastle was not fit to be chamberlain to the smallest court of Germany. When Lord Chesterfield one day teased him about an appointment he wished given to a personal friend, and almost forced him to sign the paper, the choleric King vociferated, "Give it to Beelzebub!" The hunch-backed nobleman with the beetle eyebrows replied wittily: "Shall I address it as usual—'To our trusty and well-beloved cousin'?" The King laughed, was appeased, and gave way.

Yet, with all his meanness, vanity, and coarse vice, there was a soldier's spirit about the little red-faced man. It was all they could do to prevent his fighting his brother-in-law, the King of Prussia. George fixed the place and even chose his second. This King of Prussia was the insane brute whom Mr. Carlyle has tried to transform into a hero. He used to strike and kick women he met in the streets ; he bullied his wife, tried to throw his daughter out of window, and was once on the point of beheading his son, afterwards the great Frederick.

When the French ambassador at a review once asked King George if he had ever seen the gendarmes (who had been beaten off at Dettingen by our troops), the King replied with more than his usual sharpness: "No, sare ; but I can dell you, and so can dey, dat my Scotch Greys have."

To a nobleman, a pickthank and eavesdropper, notorious for cowardice, who used to bring scandalous reports of his son from Leicester Fields, the King said, indignant at hearing his son called "fool:" "De Haus of Bronsvig may have produce as many fool as any vone sovereign haus in Europe ; but, *sturm* and *wetter!* it never vos known to produce von coward or poltroon, my lord duke."

That was tolerably hard hitting.

When the Pretender was at Derby, with his face to London, and the King heard that the council-board at St. James's Palace was taking measures to secure his (George's) sacred person, he entered the room in his choleric way, and said: "Gentlemen, dake care of yourselves ; for myself, I am resolved to die King of England."

Yet even his courage was of a vain and strutting kind ; and Mr. Thackeray certainly entirely mistakes the manner in which his custom on grand days of appearing in his Dettingen dress was received in the council-chamber at St. James's. Handel's grand battle "Te Deum," and a blustering sort of ode, both written for the occasion, used to be sung and performed on the anniversaries of the great battle of 1743, that saved our army when the French had out-manœuvred and sur-

rounded us. It is particularly recorded that on one of these days of foolish display, a wit present said to a friend near him :

"Sure such a day was never known—
Such a King, and such a throne !"

The couplet passed round, and was so relished, that at last several voices joined in a murmuring chorus, and the King heard it. The dull and vain little man did not see the irony. Some of the courtiers then applauded it aloud, clapping their hands, and the heavy-witted King thanked them for the flattering compliment and the impromptu verse.

Kings have generally one faculty, that of remembering faces. It is not a part of divine right, however, because Buonaparte also had it to perfection. They have also often (if redeemed by any virtue) a quality that they share with the lion—generosity. They can afford to be magnanimous ; and when they are not magnanimous they can affect to be so to all but those terrible memoir-writers, those cruel truth-telling critics, who watch them from the wings, and know how poor and small they often are when their paint is washed off, their wigs are removed, and their high-heeled shoes laid aside. George II., firmer in the saddle than his father, could afford to be less cruel to his opponents. When he was requested after Culloden to sign the death-warrant of Dr. Cameron, he exclaimed, with a momentary feeling of pity : " Surely too much blood has already been spilled for this cause." But he signed the warrant nevertheless, and Cameron perished for his opinions.

When McIvor, a poor Highlander, who had resisted the temptation of 30,000*l.* and saved the Young Pretender, was afterwards hung for stealing a cow to feed his starving children, George expressed a tardy regret at not having heard before of the man's fidelity.

The King one day gravely asked Lord Holderness, his secretary of state, where the unfortunate Charles Edward then was.

"Upon my word, sire," was the flurried reply, "I don't exactly know—I suppose in Italy ; but I'll consult my last despatches."

"Pooh, pooh, man, stuff!" said the King; "don't trouble your head about despatches. I'll tell you where he is : he is now at No. — in the Strand ; and was last night at Lady ——'s rout. What shall we do with him?" Lord Holderness looked like a terrier who had suddenly seen a rat: he proposed to call an immediate council. The King quietly replied, "No, my lord ; we can manage the business without a council. Let him stay where he is at present ; and when the poor man has amused himself with looking about London, he will go home again."

Now this was kingly. But after the butchery at Culloden, and the cruelties at Tower-hill and Kennington-common, it was time to be merciful, for the soldier's foot was on the Jacobite's neck just then.

The King at the close of his life forgave an unconscious rudeness of the Duchess of Hamilton (*the beautiful Miss Gunning*) at a drawing-

room at St. James's, in a manner that was not only gentlemanlike, but rather touching. The King was talking of public sights. The thoughtless Duchess said, "O, I have seen so much, your majesty, that there is only one sight in the world which I wish to behold, and that is a coronation."

The King took her hand, and exclaimed with a sigh, "I apprehend you have not long to wait; you will soon have your desire."

In spite of his meanness when his own pocket was touched, the King was sometimes generous with the nation's money. He made an old Highland soldier—who, at the battle of Quebec, had cut down a heap of Frenchmen, and then sat down near them and calmly taken snuff—a lieutenant, with half-pay for life. He also gave 500*l.* down, and 200*l.* a-year, to a brave young lieutenant of Marines, who had lost both his legs at the siege of a fort in Majorca; so that at least in two cases tears of gratitude were shed in the presence-chamber of St. James's.

Taste or feeling George had none. He hated reading, was indifferent to painting (*bainting* he called it), and was almost inclined to picket Hogarth for ridiculing his Guards' march to Finchley. He did not care for Garrick's acting; but was delighted with a fat, stupid super who played the important (in his own opinion) character of Lord Mayor in *Richard the Third*. He took a fancy to have Macklin's coarse farce of *Love à la Mode* read aloud to him, by a grave old Hanoverian gentleman-in-waiting, who took eleven weeks puzzling out the meaning. Once when he went to the Haymarket Theatre to see *The Mayor of Garratt*, Foote, who received him and led him to his box, was dressed for the part of Major Sturgeon—extravagant boots, heavy sword, and huge truculent cocked-hat. The King was astonished, and inquired of a lord-in-waiting where this old officer had served, and what was his regiment.

It must not, however, be forgotten that the King was a true German in one good respect. He was, like his affectionate father, devotedly fond of music, and he delighted in Handel's compositions. That was at least one refining influence working upon his gross nature, even in an age when Swift ridiculed Handel, and Gay wrote to parody Italian opera.

The King died on an October morning, in 1760. He had risen as usual about seven, and seemed well. He called his page, drank his cup of chocolate, and inquired about the way of the wind, being anxious to receive the foreign mails. He then opened the window, and said he should walk in the garden. Shortly after leaving the room, the page outside heard a deep sigh, and then a heavy fall upon the floor. He threw open the door and ran in—the King had fallen in rising to ring the bell. The King only spoke two words, "Call Amelia," and expired. The Princess came, just as the body was placed upon a bed, and being deaf, stooped down tenderly over the King to hear his last

words, in case he spoke in a low voice: to her horror she saw that he was dead. The nation bore the loss of George II. with a very praiseworthy equanimity; and the court-poets and court-preachers instantly arranged him a niche among the demi-gods, and then turned, after their manner, to lick the shoes of the young King. *Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!*

George III. lived but little at St. James's, having soon after his marriage purchased Buckingham House, and living much in the country,—at Kew, Richmond, and latterly Windsor,—where he could enjoy his farming, chat with everyone he met, and pursue the even tenor of his dull, decorous life. There are, nevertheless, numerous events that connect the memory of this worthy but unlucky monarch with the Palace of St. James's.

He always rose early, sometimes at six, and devoted the two hours after breakfast to turning or reading. He then rode out for several hours, being especially anxious to avoid the excessive corpulence hereditary in his family; moreover, being rather weak in the knees, he looked best on horseback. He frequently rode from Kew on his hack, even in heavy rain, to attend a levee or council at St. James's; and at reviews, in which he delighted, he would ride for several hours without a great-coat, and often bare-headed. For many years he hunted regularly, like the hearty, dull country gentleman that he was. He generally dined alone, and very frugally, obeying the advice of his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, who had warned him against over-eating. He partook only of the plainest food, and in small quantities—a leg of mutton with caper-sauce was his favourite dish; he was fond of cheese-cakes, and insisted on a cherry-pie every day in the year. Even in eating he had not an original mind; he drank but little, and generally wine-and-water. The master cook always attended at the King's dinner-table, and tasted every dish (according to the old feudal precaution) before it was removed by the pages-in-waiting. The royal children were denied all delicacies, and fed as much as possible on oatmeal-porridge; a restraint which naturally made the Duke of York a glutton, and the Prince of Wales an epicure. The supper at the palace was set on the table merely as a form; and the maids-of-honour for years went to bed supperless.

Later in life, at Windsor, the King rose at half-past seven o'clock, and at once proceeded to the Queen's saloon, where one of the Princesses would meet him. They then went to the chapel and attended the service, which usually lasted an hour. At nine o'clock the King breakfasted with the Queen and the five Princesses, in the Queen's breakfast-room, commanding a view of the Little Park. The meal occupied about half-an-hour. The King and Queen sat at the head of the table, and the Princesses according to seniority. The King read the newspaper at that time, like any ordinary man; but the strictest etiquette was observed, *Queen Charlotte* being very hard and merciless

about such trifles, though considerate and kindly withal. After breakfast the King rode out with his equerries and the Princesses.

If the weather was stormy, the King played at chess with General Fitzroy or General Manners, and was particularly delighted if he beat his opponent. He dined regularly at two o'clock; the Princesses at four: at five the King visited his wife and daughters. After this hour the King transacted public business in his own study, attended by Colonel Taylor, his private secretary. The evening was passed at cards in the Queen's drawing-room, where three tables were always set; the nobility of the neighbourhood being often invited to these monotonous and frugal entertainments. The moment the castle-clock struck ten the visitors retired. The supper was then coldly set out, as a matter of form, but no one partook of it. The King and Queen retired at eleven o'clock, summer or winter.

It was always said that Prince Frederick had disliked George, and petted his second son, Edward. He seems to have prepared for a rupture between them, had he lived; for once, when embracing him, in 1751, he said to the quiet boy, "Come, George, let us be good friends while we are suffered to be so." George was very backward as a boy, and, Walpole says, could not read English at eleven. His mother described him as honest, but reserved, and childish for his age. His grandfather spoke of him with contempt, like a wicked old heathen that he was, and described him as "only fit to read the Bible to his mother." It was his mother's constant saying, "George, be King," that nourished his natural obstinacy, and made him determined not to be ruled by his ministers.

In 1761, when the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived to become the wife of the young King, she wore a fly-cap with rich lace lappets, a diamond-spangled stomacher, and a gold-brocade "suite" with a white ground. At Mile-end the Life Guards met her, and escorted her to St. James's. When she caught the first glimpse of the palace, she turned pale. The Duchess of Hamilton smiled; but the Princess said, "My dear Duchess, you may laugh, for you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." Her lips trembled as the coach stopped; but when the Duke of York gave her his hand, she jumped out cheerfully. The King raised her up and saluted her, just as she was about to drop on her knee and curtsy homage to him. The King had fallen in love with her from a letter she had written to the King of Prussia to avert the ravages of the soldiers from the country of Mecklenburg. It is said that at the first glance George shrank back disappointed from the excellent but rather plain young German lady. He had no cause to shrink, however; for she proved a good and devoted wife, and, till the children turned out so badly, they were the happiest of decorous couples.

The next Sunday they appeared in public at the Chapel Royal, and on Monday went in chairs to Drury-lane Theatre, the Queen having

never before seen a play. The King and Queen also went to the coronation from St. James's in chairs. On his return from the Abbey the most valuable diamond fell out of the King's crown; that fall was an omen: the diamond that fell was America.

In 1769 the illegal proceeding against Wilkes, and the disgraceful interference of the court with the Middlesex election, had rendered the King hateful to the people. During one of the most savage of the riots, a hearse hung with black was driven madly into the courtyard of St. James's, amid the yells and execrations of the crowd, with a ruffian on the box dressed as an executioner, and ferociously brandishing an axe. The mob was in no humour to bear a second Charles I. The King, always firm and royally brave, betrayed no alarm; but soon after, when the ministers hesitated about hanging some Bethnal-Green rioters who had sacked a house, he insisted on instantly signing the death-warrants.

During the Gordon riots, when there were 4000 troops posted round Buckingham House, the King sat up for two nights, receiving reports and issuing orders. When the mob tried to force St. James's, he forbade the soldiers to fire, but ordered them to keep back the crowd by levelling their bayonets. The mob, seeing this, were so daring as to seize the bayonets and shake them, to try and force a passage.

In 1795, the King grew even still more unpopular. The people groaned under the weight of taxes, and wearied of the unsuccessful struggle with the irresistible genius of Napoleon. On the 29th of October, as the King went to Parliament, but few hats were pulled off, and the people shouted, "Give us bread!" "No war!" "No king!" A shot was fired through the coach-window in the narrowest part of St. Margaret-street. On the return to St. James's, stones were thrown into the coach; and the mob tried to break down Storey's-gate with sledge-hammers. On its way to the mews the royal carriage was nearly demolished. An hour or two afterwards, the King rashly setting out without escort from St. James's to go to Buckingham House, the mob surrounded the carriage and tried to force the door. A burly Irish gentleman drew a brace of pistols from his pocket, and cleared a way back for the carriage. For this service the King, knowing his own value, rewarded his defender with an office worth 650*l.* a-year.

With all his mental short-sightedness, and his love of absolute power, George III. was more accessible than any of his successors have been. He strolled into shops; he talked to pig-boys and haymakers; he entered cottages, and attended to the cooking of ploughmen's roast-meat. He liked to take tea with Mrs. Delany. He petted Eton boys. He even condescended to give audience to literary men; confusing Dr. Johnson with endless questions, and Beattie with irrelevancies of all kinds. Great English authors have not had many audiences since that day. He sometimes stood sponsor for the children of favourite noblemen of orthodox political opinions. Royalty has railed itself in

since those days, and the restrictions of feudalism have come again upon us in these democratic days that ignore divine right.

George III. had not a large mind, and was rather mean in his small economies. He lost us America by his senseless obstinacy. He trained George IV. to be a scourge of England by the unwise severities and dreary platitudes of his court. But he was well-intentioned, social, and fond of appearing among his subjects. He was charitable and respectable; and he set a good example.* He was affable even to the loss of dignity. Let us not dwell at length on his melancholy old age, his blindness, his loss of reason, or the ingratitude of some among his sons. He acted up to his lights, and our only prayer is that may we never have a worse King to reign over England.

* On the occasion of a great fire in the City, which destroyed or injured one hundred houses, the King contributed 1000*l.* to a subscription made for the relief of the uninsured sufferers—a third of the total amount subscribed; and this is only one of several instances of open-handed charity on the part of simple farmer George. Nor was he unmindful of less creditable claims upon his private purse. The Conductor of this Magazine was, when a child, the occasional guest of an elderly gentleman who bore a Corsican-brother-like resemblance to the late Duke of York. He was the reputed son of parents of respectable position; but some time before coming of age, he was informed that 60,000*l.* had been placed to his credit at a certain bank.—ED. BELGRAVIA.

THE MUDIE CLASSICS

BY BADINGTON WHITE

AUTHOR OF "CIRCE," ETC.

EXPLANATION.—The critical contempt for all stories of a sensational character has of late become a fact so notorious, that the Conductor of this Magazine would be wanting in deference to those great Teachers who preside over the Literary Journals of this country, if she failed to recognise the necessity for an immediate reform in the class of fiction provided for the indulgent readers of BELGRAVIA. She is thus compelled to consider the sensational element in fiction as an entirely modern innovation, devised by ignorant and reckless writers, whose only hope of creating interest lies in the employment of those exceptional situations which should properly be excluded from all romance. She has therefore intrusted to the writer the task of providing a series of short stories, conscientiously adapted from those models, so often referred to by critics, as the highest exemplars of art, the works of the dramatists and epic poets of ancient Greece, and modernised in accordance with the prevailing tastes of the novel-reading public. The writer's deviations from the original construction of each legend will be only such as the subject necessitates; and he will exercise no greater license in his treatment of modern history than is accorded to the Romancist. In some cases the supernatural element of a story will be interpreted after the fashion of the German critics, by the aid of natural phenomena; while in other cases, a perilous situation will be altered and adapted after the manner in which our dexterous English playwrights contrive to smooth away the little difficulties in a comedy by Sardou, or a drama by Dumas *filz*. In compliment to the Eponymous chief of the circulating library, these stories will be entitled "The Mudie Classics."

NO. I.

Sir Alk Meyonn, or the Seven against the Elector.

(Adapted from the "*Thébais*" and the "*Alcmaonis*.")

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

It was early in the August of that memorable year which beheld the last struggle of hereditary right, and the last glories of the Stuart race. The landing of the seven men of Moidart and their bold young leader was scarcely known at the Court of St. James's; but the tidings of the young chief's coming had thrilled through the hearts of the wild sons of Scotia's wild hills, inspiring as the shrill cry of pibroch or the clash of claymore.

One by one the chiefs had come to offer their lives to this "tall youth of agreeable aspect," who claimed to be heir-apparent to the crown of Britain, that crown with which a disloyal faction had invested a foreign usurper. At first the highland chieftains had been somewhat loth to risk life and goods upon so hazardous an enterprise. Macdonald of Kinloch Moidart had been deaf to the prayers, the arguments, the commands of that royal adventurer whom he believed to be

his rightful prince, until the enthusiasm of a younger brother turned the scale in the Pretender's favour. Nor was Lochiel himself better inclined for the perilous venture. He came with all speed, in obedience to the summons of his prince; but he came bent upon dissuading the rash youth from so mad a scheme as that which had brought him to Scotland, provided with seven followers, four thousand louis-d'ors, and the mere remnant of a very small supply of arms.

He came, and the influence of the adventurer prevailed. When did Scottish wisdom ever vanquish Scottish loyalty? Were highland chieftains to refuse their aid because their prince was friendless? Were they to shrink from asserting his right because there was peril in the assertion of it? If he came to them unaided by foreign mercenaries, so much the stronger must be his claim upon the service of his loyal countrymen. Lochiel had blown cold at the outset only to blow hottest of the hot before the day was done.

"I will share the fate of my prince, whatever it be," he cried; "and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me power."

The generous infection was quick to spread. Swiftly they came, the children of the hills, and rallied round the young heir of that lineage they loved. The ship that had brought the adventurer went back to France. *Jacta fuit alea*. The Rubicon had been crossed. Every day the little army gained strength, and the hopes of Charles Edward rose high, as the wild faithful creatures pressed and gathered about him in uncouth affection.

In one of the smaller islands off the coast of Inverness, a man held himself aloof from the Prince and his adherents, and would fain have escaped any part in that wild attempt which, to him of all men, seemed mad and hopeless.

This man, Sir Andrew McMayonn, was chief of a powerful clan, and could have brought a gallant company to the aid of his royal master had he so pleased. More than this, he was a man whose influence extended beyond the clan which called him chieftain. Throughout those wild hills and valleys the name of McMayonn was a name of might. Weird and mysterious were the hereditary gifts of that dark race. The fatal power of second-sight had belonged to the sons of McMayonn in the remote past, and fragments were still extant of a lost Gaelic poem which sung the prophetic powers of the present chief's ancestor.

Upon a race so superstitious as the Scottish highlanders this reputation exercised a strong influence. They were ready to believe in Sir Andrew as a prophet, a seer, whose superhuman gaze could pierce the cloudy horizon of mortal knowledge, and behold the things to come.

"If McMayonn of McMayonn joins the Prince, fortune will favour us," thought the highlanders; "the McMayonns have the gift of second-sight; they'll not join themselves to ill-luck."

The son of the Stuarts was informed of the influence exercised by M'Meyonn, and was eager to secure his adherence. He wrote to the chief, enclosing a letter from his father, the crownless king who waited at Rome for the issue of his son's adventure. M'Meyonn returned a loyal and respectful answer, declining to have any share in an attempt that was certain to result in disaster; and entreating Charles Edward to return to France straightway, and await a more favourable hour for his attack upon the reigning government.

"Your highness will doubtless smile at my foolish boldness, when I dare to say that I *know* this adventure will result in ruin to all, death to many. Yet it is none the less true. To me, as to others of my race, has been granted a power which is but a troublesome boon and a questionable benefit. Let the beginning of your highness's progress be brilliant as it may, the end will be darkness and bloodshed. I have seen these things. If by holding myself apart from so glorious-seeming an endeavour I can hinder others from joining your standard, so much the better for them. If by my indirect influence I may diminish your forces, and thus compel the postponement of your plans, so much the happier for your highness. But let this fall out as it may, I pray you, sir, to pardon my plain-speaking, and to believe that it is no cowardly fear for my own safety or my own life which induces my disobedience, but rather a fervent desire for your ultimate success, which must needs be sorely endangered by the disastrous issue of a most ill-advised attempt.—In all respect and obedience,

"Your royal highness's most humble servant,
"M'MEYONN."

These were the terms of M'Meyonn's refusal; but the Prince did not believe the chief would hold by so disloyal a resolve. "I will see if M'Meyonn will hold himself aloof when the son of his king pleads to him in person," he said to his late tutor and faithful follower, Sir Thomas Sheridan. "Lochiel would fain have refused to join the standard of the Stuarts; and Lochiel is now foremost and chief among my adherents. I will take no scribe's answer to my appeal. From the lips of M'Meyonn will I receive the assurance that a M'Meyonn can desert the cause for which his forebears have shed their heart's best blood."

This speech, or the gist thereof, was repeated to the seer-chieftain by one of his clansmen, who had it from a follower of Lochiel.

Upon this speech the prophet-chieftain meditated as he paced the rugged stone terrace before the windows of that grim castellated building, half manor-house, half fortress, in which his ancestors for many generations past had first seen the light.

His wife joined him in his meditative walk. She was a beautiful woman, sister of one of the lords of those rugged hills, and a staunch Jacobite, but at once frivolous and ambitious.

"The Prince's army is gaining strength every day, nay, indeed, every hour," she exclaimed triumphantly as she approached her lord. "Do you know that an eagle wheeled above the Prince's ship as she neared the Scottish coast? 'Tis the King of Birds come to welcome your royal highness to Scotland," cried Lord Tullibardine. "Would you wish a better omen than that, Andrew? Donald tells me the standard of the Stuarts will be waving in the wind ere the week is out."

"Ay, sweet," answered M'Meyonn sadly. "But I will not join that fatal banner."

"You are fixed on that, Andrew?"

"Fixed as fate—as the fate of those who follow that rash youth yonder."

A motion of his hand indicated the dark line of the mainland. Ellinor M'Meyonn looked at her husband with ill-disguised contempt.

"What!" she cried; "will you drag the glory of your race in the dust by an act of disloyalty that must stamp you for ever as a craven and a dastard? Will you degrade a name renowned in the annals of Scottish chivalry to the level of those lowland time-servers, who, so long as there is kale in their pot and meal in their barrel, would as soon serve Hanoverian George as the Prince whose ancestor led their forefathers to glorious victory at Bannockburn?"

"Ellinor," said the chieftain earnestly, "I have told you that this struggle—if it commence—will end most fatally for all involved in its issue. The warning I have had is a warning not to be disregarded. Were my own life alone at stake, I would scarce hazard my Prince's disfavour for so poor a cause. Caledonia's hunting-grounds have seen me matched against a foe more deadly than any human adversary. It is not my life which I refuse to my Prince; *that* he might have to-morrow as a free gift, if the shedding of my blood could do him service. It is my influence which I withhold from him. The faithful sons of my clan, brave as heroes and ignorant as children, shall not be lured by me into an enterprise which I know to be fatal. Nor will I turn the tide of events for those of my countrymen who, although neither of my kindred nor of my clan, would be governed by my example. No, Ellinor, I will not weakly yield to that affection for the Stuart race which is an instinct of every highlander's heart, inborn, inbred. I will set my face against this enterprise with a resolve unwavering as yonder turret, whose massy stones have withstood the tempests of seven centuries."

The wife was overawed by the determination of her husband's manner. She could not even pretend to doubt his courage. The memory of the Caledonian boar-hunt was yet green. Nor was it only in the chase that M'Meyonn had distinguished himself. In the national games at highland festival his arm had been strongest, his power of endurance greatest, amongst Scotia's chiefs. His name was in very

truth a tower of strength; and the friends of the Prince had ample ground for their urgent desire to enlist his services.

"Andrew," said Ellinor in an awe-stricken whisper, "the warning must have been an awful one that could cause a McMayonn to shrink from a service of danger."

"It was a terrible warning."

"What shape did it take? When did it come?" asked the wife eagerly.

"Can I trust you with so dark a secret, Ellinor?"

"Whom should you trust if not me?"

"Yes, dearest, I will trust you," said the chieftain after a thoughtful pause; "you will understand my conduct better if you know all. You remember the evening on which we heard of the Prince's landing—a sultry night, with a thick white mist that hid the coast yonder? I was walking on this terrace thinking of the young adventurer, prepared—nay, indeed, resolved—to hasten to him at daybreak with prompt assurance of allegiance from me and from all whom I could influence, when I was startled by the tolling of a bell. Distant, muffled was that funereal sound—slow and solemn were the strokes. They came from no bell that hangs in turret or steeple of this island—from neither chapel nor dwelling-house on the mainland. At first remote, the sound speedily came nearer, till it seemed as if that funeral bell swung to and fro in the tower above our heads. While I listened to that sepulchral peal, aghast with wonder, something—dim as the mist that floats upon yonder mountain-tops—emerged from the twilight at the farther end of the terrace. As I looked, the shape grew more distinct, and I beheld my own image—myself—clad in military raiment, with breast-plate glittering in the obscurity. The shape walked slowly towards me, and with slow and solemn motion drew around its form a long white garment, which I presently recognised. Ellinor, that shadowy garment wrapped around that shadowy form was a shroud!"

"Great heaven, Andrew, how horrible!"

"This was the least part of the vision, for it concerned myself alone. But after this came greater horror. As I stood aside, shrinking involuntarily from that uncanny shadow of myself, other shadows advanced from the same spot, and paced slowly past me in spectral procession. Faces that I know and honour looked upon me, ghastly in the faint light of the newly-risen moon. Brave old Balmerino, staunch Kilmarnock, canny old Lovat, with hideous gaping wounds upon their bare necks; young noble soldiers, with features swollen by the hangman's rope—a dread file of victims! And while the phantom forms went slowly by, the bell tolled on; and from afar came the shrill shriek of women, crying the coronach for the dead."

"It is most terrible!" exclaimed Lady McMayonn. "But might not these dreadful visions arise from some fever of your own brain?"

"No, Ellinor. I am no foolish dreamer of dreams. The records of

my house might teach you that a warning granted to one of my race is no idle delusion."

They walked on for some minutes in silence. The wife was awed, but not convinced. She was more inclined to despise her husband as a visionary than to honour him as a prophet. The evening shadows had gathered round them as they talked together on the terrace, and through the twilight the chieftain saw a light moving across the sea.

"It is doubtless the lantern on board some boat," he said.

The words were scarce spoken when one of his faithful highlanders came running to his master, with news that from the topmost turret of the castle a boat had been descried bearing towards that part of the little island, with some half-dozen men on board her, three of whom were rowers, the other passengers of some quality, as the dunnie wassail opined.

"Donald," cried the chief, "let who may come hither to-night to seek Andrew Mc'Meyonn, he must receive the same answer. Your master left the island yesterday on a cruise to the Hebrides. I have my reasons for avoiding any meeting with strangers. Tell your comrades to keep my secret, and be sure they and you keep it faithfully, for your own sakes as well as for my mine."

The man assented, but with a puzzled and by no means approving air.

"Ellinor," said Mc'Meyonn, when his vassal had disappeared, "I am going to do that which no member of my family ever did before me. I am going to conceal myself from the son of my sovereign. Be sure that yonder boat contains the Prince, or his emissaries; in all probability the Prince himself: for he has sworn to seek me in his own person. I will not meet him. I will not incur the risk of proving myself weak as Lochiel; and I have no right to think myself stronger of resolution than that brave chief. The secret closet behind the chimney in my mother's sitting-room is a hiding-place known only to you and me. When the Prince or his messengers land, you will receive them with all courtesy, and tell them that I have left home for an indefinite period. When they have left the island, you will come to my poor mother's favourite chamber and summon me from my hiding-place."

The lady agreed. There was scant time for argument. Andrew Mc'Meyonn pressed her little hand in his in token of affectionate confidence.

"If you betray me, Nell," he said, "you betray all the bravest and best of Scotland. My cause will be their cause. And ill-fortune to me means ill-fortune to a thousand trusty followers."

"Betray you!" she cried. And then she pledged herself by a name most sacred to Catholic women. The chief wrung her hand, and was gone.

'Twas but five minutes afterwards that a boat's keel ground against

the beach. Two minutes more, and the three strangers were in the chief room of the castle with the lady of M'Meyonn.

To one—a tall slim youth, of fair complexion and noble features—the lady instinctively addressed herself.

"I regret, sir," she said, "that my husband is absent. If I dare trust the untutored impulse of my heart, it tells me that he has lost a supreme honour and pleasure by his untimely departure from home."

"It is you who honour his guest, madam," replied the adventurer. "May I ask at what hour Sir Andrew left the island?"

The lady faltered.

"At noon—nay—at ten o'clock yesterday."

"He sailed for France, your servants tell me."

"Yea, your highness, for France."

The Prince looked at his companions with a glance of triumph.

"The man told us the Hebrides," he whispered to one of them. "I would wager my chances against the Elector of Hanover that M'Meyonn is in the castle. It shall go hard with me if I do not unearth him."

The gentleman thus addressed laughed, and gave a little nod of assent. Lady M'Meyonn stood apart from them watching the pretender to the crown with reverential gaze. To this Jacobite lady, the handsome, courteous heir of the Stuarts seemed "every inch a king."

"Madam," he said presently, "may I entreat a few moments' private conversation, on business most urgent to myself, and, as I dare believe, to Scotland?"

Lady M'Meyonn assented to this request with all graciousness. She led the way to the dining-room of the castle, a somewhat gloomy apartment, lighted but dimly with wax-candles in massive silver candelabra.

Here, alone with the Chevalier, she awaited his commands.

"Madam," said the Prince earnestly, "I think you know me."

The lady bent her knee in answer to this question, and would fain have kissed the exile's hand. But Charles Edward raised her with a gentle gallantry, and it was he who kissed the hand of the lady.

"You are perhaps aware of M'Meyonn's letter, madam, the letter in which he refuses me his aid? I cannot believe that your heart goes with that refusal."

"Nor my husband's heart, your highness. He obeys only some foolish fever of his brain. The M'Meyonns were ever seers of visions and dreamers of dreams."

"He has seen—or fancies he has seen—something?"

"A most horrible vision, your highness; and one that bodes ill for your cause."

"But you—you do not believe in these highland superstitions?"

"No, your highness. I was educated in a convent at Bruges, where they taught me to smile at Scottish fancies; but M'Meyonn has seldom

gone beyond his native hills. He is a highlander to the core of his heart, and I doubt if any living creature could move him from his resolution."

"Perhaps none except yourself," said the Prince pleadingly. "To your persuasion I intrust my cause; you hold the fortunes of your prince in the palm of your hand. Without M^cMeyonn I feel myself powerless to proceed with an enterprise which is the one hope of my life. From my father's lips I have heard your husband's value. 'His soul is a fertile soil,' said my father, 'from which spring only prudent counsels. Prophet and chief, he is bravest among the brave, wisest among the wise.' To him, madam, I look as the eye of my army. To your influence I look as the means of winning him."

The face of the lady told Charles Edward that his words had moved her. He had been instructed by his father how to profit by Lady M^cMeyonn's weakness, and had come prepared to win her to his cause.

While she yet wavered he put his hand into his pocket, and presently produced an object which quickly caught the feminine eye.

It was a circular jewel-case, covered with white velvet, and emblazoned with the royal arms. The velvet was somewhat soiled, the gold of the emblazonment was tarnished, but the jewel-case was sufficiently splendid to attract the lady's gaze, and to awaken her curiosity.

The Prince waited with the case in his hand just long enough to stimulate feminine eagerness by a tantalising delay. Then, with a graceful, careless gesture he opened the casket, and displayed before the enraptured eyes of the lady a superb diamond-necklace.

Never before had the wife of M^cMeyonn beheld such diamonds. They flashed upon the obscurity of the dimly-lighted apartment brilliant as stars in midnight sky.

"When my jewels were sold at Rome, to provide funds for this expedition, this necklace was set apart as a thing too sacred for barter," said the Prince. "It was the gift of the Pope to my grandmother, Mary of Modena, on her marriage with my royal grandfather, at that time Duke of York. I will not tell you that the diamonds are matchless; a consideration so sordid could have no weight with the wife of M^cMeyonn. I will only say that they are blest by the sacred hand that gave them—I will only tell you that when my father put the case into my hand, he said to me, '*This is for the wife of M^cMeyonn. She will use her influence with Sir Andrew; and when I next behold those gems they will shine upon her fair neck at my court of St. James's.*'"

"*He*—his majesty said those words!" exclaimed the lady.

"Those very words, madam."

Dazzled at once by the condescension of the exiled king and the splendour of the jewels, Lady M^cMeyonn was well-disposed to favour the Prince's wishes. Charles Edward saw his advantage, and pressed it.

"My life on't, M^cMeyonn is lurking somewhere close at hand," he said to himself.

And then in earnest, entreating tones, he pleaded his cause. In the name of Scotland, of loyalty, of knightly courage, he urged the duty of the prophet-chief.

The lady hesitated, and—was lost.

"Could my husband hear your highness, sure am I that he would yield."

"Take me to him," cried the Prince, "and let me plead my own cause."

"I will!" exclaimed Ellinor. "My husband shall not hang back when loyal Scotland hurries to the field. Follow me, your highness."

She left the room, the Prince following swiftly on her heels, ascended the winding staircase, and entered a spacious apartment on the floor above. While Charles Edward wondered to find himself in a chill and tenantless upper chamber, the lady went to the antique chimney, where iron dogs surmounted the cheerless hearthstone.

She bent down by this chimney, and with her figure half-hidden from the Prince, touched a spring. Charles Edward heard the clicking, metallic sound, and the slow creaking noise of an opening door.

"Come forth, Andrew," cried Ellinor; "I have promised your aid to the son of our rightful king."

M'Meyonn emerged, pale, silent, gloomy. For some moments he stood looking at his wife; and, frozen by that dark stern gaze, the heart of Ellinor M'Meyonn grew chill as death.

"Madam," he said in slow, deliberate accents, "I count it little that you have betrayed me; that I might easily forgive; but you have betrayed Scotland, and hastened the ruin of a good cause. *That* is a crime for which you shall pay dearly in the days to come."

"Let your blame be given to me, M'Meyonn, not to your wife," said Charles Edward. "Come, Lochiel and Macdonald are waiting below. Let them hear how a M'Meyonn can refuse to serve his king."

"I can only tell my brother-chiefs what I have already written to your highness."

"My dear Sir Andrew, if you ask me to believe in dreams—"

"That which these waking eyes saw was no dream," answered the chief.

He followed the Prince back to the dining-room. The guilty wife went with them, sore troubled by the thought of her treason, and the terror of her husband's anger.

The open casket stood on the table where the Prince had left it, the gems flashing in the dim light.

"What is this?" asked the chief suddenly, as he pointed to the necklace.

"The celebrated necklace made by Benvenuto Cellini for the Duchesse d'Etampes, afterwards given by the royal favourite to Paul III., and presented by the reigning pope to my grandmother on her marriage."

"How comes it here?" asked the chief.

"It is a token of friendship which my father the king offers to the wife of his loyal servant and follower, M'Meyonn."

The chief smiled; a strange, bitter smile. He took up the casket, and contemplated the jewels gravely for a few moments before handing them to his wife.

"Take your necklace, madam," he said. "You have earned it nobly; but I fear it will cost you somewhat dearly."

The Prince summoned the two men who had been lounging on the great oaken bench in the hall.

"Lochiel, Macdonald!" he cried.

Then came a long and animated conversation. The young adventurer was eloquent; Sir Andrew was weak. His brother-chiefs were leagued against him; they laughed at his fears, they ridiculed his visions. The end was that he yielded.

"Return to your quarters, your highness, assured that you have conquered the prudence of M'Meyonn. I will follow you to death."

"Say rather to victory," said the Prince.

The chief was silent. He led the way back to the boat, and stood with bent uncovered head while the royal Adventurer embarked.

"In half-an-hour I shall be in attendance upon your highness," he said.

The rowers dipped their oars, and the boat glided noiselessly over the calm waters. M'Meyonn went back to the castle, under the starlit summer sky.



Alfred Thompson, del.

W. L. Thomas, sc.

SAINT MAY.

SAINT MAY

A City Epic

ST. ALOYS the Great is both mouldy and grim,
The decalogué's dusty, the windows are dim;
If you know not the road there, you'll long have to search
To find your way into this old City church;
Yet on fine Sunday mornings I often there stray,
And see a new saint, whom I've christened St. May.

The one bell is cracked in its crazy old tower;
The sermon oft lasts rather more than an hour;
The parson is prosy, the clerk eighty-three;
The organ drones out in a sad minor key:
Yet quickly the moments I find fly away,
I pass every week at the shrine of St. May.

I have seen lots of saints in churches before—
In Florence or Venice they're there by the score;
Agnese, Maria—the rest I forget—
By Titian, Bassano, and brave Tintoret:
They none can compare, though they're well in their way,
In sweet tender grace with my lovely St. May.

She sits in a high, ancient, black oaken pew,
Which almost conceals her fair face from my view—
The sweetest of pictures it can't be denied;
With two tiny sisters who sit by her side,
Who lisp the responses, or kneel down to pray,
With little hands locked in the palm of St. May.

She's young for a saint, for she's scarcely eighteen,
And ne'er could wear peas in those dainty *bollines*;
Her locks are not shaven, and 'twould be a sin
To wear a hair-shirt next that delicate skin;
Save diagonal stripes on a dress of light gray,
No stripes have been borne by bewitching St. May.

She's almost too plump and too round for a saint,
With sweet little dimples that Millais might paint;
Though she has no angles nor mortified mien,
No wimple of yellow, nor background of green,
A nimbus of hair throws its bright golden ray
Of glory around the fair face of St. May.

What surquayne or partlet could look better than
My saint's curly jacket of black Astracan?
What coif than that bonnet, perfected with skill,
Or alb than her petticoat edged with a frill?
So sober, yet smiling—so grave, yet so gay,
O, where is a saint like my charming St. May?

When the sermon is finished, the blessing quite o'er,
The sparse congregation drift out at the door;
I pause, as I stroll down the gloomy old aisle,
To see my saint pass, and perchance get a smile:
My faith I would change, like the Vicar of Bray,
To pass all my life in adoring St. May.

Then I wend my way home to my chambers so drear—
More dull e'en than usual to me they appear—
And then does a vision of brightness arise
Of the pureness and truth in those loving gray eyes;
For not a mere picture or image of clay,
To worship by rubric, is gentle St. May.

Thus all through the week, at each time and each place,
I'm haunted by thoughts of that fair tender face;
I dream of her spirit, so yielding and kind,
Her goodness of heart, and her pureness of mind;
And I long for the hour, and count on the day,
To sit at a distance and gaze on St. May.

No doubt you'll aver you consider it queer
That her name in the calendar ne'er does appear;
They prattled of "May," the sweet sisterly pair,
I added the "Saint,"—she was canonized there.
If saints might wed sinners, I'd yield to her sway,
And straightway would fall on my knees to St. May!

J. ASHBY STERRY.

LETTERS FROM LILLIPUT

BEING ESSAYS ON THE EXTREMELY LITTLE

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

V. ON LITTLE MARTYRS

It was at Nazzari's, I think, in the Piazza di Spagna, at Rome, that I had the advantage to meet Dr. Positive at dinner. I don't think he was a reverend ; but I am almost certain that he had been a schoolmaster ; for his hands had the real scholastic knuckles, and, in pronation, seemed capable of assuming the true schoolmaster's grip. When silent, which was seldom, his large lips were inflexibly compressed. His eyebrows had that peculiar property of arching *downwards*, the which, when beheld by little boys, causes their hearts to descend into their boots ; and in the eyes themselves you seemed to read "In two minutes, my young friend, and after another false quantity, I shall be compelled to give you some directions in connection with your pantaloons ;" or something eloquent of that kind. He denied most things, and contradicted everybody. He did not precisely call me a fool ; but the severely scornful tone in which he told me that the cutlet which I had assumed to be lamb was, in reality, kid, convinced me that Dr. Positive had a very mean opinion of my intellect. I know, now, that the cutlet *was* lamb ; for I asked Nazzari's head-waiter about it, and gave him ten bajocchi for his pains ; but I did not care to argue with the Doctor on the meat question ; or, indeed, on any other. To tell truth, I was afraid of the man. He was bigger than I, and had a thundering voice ; and the probability of his getting up and thrashing me if I was at all obstinate about the mutton seemed by no means remote. I was never so completely put down in my life, save once in Canada, where I met, and was contradicted by, a gentleman who had been a Recorder. He was only a Colonial, it is true ; but he was so terribly stern, and had such a perfect "hanging face," that I expected every moment he would convert the footman into a Clerk of the Arraignment, and cause me to be asked if I had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me.

I cannot remember how many things Dr. Positive denied, or how many people he contradicted that night at Nazzari's. I know that he declared that Cuvier didn't know anything about bones ; that Buffon was "a mere beetle-sticker ;" and that Giulio Romano never saw Ra-

faelle in his life. I think, too, that he asserted that the Principality of Wales never produced a great man. I timidly met him with Sir William Jones, and he told me he was born at Chester. I faintly mentioned Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Mr. Ap Thomas the harpist, and Mr. John Parry; whereupon he turned his back upon me, and informed his next neighbour that Switzerland was equally destitute of great men. "But Jean Jacques Rousseau," pleaded the neighbour. "He was a Genevese," quoth the Doctor; "and Geneva isn't in Switzerland." "But Lavater?" "He was a humbug." "But William Tell?" "There never was such a person as William Tell." It was a contradictory night altogether, and the Doctor's example became contagious. A slight man with hay-coloured hair and blue spectacles, who had hitherto sat silent in a corner, and who, I fancied, was getting rather unwell after the wild-boar with sweet-sour sauce (which does not agree with some people), nerved himself with a glass and a half of Montefiascone, and began to deny things most audaciously. Of course the Colosseum had come in as a dinner-table topic; and, the Catacombs following suit, we were insensibly led to the persecutions of the Christians. Behold, now, this slender man with hay-coloured hair and blue spectacles, boldly asserting that the number of Christian martyrs sacrificed to the wild-beasts in the arena, in the whole of the great persecutions from Nero to Diocletian, amounted to *seventy-three*, neither more nor less. Why, even the sceptic Gibbon allows "an annual consumption of one hundred and fifty martyrs." There was no putting down the slender man in the blue spectacles, however. He quoted the learned Origen and the learned Eusebius, who both, according to him, admitted the number of martyrs to be inconsiderable. He was well up in his Tillemont and his Geddes, and he so boldly contradicted Dr. Positive (who, at an early stage of the argument, had striven to annihilate him) that, apprehending bloodshed from this collision of an irresistible force with an immovable body, I went away, and saw the last act of *Norma* at the Apollo theatre.

But I wandered next day into the church of San Stefano Rotondo, and spent two full hours in the contemplation of that ghastly panorama of the sufferings of the primitive Christians painted in fresco by Pomerancia; and then I went down to the Via della Fontanella Borghese, and bargained at a bookstall for a copy of the *Acta Sanctorum*, a harrowing register of torture, and faith, and constancy; and poring day after day upon those grim pages, I began to cogitate much upon Little Martyrs. There *were* some, I verily believe. In Pomerancia's frescoes you see numbers of children who are being roasted, or skinned alive, or torn asunder with iron hooks, or whose little bowels are being wound off, by the tormentors, on reels, as though they were so much cotton. There is a picture by Holbein in a garret of the Belvedere at Vienna, depicting the Seven Thousand Christians massacred by Sapor, king of Persia; and among that host are many children. The *Acta Sanctorum* over-

flow with narratives of the martyrdoms of almost babes and sucklings : of their steadfastness and resignation under the direst agony. The Pagans scourged them with nettles ; but they would not adore Diana. They made them walk barefooted over red-hot ploughshares ; but they would not abjure the cross. They cut out their tongues, and drove spikes under their finger-nails, and made holes in their tender bodies, into which they poured molten lead and pitch ; they plunged them into cauldrons of boiling oil ; they gave them up to be devoured by lions and tigers ; but they would have nothing to do with Hercules, and died, at last, singing hymns in their small voices, and were forthwith transmuted into angels. Are these stories true, or do they constitute but a "holy romance," as mocking Bayles and Voltaires and Gibbons would have us believe ? Are they but a pious fraud—the fraudulence of which implies no blame to the inventor ? When you wander, at Seville, through the galleries and churches full of priceless pictures by Murillo ; when you gaze upon those inimitable groups of baby angels, baby cherubs, and baby Saviours, to which the Spaniards, in gratitude to the painter, have given a generic name—*los niños de Murillo* ; when you see the ecstasies of those pale, careworn, sunken-eyed monks, who, bending over their books, or passionately pouring out their souls in prayer, are rewarded by a visit from the Child-Deity, who, with a lily in His hand, is suddenly visible in a cloud, smiling, and comes to pat the anchorite on the cheek, or kiss him on his shaven crown—hesitate a moment ere, in your grim, logical Protestantism, you denounce the miracle as an imposture and the ecstatic as a cheat. These things never happened, perhaps, and never will ; yet I firmly believe that most of the ecstasies *believed* that they saw them. Intense faith, low diet, sedulous study, constant mortification of the flesh, a credulous nature, a hysterical temperament : given all these, and how obvious is the ecstasy, how easy the vision of supernatural things ! Joan of Arc—there is a Little Martyr for you, indeed, although unfeeling antiquarians have begun to deny that she was ever burnt alive at Rouen—the Maid of Orleans, had her "voices," her visions and ecstasies, which in these days, although she would have no stake to fear, would make her a sharer of the ridicule and opprobrium we lavish on spirit-rappers. Nay, there are certain moods of the mind into which the coldest, dullest, sternest may fall, and which renders them for a season open as children, or monks, or savages, to the blandishments of superstition. There are at least two months in every year during which I believe in ghosts. I have been more than once to have my fortune told, and have come away from the "wise woman's" garret, shuddering. King Saul was, on the face of history, a sworn foe to fortune-telling, for he had done his best to root all the sorceresses out of the land ; yet a mood came over him, and he went down to the Witch of Endor's cave, and she raised Samuel for him. I was talking to you lately about little pigeons. I forgot to tell you of a

pigeon I saw once; but the recent mention of Seville recalled it to me. I was standing in the cathedral with my back to the choir, and over against the high-altar, now looking at the wonderful *retablo*, now gazing into the blue cavity of the tower above me. The height is tremendous. The gothic shafts and windows lose themselves in an immeasurable perspective of ultramarine haze. All at once I became aware of a pigeon—of a white dove—which had flown in through one of the towers, passably ruinous, perhaps, and was circling round about a hundred and fifty feet above my head. 'Twas a natural, an ordinary thing. Do not the rooks and sparrows and jackdaws fly in and out of the towers of our old cathedrals? But the white bird's flutter chimed, just then, with a mood of my mind. I was nearly alone in that stupendous fane. There were but two dim tapers burning before the altar close by. There was a sacristan asleep on a bench, and a veiled woman, her form half lost in shadows, voiding the secrets of her heart at a confessional. And the white dove went lower, lower, lower, circling and circling, till I trembled, expectant, and fancied he would touch my head. It was very lucky for me that Padre Espinosa, the good old shovel-hatted gentleman from Buenos Ayres, with whom I had had so many lively theological discussions at the Fonda de Paris, did not get at me that afternoon. I should have gone over to Rome in the twinkling of a wax-taper.

So you see that you may believe in the Little Martyrs of the *Acta Sanctorum* on Monday, and have but very lukewarm faith in them on Wednesday morning. Protestants are not bound to place implicit credence in the Martyrology, but all Christians are bound to believe in the Massacre of the Innocents. Innumerable painters have branded with eternal infamy the blind cruelty of Herod of Jewry. You may see the poor little Innocents torn from their mothers' arms, and weltering in gore, not only in countless canvases, but in acres of dim frescoes and faded tapestries and smoke-grimed Dutch tiles, and on the glowing vellum of illuminated missals. But the Innocents that Raffaele Sanzio has slain are the prettiest and most piteous to look upon. Go to the Loggie and Stanze of the Vatican, or, if you are indisposed to take a pilgrimage Romewards, hie you to the Library of the British Museum, and have out Mr. Charles Hemans' great book of outline engravings of the Vatican treasures, and look long and earnestly upon the Innocents whom the divine young man of Urbino has drawn. No painter ever knew children as he did—not even Don Esteban Murillo with his *niños*—not even the lordly Peter Paul, whose children are so plump and creasy that they always remind me of the little ebony bantlings whom negro nurses in the South carry about in wooden trays, stuffing the little blackies with hominy and pumpkin, and then, after greasing their stomachs with fresh butter lest they should crack, laying them down in a row before the fire. And infinitely do the Raffaellesque children surpass the *bambini* of the Frenchman Boucher, who, not-

withstanding the grace and symmetry of design and tenderness of colour he has lavished upon them, have an indescribable look of not being quite *comme il faut*. They are Louis-Quinze children; in fine, Farmers-general children. They were cradled at the Parc aux Cerfs, and will turn out, I am afraid, badly. Rafaele's little ones—although the authoress of the *Mill on the Floss* has said some very rude and cruel things about them—are the perfection of infancy. And the imploring mothers in the Massacre picture—clutching at their babes, griping them, digging their nails into the arms of the murderers in vain attempts to stay the downward swoop of the broad, bright sword,—can anything surpass those wondrous episodes of the inspired draughtsman? There is one mother who has fastened her teeth in a soldier's thigh, and lets him drag her hither and thither as he pleases, she holding her child at arm's-length, by one leg, anyhow, to be out of the reach of that accursed sword. He pulls her hair, he buffets her, he drives his knee against her chest, he would trample her under his armed heel if he could. But her set jaws relax not—can relax no more, perhaps, than those of a bulldog when he has once gotten a good grip. She is biting right through the muscle. The teeth will meet. She only wants to save her baby's life; but you can see that the murderer will have the best of it in the end. Ah, here is another phase of the dreadful drama which Rafaele has drawn at least twenty times. Here is the same baby—you know it is the same baby by its little necklace of coral beads—and it lies on the pavement gashed to death. And the mother has no more tears, but sprawls by the side of the tiny corpse, rocking her arms, and staring at it with dry, red eyes.

The Innocents who were massacred must have amounted to many thousands; yet they, poor little sufferers, swiftly despatched, and straightway endowed with wings and crowns and golden harps, have been, unconsciously, the cause of suffering to many millions of children as innocent as they. Among the multitudinous customs—half superstitious, half grotesque—of the Romish Church was that of beating children on the morning of Innocents' Day, to instil in their juvenile minds, I suppose, a due appreciation of the honour of infantile martyrdom, and a holy horror of Herod of Jewry. This incredibly stupid and cruel custom endured for at least fourteen centuries, and even to this day in the south of France the custom of "administering the Innocents" has not yet quite died out. On the eve of this fête, so fatal to the rising generation, pious papa and mamma were accustomed to lay in a stock of birchbroom, and early on Innocents' morning the younger branches were visited in their cribs and made acquainted with the elder branches of that tree which Shenstone's school-children were wont to contemplate, "tingling at the view." The screeching and squalling on Innocents' morning throughout mediæval Europe, and while this barbarous custom prevailed, must have been appalling. Nor were the younger domestics of the family exempt from this reminis-

cence of early martyrdom. To be sure the amiable Mr. Sloane, whilom of the Temple, had many prototypes in the good old times. The good-natured Pepys has left it on record in his diary that one morning, his servant-maid having offended him, he "took a broom and basted her soundly;" and the Reverend Mr. Zachary Crofton, a noted Presbyterian divine in Oliver Cromwell's time, being sued at law for flogging his servant-maid in a very cruel manner, and asked why he had not used a cane or wand to correct her, excused himself on the ground that his mother "once striking a maid with a wand did chance to poke out her eye," which the Reverend Zachary Crofton thought "mighty unhandsome." I knew a lady—a very kind and humane one too—who after a long course of unsatisfactory domestics began to despair, and with tears in her eyes declared that the only way left was to whip them; but the Associate Institution for the Protection of Women and Children would very soon have something to say to a housekeeper who met the "greatest plague of life" in *that* manner. It is not so very long, however, since, in the north of Europe, the baculine argument was the favourite one to adopt towards careless and refractory servants. In Russia, if the cook over-peppered your soup you could send her out to the police and have *her* peppered; and if your body-servant didn't brush your clothes, you could have his body brushed without any reference to clothes at all. The kind-hearted Emperor Alexander put an end to this uncivilised state of things. But in the neighbouring country of Sweden, only the other day the legislative chambers were squabbling over the abolition or retention of a very ancient usage called the *Hus alga*—which was simply the right claimed by masters and mistresses to wallop their servants. And in Norway, according to Mr. Bayard Taylor, it is only when a young lady becomes the affianced bride of a young Norwegian that the mamma of the "engaged" one can no longer exercise the privilege of the "*Hus alga*" over her. So far have I wandered from the Innocents, and from the luckless little brats who used to be beaten because the Innocents had been massacred. I have said that in the south of France, especially at morose and bigoted Toulouse, the custom of "giving the Innocents" is yet dimly extant; but in other parts of France the meaning of the observance has become merged into another custom as stupid and as brutal; that of thrashing children whenever a criminal passes on his way to the scaffold, or whenever a gang of convicts go clanking by in their fetters *en route* for the galleys of Rochefort or Toulon. Could there be anything more preposterous? and yet the kindest parents used to deem it their bounden duty to "dust the jackets" of their tender offspring every time a rascal was going to the hulks, or a murderer to the guillotine. The extreme rarity with which capital punishments are now inflicted in France—it is hard, even if you have murdered your wife, mother, and grandmother, jumped on your mother-in-law, drowned your children, and set fire to your house, if the

jury don't find "extenuating circumstances" in your case*—coupled with the substitution of Cayenne for the home-galleys, and replacing of the hideous chain-gangs by cellular vans, have combined to render the spectacle of criminals in the hands of justice on the public roads of France more and more infrequent; and the juvenile population are thereby rescued from an immensity of mental and bodily pain.

Poor Little Martyrs! and how much has King Solomon to answer for! His system of education was a failure in the end; for as the old woman in Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth* pertinently observes, Solomon had a son called Rehoboam, who "was no great shakes." But in every age there has been a dead-set made at the little children, and they have been martyred. We all know about Horace's "plagosus Orbilius," and most of us have felt him. A vast deal of maundering sentimentality has been wasted on the affection which grown-up men are supposed to entertain for those who were their instructors in youth; and we have been treated, time out of mind, with the passage from the *Spectator*, in which Sir Roger de Coverley speaks of Dr. Busby as a "great man," because he whipped his grandfather. M. Jourdain, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, has so fervent an admiration for polite learning, that he professes his readiness to go to the block, with its accompanying birch, at once; and we have all laughed at M. Jourdain, and at Butler's lines on "young Florio," in *Hudibras*. But I am not inclined to believe in the love entertained by the majority of the present generation for their old schoolmasters, for the reason that the majority of our schoolmasters were blundering savage brutes. Humanity towards children was scarcely heard of in English schools before 1830; and Dr. Parr, who was supposed to be as learned as Dr. Johnson, and as capable an instructor as Dr. Busby, and who so very narrowly escaped being made a bishop—it is said that his addictedness to smoking tobacco was the cause of his exclusion from the episcopate—the Reverend Samuel Parr, D.D., was as cruel a pedagogue as ever flourished the virgal sceptre. He used to contract with a neighbouring greengrocer by the year to let him have a fresh supply of birch every morning, and he made a positive slaughterhouse of his school at Hatton. I suppose there were plenty of people who sentimentally declared that they loved their old master Dr. Parr. I should have liked, had I been one of his victims, to have cut the old despot's throat. I scornfully refuse to accede to the assertion that we can ever regard with affection those who have treated us in youth with deliberate barbarity. We have a kindly remembrance of the schoolmasters who were kind to us; and those who were the very reverse of kind claim the benefit of a feeling which is partial and not universal. Much more strongly do I feel inclined to place credence in a story related many years ago in a

* A man murdered his wife, and cut the body in pieces. The jury found extenuating circumstances. Alphonse Karr asked whether it was because the lady was the criminal's wife, or because the pieces were very small.—ED.

magazine, by a shrewd man of the world writing under the pseudonym of "Luke Roden." He told of a schoolmaster, a modern antique of the true Busby-cum-Parr type, who received a visit one evening from a stalwart, well-whiskered gentleman, of military mien, and whose complexion was embrowned by many Indian suns. "Do you remember me?" asked the military gentleman; "I am Charles ——." The doctor was so glad to recognise his dear old pupil. He rang for cake and wine. He was so delighted to see him. And so he had become a colonel in the army, had he? The doctor had always held the gallant profession of the soldier in admiration and respect. He was married, was he? Had he any children? Were they of an age and sex to require a thorough classical education, combined with paternal treatment and unlimited diet? The brown-complexioned colonel in the army put a very sudden stop to these friendly interrogatories. "I have children," he said sternly; "and I would sooner send them to a chimney-sweep or an Italian organ padrone than to you. I remember you well, and what an infernal brute you were to me; and I am about to give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in your cowardly life." With which, Lieutenant-colonel Charles —— produced a stout bamboo-cane, and proceeded to beat the doctor to a mummy.

But this was so long, long ago. There are no Little Martyrs among schoolboys now, I hope. The young rogues, I am told, are only too tenderly treated. They enjoy all kinds of comforts and luxuries to which we in our rough youth were strangers. They have tea for breakfast—I have heard of one school where they are regaled on toast, and on Sundays have eggs—they are allowed to collect postage-stamps and to stock aquaria; they have shower-baths and Baden towels. They know not what it is to rise at six o'clock in the morning in winter, to wash at the pump with a bit of yellow-soap as hard as a piece of granite, and dry the face on one corner of a jack-towel which twenty boys have used before, and which is not to be had even then without fighting for. Luxurious young Sybarites! Will not such a soft and silken life lead at last to effeminacy, and the decadence of the bold youth of Britain? Now and then you have odd glimpses of school-life, and odd scraps of contemporary opinions on scholastic discipline, showing that Busbyism, theoretical and practical, is not yet extinct. In the *Life and Letters of Mrs. Delany*, edited by an English peeress, there are some very droll passages, eloquent of the admiration felt by the noble authoress for the good old practice of whipping little boys; and I was immensely amused by the recent perusal of a work entitled the *English Schoolroom*, by a reverend gentleman, whose name I am glad to have forgotten, who prescribes thrashing as the infallible specific for the moral ills to which juvenile flesh is heir; and gravely lays down the mode and manner of inflicting castigation "on that part which has been provided by Nature for such exercitation." An exercitation! "He kept a school, and ca'd it an acaademy," said the sar-

castic old Scotch baronet, Jemmy Boswell's father, noticing Jemmy's intimacy with an "auld dominie," the "dominie" being Dr. Johnson. I wonder whether a schoolboy's smart would be less pungent if he were told that his flogging was an "exercitation." I know there are people who give up all hopes of bringing up children without whacking and whealing them, and who think it a very good thing that they should be so whacked and whealed. "A pretty thing, indeed," exclaimed good Mrs. Partington, "when you can't spank a child without it's being known by frantic telegraph." It is not alone the schoolmasters, but there are many parents likewise who think that a child is the better, like a bear's cub, for being "licked;" and that educational liverystable-keepers are quite justified in "taking children in to bate." The Little Army of Martyrs will have, I am afraid, to the end of time—or at least of our time—its annual contingent of involuntary recruits. As it was two thousand years ago, I suppose, so will it be—well, not two thousand years to come, it is to be hoped. We shall get a little common sense into our heads during the next twenty centuries, I trust. It must be confessed that as yet we have not made much progress, or developed any very marked improvements, in scholastic discipline. In the excavations at Herculaneum the diggers found a very lively fresco, representing the interior of a *ludus litterarius*, or *διδασκαλεῖον*, or "common school," of the Augustan period. *Plagosus Orbilius* is there in full force. A wretched hobbledohoy is being scientifically "horsed" by a comrade, while his feet are held by another, and the schoolmaster is leathering him, with a scourge made of dried celskin, "on that part which Nature has provided for such exercitation." No, we certainly have not made much progress in didaskaleionogies. Say that this fresco was painted A.D. 1, more than half a century before the ingulfment of Herculaneum. Let us just skip over fourteen or fifteen centuries, and look into Mr. Howard Staunton's capital book on the *Public Schools of England*, and we shall find the philanthropic Dean Colet at St. Paul's School causing a miserable little urchin to be "horsed" and scourged, merely as a frolic after supper, and to amuse his friend the learned Erasmus. And if you would like to know what was the discipline of French schools in the time of the Grand Monarque—in the days of Boileau, and Bossuet, and Bourdaloue—I commend to your notice the following excerpt from an amiable collection of *Rules and Regulations for the Government of the Diocesan Schools of Paris*, approved by Monseigneur the Archbishop, and dedicated by the author, "M. I. D. B., prêtre," to "*Monsieur le chantre de l'Eglise de Paris, collateur, juge, et directeur des Ecoles.*" Here is a sweet passage: "*De la punition des enfants qui désobéissent. Pour ceux qui sont des larrons, ils seront chastiez et chassez. S'ils ont fait ce larcin dans leur maison, ils seront chastiez en particulier sur le fait jusqu'à ce que*" (the "*jusqu'à ce que*" has the true ring and smart of the torture-chamber of the Inquisition) "*ils nomment leurs complices: puis ils seront chastiez en public, sans*

dire la cause, si elle n'étoit connue, puis mis en prison et de nouveau chastiez, et durant un jour ne manger qu'à midy leur déjeuner, et ce sous le bon-plaisir des parents avec qui le maître s'entendra prudemment sur les autres punitions à infliger." *Les autres punitions !* Was there anything left of the miserable little culprit after all these stripes, this starvation and imprisonment? It reads very horribly, does it not, this Draconic rule of "M. I. D. B.;" but has not Charles Lamb described torture quite as cruel, quite as degrading, in his reminiscences of Christ's Hospital?

There is no use in complaining or protesting, I fear, and the Little Martyrs must endure to the end of the chapter. The Italian padrones and the German buy-a-broom-girl proprietors will continue to hold their little white slaves in fee-simple, and send them out with brooms, and organs, and monkeys, and white mice, and brutally ill-use them if they don't bring home enough money at night, all our acts of Parliament and virtuously-indignant articles in the newspapers notwithstanding. Nay, for all our laws against the employment of climbing-boys, are there not yet diminutive chimney-sweepers who are Little Martyrs? For all our ten-hours' acts, our factory acts, and children's-employment commissions, are there not troops of Little Martyrs crouching beneath "sally-rods" in the Bedfordshire straw-plaiting schools? Are there not crowds of Little Martyrs in the agricultural districts, driven like Cuban slaves, driven like brute beasts, to labour in the field under the atrocious "gang" system? Is it possible to do away with these iniquities, to put an end to these scandals, to relieve these Little Martyrs? Alas, it is to be feared that the relief, even if it be administered, will not be permanent! Laws are so easily evaded; coaches-and-six are so deftly driven through acts of Parliament. Commissioners meet, evidence is taken, and a most scathing report is drawn up. There is a ferment, an "agitation," an "anti-martyrdom movement" throughout the country. Public meetings are held, and virtuously-indignant leaders written. But time passes, and it must be a strong fermentation that can last longer than a fortnight. The philanthropists find something else to meet about, and the attention of the virtuously-indignant leader-writers is suddenly and urgently called to the sufferings of the Cretan insurgents, or the turpitude of the Emperor Theodorus of Abyssinia.

NICE GIRLS

I know a nice girl the moment we meet her. That one word rises to our lips instinctively, we can hardly tell why; but it is only word in the language that can be used under the circumstances, and it is fully expressive. Everyone knows exactly what it means.

It does not necessarily mean a beautiful girl, or an elegant accomplished girl, except to the extent that beauty, elegance and accomplishments are essential to niceness. Beauty in its more common sense—the Guenevere style of beauty, for instance—is out of the question. Arthur's guilty consort could not have been "nice." The sense the nice girl always is, and I think should be, pretty. She ought to have nice features—a pure, clear face it should be, and she is certain to have nice eyes. No matter for the colour; they may be blue, or hazel, or black; and, again, let them be large and bright: but they are certain to have an expression about them absolutely charming. They will be kind eyes, sympathetic eyes, ready to brighten at another's happiness, and to grow brighter still with sympathy that leave the lashes bright over another's sorrows. The nice girl is sure to have a pretty mouth, too. There is a secret about mouths. It is more valuable than any of Madame Rachel's as an "aid to beauty," and so is worth finding out. The secret is this: the mouth is of all the features that least under the control of the will. It is the truest index to the disposition. Eyes may be kind; smiles may dimple the cheeks; amiability may be simulated with infinite skill; but the mouth is less obliging than the "holts" of the poet. It will *not* "wear a mask;" and it is only by the winning sweetness of disposition that a pretty mouth can be secured. The nice girl unconsciously finds out this secret, and with a sweet and kind eyes she may be content: she has beauty enough.

The great charm about the nice girl is, that she is so good-tempered and so kind. It is a synonym for good-hearted—so amiable, so cheerful, and so in the best sense of that word. She is the life and soul of home. Her presence is its sunshine. She makes it. She is indispensable to it. The Fairy in the Christmas tale, speaking of such a girl in humble life, says: "The hearth which, but for her, were only a few stones and bricks and iron bars, is made through her the altar of the home." The same thing happens in higher circles, for the nice girl is found everywhere.

One thing to be noted of her is, that she is always neat. You will be surprised to find her *en déshabillé*. What a marvellous smoothness of skin she has! And what immaculate cuffs and collars, warranted never stained or soiled! It is difficult to believe that her dresses are made: they are perfection, and they seem as natural to her as leaves to a tree.

a flower. There is always a graceful flow about them ; and as for colour, she has an artist's instincts in respect to it. She uses a bright ribbon as a painter would do, but without knowing why. A poem might be written on a nice girl's boots. They are never of the showy kind ; but how charming ! Gloves, again ; it doesn't matter whether Jouvin, Houbigant, Piver, or some unknown Brown or Jones supplies them. They are always perfection in fit, and, as a rule, of some neutral tint. Catch our nice girl appearing on the croquet-lawn in gloves of positive yellow, or green, or, most hideous of all, red—that latest outrage on good taste !

The influence of the nice girl in a house is always felt, but it is not easy to say how it is exercised. Part of the secret is, I fancy, that she is everywhere attended by two fairies, who are called Order and Grace. Their aid is invaluable. Wherever she goes, tidiness and neatness result. Her touch has a magic in it. She could not be slovenly if she tried. It would be impossible for her to arrange a flower, place a chair, loop up a curtain, or perform the commonest act of daily life in any but the right way. Dickens had a nice girl in his mind when he drew Ruth Pinch, and who can forget the charm with which Ruth invested that most homely of occupations, the making of a meat-pudding ? It is by no means necessary that the nice girl should be simply domestic : but she is sure to prize her home and to be of use in it. Always gay, busy, and cheerful, happy in herself and devoted to those about her, she misses none of the refinements or genuine pleasures of life. She knows all about the new poet and the last novel, the Opera favourites and the popular play. She knows something of pictures, can sing a little and play fairly, but is not much given to those manipulated fireworks under cover of which everybody talks till the *coda* ceases, and murmurs of "Thank you !" express the general gratitude for what nobody has heard. Of course the nice girl dances, is clever at charades, and is the idol of the youngsters by reason of her profound erudition in the matter of fairy-tales and nursery rhymes, and the inexhaustible fertility of her resources when games and forfeits are in demand. In addition to these qualifications, she is, in all probability, a fair horsewoman, can skate, has learned to swim at the seaside, and perhaps, out of fondness for a brother, has mastered the difficult problem of the cricket-field so far as to watch his exploits therein with an appreciative eye.

It is peculiarly pleasant to think of the nice girl in the sick-room. Leigh Hunt wrote a paper on the pleasures of being ill. Not very ill, you know ; but sufficiently so to warrant you in keeping to the house, and having people concerned and interested about you. He rated it as one of the pleasures of life. This at least may be conceded, that it goes far to take it out of the category of the miseries of life when our pet is there, ready and willing to attend on us with loving devotion and unwearying patience. She is never afraid, never fatigued.

Her footstep is not heard, her dress has no irritating rustle in it. She does not talk to you overmuch, nor fidget you with suggestions or fussy attentions. An invalid suffers as much from being over-nursed as from neglect. She sees that you want for nothing, but conceals from you how your wants are supplied. At your lowest, she inspires you with confidence: as you mend, her cheerfulness sustains you, and one look at her bright face is like a glimpse of heaven.

Universally attractive as they are, how is it that nice girls are so rare? They seem never to have been plentiful. Even the poets give us few records of any. Sweet Anne Page, I imagine, was one. So was the heroine of Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding," I like to think. That must have been a nice girl in youth, of whom it was said by a poet that to know her was a liberal education—the sweetest compliment ever paid to woman!

But it will not do to venture into this suggestive field and dip into other poets, because after the poets would come the novelists, and in the discussion of their heroines we should get beyond all bounds. But Edgar Poe has eight lines addressed to Frances Osgood, which so strongly indicate that she was one of this rare order, and at the same time so tersely express all the feelings one would desire to convey to a nice girl, that I will venture to quote them:

"Wouldst thou be loved? Then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not:
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty."

To revert to our point: how is it that nice girls always have been, and now are, so rare? Is it because heart is so much rarer than beauty? Or is there some delusion in the female breast as to what men admire in women, that leads so many to assume airs, to be haughty and unfeminine, or to sink into the slough of fastness? Other reasons may be assigned, but probably the truth will never be arrived at. This, however, is not to be gainsaid, that nice girls bear no proportion whatever to those whose general bearing might be held to justify the great Hazlitt in his extraordinary views of the gentler sex. It is recorded of him that when introduced to some young girls, "they neither laughed nor sneered, nor giggled nor whispered: but they were young girls. So he sat and frowned, blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such things as youth and beauty, till he went away before supper in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls—they drove him mad." One would like to feel certain that these could not have been nice girls.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

IN THE FIRELIGHT

A Dream

THEY all had gone to bed but me, and I sat by the fire,
Making the scarlet coals change shapes to whatever I did desire :
Salamanders moving round bright crimson tower and wall,
Or goblins in red caverns, waiting the wizard's call.
And as I dozed, a bygone dream came stealing through my brain,
Sweet visions of a picture came rising up again.
I saw the chateau-garden, and that tender tearful face ;
And I saw the badge she gave him in the terror-haunted place.
They were silent for a moment, and the silence was so deep,
That I could hear the honey-bees low murmuring in their sleep,
While the peacock-butterfly outspread on the nasturtium flower
Seemed fixed by an enchantment; and my dream had so much power
That I could hear the faint low sob, as he pressed her to his heart,
Though the dial's shadow warned them they must be prompt to part;
And she prayed him as he kissed her, trying to calm her fears,
By Mary Mother and the Saints, to shun the Guise's spears.
But then a storm and tempest broke o'er my gentle dream,
And there came a clash of angry drums, and a crimson glare and gleam;
Heralding clouds of horsemen with blood on every crest,
A white badge on each rider's arm, and a cross on every breast.
Then rose a clang of trumpets from waves of angry swords,
As through the burning gateways stormed-in the Popish hordes ;
Fierce halberds clove down children as they clung to their mothers' side,
And red with blood of Huguenots rolled dark the river's tide.
I saw the musketeers spread death among the flying crowd ;
I marked the stern queen-mother—malignant, cold, and proud—
Smiling to see the carnage, the while her impish son
Fires from the Louvre window at the wretches as they run.
Then passed away these murdering bands, and skies grew blue again—
So after winter's hurricanes comes April's sunny rain.
The bells were pealing merrily from every abbey spire,
In every market-place sprang up the bright rejoicing fire,
Round which the people feasted and danced the night away,
And choirs of children carolled hymns to usher in the day.
Quick changed again my fitful dream, and then a bridal train
Passed down the long cathedral aisle—it was her face again,
Radiant with happiness, and his no longer worn with care—
How many a bowing courtier and smiling page were there !—
And as he turned and took her hand, louder the anthem broke,
Frank's face and mine I recognised; then all at once I woke.



IN THE FIRELIGHT.



PARAGON PARIS

Will some critic of high mark frame canons by which we may judge the tangent-flights of genius? Everyone can praise and blame, and there are few readers so devoid of critical faculty as not to perceive the shortcomings or noddings of their favourite authors. But there are great writers, some of whose most characteristic passages make their most earnest admirers wince. No one else than A could have written this or that eloquent or whimsical extravagance; but then one almost wishes it had been equally impossible to A himself. And writers of this order—usually men of rare genius, who have either not enjoyed, or have slighted, opportunities of correcting their taste or regulating their invention—are the more trying, because they affect a border-territory which is neither sense nor nonsense. Their escapades in this no-man's-land set plain men arguing with and despising each other most unpleasantly. One disputant is sneered at for presuming to find fault with an acknowledged genius; another is despised for being too matter-of-fact to admire a genuine burst of fancy or sentiment; while a third is contemned as a poor creature whose ears may always be tickled, and whose eyes are ever ready to overflow. And the worst is, that passages of this kind are as a rule let alone by all who guide the public taste. They occupy themselves at best in slashing conspicuously inferior or very new men. As for accepted writers, if to their share these puzzling errors fall, reviewers think of their names, and forget them all.

So far as he is admired in England, Victor Hugo is very much in the position I have just sketched. There are many passages, especially in his later writings, which no one can defend; many that all must admire; many about which readers willing to be pleased have been, and will be, bitterly divided. That M. Hugo is a foreigner increases the difficulty. As never to be astonished is considered a sign of gentility, so to be very rarely offended by national peculiarities is deemed the surest mark of cosmopolitan intelligence; and as French epigram is very apt to appear to English readers astoundingly devoid of common sense, and often in grossly bad taste, there is much danger of visiting upon Victor Hugo a heavier penalty than he deserves for the extent to which he exceeds the license ordinarily taken by his countrymen. Enthusiasts there may be who consider the great verse and prose poet above criticism; but their raptures can only occasion a sigh that so distinguished a man should sometimes sink beneath it. For my part, I carry these reflections no farther. They will be illustrated, but not dwelt upon, in the sketch I offer of a really noble monograph

recently contributed by Victor Hugo to a very remarkable work. That an academician and peer of France, who is also of European renown as a poet, should compose an introduction to a guide-book is in itself an event; but the *Livre Paris Guide* is not only no ordinary guide-book, it is a remarkable literary achievement. Even Victor Hugo's name appears with honour beside those of Sainte-Beuve, Louis Blanc, Michelet, Guillemin, Taine, Berryer, and others. The character of his introduction suggests that in some cases the work of these great men might have been more practically performed by less eminent hands; but if this historical excursus stood alone, its brilliancy would justify the policy of the publishers. Accept, then, Victor Hugo as your guide; but understand that it is rather through centuries and speculations than through Paris that he will conduct you.

As if to show at once his mettle as cicerone, Victor Hugo sets out with a sonorous burst of prophecy. There is to be in the twentieth century an extraordinary nation. It will be great, but that will not prevent its being free. Here is a thrust at France of to-day; but it is not even the France of the future, but united Europe, whose glory the prophet-poet sings in his rhythmic prose. The nation he foretells will be illustrious, rich, thoughtful, pacific, amiable towards humanity at large. It will have the sweet gravity of an elder sister. But the sweet elder sister will be a prey to colour-blindness and confusion of mind, for this nation of the twentieth century will wonder how a conical projectile can ever have won glory, and will perceive no great difference between the purple of a general and the crimson of a butcher. Thus we see that a rhythmic prose poet and effusive friend of Garibaldi may talk very like a Peace-Society lecturer, without waiting for the great twentieth century to assimilate the characters. But it is a noble scorn of silly human differences, not a maudlin aversion to bloodshed, that animates his prophecy. He is thinking of a time when a battle between Italians and Germans, English and Russians, Prussians and English, will seem as absurd to the great nation as a battle between Picards and Bourguignons appears to us. When such wars as now convulse the world shall have become ridiculous, what will remain? Given a vast and united nation, in which the great powers will be mere departments, it is clear that only the boundaries of Europe will suffice to margin the great nation's expanse of territory. Such is Victor Hugo's idea. "This nation will have for its capital Paris, but it will not be called France. In the twentieth century it will be called Europe; and in succeeding centuries, still more transfigured, it will be called Humanity." And Humanity will be the "definitive nation." But M. Hugo is a practical man. He knows we are, to all intents and purposes, infinitely distant from its definitive establishment. So, as our guide to Paris, he bids us shade our eyes and scrutinise only the path immediately before us. The nation of Humanity is discernible enough by the thinkers and dwellers amongst the half-shades of perfectionist

speculation. But for plain people, plain ways ; for average men, moderate tasks. Let the nineteenth century—there are still nearly thirty-three years to the good—confine itself to the moderate undertaking of forming Europe into a nation ! With the twentieth age, let the *vision majestueuse* burst upon the world.

To the poet's eye, however, it is already visible ; for there is in the *embryogénie* of peoples, as in that of beings, a sublime hour of transparency, when the mystery of gestation permits itself to be watched. And this, it appears, is the moment. In the Hugo divining crystal, Europe, one and indivisible, germinates. A nation, which will be France sublimated, is seen coming to light. From henceforward the fecund womb of progress bears under a distinct form this wonderful future. As the winglets flutter in a chrysalis, so palpitate in our Europe the greatness, the nobility, the *esprit*, the harmony of the nation which is to be the twentieth century's glory—the nineteenth century's masterpiece. What a consolation to have one's faith in this future aided by a token that cannot be gainsaid ! “Give us a sign !” cry the great prophet's more-than-half-incredulous disciples. And he condescends to their weakness : “Europe has not yet its people, indeed, but it has its city. Of this people, who exist not, the capital exists already. Nor is this a prodigy, but a law.” And then the poet becomes *physiologiste* as well as rhetorician. As every other embryo, the embryo of the great nation is at first a head. After this the case is proved. Paris is the head of Europe, and will one day be the capital of Humanity. Let us all worship, with the windows of our intelligence open to the New Jerusalem. It is true that the head of our embryo is not easily recognisable. Paris does not yet shrug its shoulders at war as at the Inquisition. Some would even say that the Inquisition itself is not despised there quite so much as it used to be. The battle of Sadowa is not regarded altogether as we regard the *guemadero* of Seville ; and if Paris regrets to see an Austerlitz balanced by a Waterloo, it is generally supposed she would be very indulgent to anyone who would balance Waterloo in any way whatever. Yet in the great nation which is not, but of which Paris is already the capital, all these changes are to come.

Authority is to be respected by the citizens of that country—as orthodoxy is respected by the Frenchmen of our day. “A press prosecution will be to that nation what a prosecution for heresy would be to us. It will permit public vengeance against writers, as we permit it against astronomers ; and, without reproaching either Béranger or Galileo, will understand Béranger in a cell as little as Galileo in prison. *E pur si muove*, far from being its dread, will be its joy. It will have the supreme justice of goodness. It will be ashamed and indignant in the presence of barbarities. The sight of a scaffold will be an affront to it. In that nation, punishment will melt and disappear under education as ice beneath the rising sun. Circulation will be preferred to stagnation.

No one will be prevented from getting on. To frontier rivers arterial rivers will succeed. To break a bridge will be as impossible as to decapitate a man. Gunpowder will be blasting-powder, and saltpetre, instead of piercing bosoms, shall cleave mountains. The nation of the future will be ungrateful to Chassepot for surpassing Dreyse, and to Bonnin for surpassing Chassepot. That in the nineteenth century Europe, for the advantage of destroying a *bourgade* (Sebastopol) should have sacrificed the population of a capital" (and here Victor Hugo supplies the statistics), "will then seem glorious, but singular. Ignorance will be pushed to the point of not knowing that 'in 1866 there was constructed a cannon weighing twenty-three tons, and called Bigwill'" —a fact of which, assuredly, some denizens of the nineteenth century are equally unaware. "Other beauties and magnificences of the present times will be similarly lost. For instance, *chez ces gens là* there will be no budgets such as we see every year in France, making a pyramid ten feet square at the base and thirty feet above. Under the impulses of that time, the long train of *misérables* will invade magnificently rich and fertile solitudes as yet unknown, not for gold, the coarse and eye-deceiving lure of to-day, but for land. The dying-of-hunger and the shoeless—those dolorous and venerable brothers of our short-sighted splendours, and our egotistical prosperities—will have their table spread, in spite of Malthus, beneath the same sky;" while overhead aerial navigation will be busily employed in dispersing the good things of life.

Nothing will be lost. "The Corrientes, for example,—that gigantic natural hydraulic mechanism, that veined network of rivers, that prodigious ready-made canal-system, traversed now only by the swimings of bisons and the floatings of dead trees,—will support and nourish a hundred towns. Whoever chooses will have a virgin soil, a roof, a field, a well-being, riches, on the sole conditions of spreading over the earth the idea of country, and considering himself a citizen and labourer in the world; so that property—that great human right, that supreme liberty, that mistress of spirit over matter, that sovereignty of man interdicted to the brute—far from being suppressed, will be democratised and universalised. It will be more than a nation, it will be civilisation; and more than civilisation, it will be a family." And the family is to enjoy unity of language, of money, of measures, of meridian, and of code. "Peace, goddess with eight breasts, is to be seated majestically in the midst of men." Ignorance, slavery, prisons, armies, are, of course, to be abolished; and—hear this, polyglot spirit of Nisi Prius—the *jus contra legem* is to be understood. The simplification of antagonisms will simplify events. Facts will have no factitious side. Politics and jurisprudence are alike to be absorbed by science; for law, the incontestable—whatever that may be; and the only senate shall be the Institute. In fact, you have but to name a change or institution which philosophers hope for, and most other folks

prefer to believe Utopian, and you will find it set down in this brilliant programme of Europe in the twentieth century. And this conception of futurity—so pregnant with happiness and human elevation—flashes upon Victor Hugo's mind whenever he thinks of Paris.

A puzzled Englishman might well ask him whether so strange an association of ideas is a feat of mnemonics or a mere flight of fancy; but it is neither. To average, and more than average, Englishmen Paris is, after all, a mere distraction,—a Vanity Fair in which Christian forgets that the day after Saturday is Sunday, and Hopeful is martyred with the heat of a *loge en face* at the Variétés. To Frenchmen Paris is everything good as well as everything bad. Whatever a Frenchman aspires to be, Paris is the scene of his hopes. Wherever his thoughts wander, they fly home thither; all the olive-branches that Frenchmen can gather are brought dutifully home to this ark. "That city in germ," cries Victor Hugo, in a fine prose frenzy, "the climate vivifies it. The plain is its mother; the river is its nurse. It rises; it grows. One day it is Paris. The human race concentrates itself there; the vortex of centuries deepens itself there. History is piled on history. The past becomes more and more profound and solemn. That city has one inconvenience: whoever has it, to him Paris gives the world. If he possesses it through crime, she gives the world to that crime." Thus the great poet-parrhesian—whose love of strong words is even greater now than when in his *Notre Dame* he lauded the sublime simplicity of old Father du Breul, "a Parisian by birthplace and a parrhesian by language; for 'parrhesia' in Greek signifies liberty of speech." Good Father du Breul prided himself, however, on not offending Messieurs the cardinals, uncle and brother to the prince. He did not proclaim, as has been fulminated in *Napoleon the Little*, that "History has its tigers;" nor did he feed little children in a Channel island. After all, the freest citizen is the exile. There is something truly heroic in Victor Hugo's idolatry of the matchless city to which he will not return. Amidst the clangorous melody of his encomiums one is reminded of his old description of the Paris church-bells. His eloquence is as a city singing; it is as a *tutti* of the steeples,—a tumult of bells and chimes—a furnace of music—an orchestra city—a tempest symphony. And the *molif* has its associations also with the early breathings of this Æolian pen. As we find the germ of a Beethoven movement in some phrase of older date, so is the spirit of this Paris rhapsody embodied in a sentence of *Notre Dame*, in which M. Hugo spoke of great capitals as "wells of civilisation, and also sinks,—where commerce, manufactures, intelligence, population, all the vital juices of a state, incessantly filter and collect, drop by drop, and century after century."

But in this latest prose pæan, it is of Paris only amongst capitals that our poet chants the glory. He contemns no pretty paradox of compliment—despises no commonplace of praise. Paris is to him and for his readers a microcosm. Each local fact has a universal sense. Paris

accentuates progress. Nothing is wanting in Paris that is found anywhere. Everything is refracted there; but everything is reflected. The ideas of the age are at once abridged and exaggerated. And from this precipice of eulogy M. Hugo dives into the past. First he contemplates the abyss, after his old fashion, from the point of view of the crows of Notre Dame. It gives him a vertigo. Placing one above another the widening maps of Paris concentrically from the great mother church,—founded as a temple, *on dit*, by the much-abused and well-defended Tiberius,—M. Hugo obtains an effect of *grossissement terrible*. It is as if one saw at the end of a telescope the magnifying approach of a star, or—image not less confusing if less formidable (but to be found, by the way, in the story of *La Esmeralda*)—it is the old text of ancient Paris seen interlined upon the palimpsest of to-day. The plunge once made, with what splendid power does our exile cleave the tide! with what muscular yet picturesque force does he heave into view the gorgeous flotsam and jetsam of old times! In one glowing paragraph the great old capital lives before us paying tribute to Caesar, and affording Julian a rural home, while for Charlemagne it is a school; for Hugh Capet a family palace; for Louis VI. a toll-gate; for Philip Augustus a fortress; for St. Louis a chapel; for Louis the Peevish a gibbet; for Charles V. a library; for Louis XI. a printing-office; for Francis I. a wine-shop; for Richelieu an academy. Louis XIV. has his beds of justice there, and his *chambres ardentes*; while for Bonaparte it is the great *carrefour* of war. Descend to the streets. There was an Etruscan pottery in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais; the Rue Fosses St. Victor had a gladiators' arena; the Rue St. Jacques was a Roman way; Isis was adored in the Rue de la Barillerie; Apollo and Caracalla, the emperor-god, claimed worship where now the Tuileries stand; the Quai des Morfondus covers the mud-bank once impressed by the naked feet of King Clothaire, whose log-house was partitioned with ox-hides—those fresh from the slaughter spiritedly imitating Tyrian dyes.

On the site of the Rue Guénégaud, the mayors of Normandy and Burgundy conferred with Sigibert II., who wore nailed to his hat, as a savage king might now, two pieces of Vandal and Visigoth money. Where stands the Archevêché, a stone was raised to commemorate the extermination of 9000 Bulgarian families—there was an Eastern question even in 631—who escaped into Bavaria, only to meet a horrible fate. A Roman crypt near the Palace of Justice received from Compiègne the first organ ever seen in Europe—a present from Constantine Capronymus to Pepin the Short; and its first notes killed a woman with fright. Here Celestin II. came to school to Peter the Lombard. Dante lodged in the Rue Fouarre, and Abelard met Héloïse in the Rue Basse des Ursins. The Butcher Otho—Pale Death of the Saracens—left the mark of his lance on one of the gates of the old city. From these half-mythical beginnings, Victor Hugo follows the story of his idolised capital as it grew to grandeur amidst war and

want. In 975, agonised with famine, the people cast lots who should be eaten; till 1257 private war went on in the streets. Two years earlier St. Louis had introduced—"venomous acclimatisation"—the Inquisition. Hence, from that moment, innumerable persecutions. Thence, numberless revolts. Following these, multiplied punishments. And yet, in the midst of carnage, pillories, and gibbets, colleges arose; and beside them hospitals—circuses where men were devoured by wild pests instead of wild beasts. These diseases prevailed in unheard-of variety, born of all sorts of putrefaction. There was the *feu sacré*, there were the Florentine disorder, the burning sickness, the black fever. These pests made men mad; they reached even kings, and Charles VI. fell *en chaude maladie*. The imposters were hardly better than the endemics, and men tried to pass for lepers that they might not pay taxes. Hence the same word *laidre* denotes a leprous man and a miser. "Enter this legend," says our guide, kindling with the prospect; "go down into it, wander in it. Everything in this town has a meaning. The first house you come to is a knowing one. Underground Paris is a 'fence,' it hides history. If the street-kennels could speak, what would they say? Rummage amidst the heaped refuse of centuries. However troubled and turbid history may be, it has its transparencies; gaze upon them. What is dead as fact lives as instruction. And, above all, pick not nor choose. *Contemplez au hasard*." And he follows his own counsel.

One page gives us a picture of Gilles le Maistre, President of the Parliament, as he almost daily passes along the street du Pas de la Mule, mounted on his beast, with his wife following in a cart, and his servant on an ass, to see the culprits hanged at night whom he had tried in the morning. And before the leaf can fly over, we are reminded of the dungeon called the Souricière, because there the mice nibbled at the living prisoners; of the street called the Trahoir, because there Brunchant is said to have been dragged, when eighty-four years old, at the tail of a horse, and afterwards the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, because of a very dry tree indeed, the old gibbet, standing there permanently, close to a favourite scene of aristocratic orgies, near which flower-girls chanted

"Fleur d'aiglantier
Verjux à faire aillie,"

Contemplez au hasard; and at the Baudet crossway, with sound of horn and trumpet, goes forth the order for the extermination of all lepers, since it is they who, with mingled human blood and something else, have poisoned the cisterns and the rivers. And glancing to the north-east, one gets a glimpse at Tournelles, with its scandal of Louis XI. and Philippe de Comines, which "deranges a little the severe profile of the historian, and which one can hardly fancy to have been paralleled in reference to Tacitus and Tiberius; but which fortunately does not prevent Comines having been one of the ancestors of

the French tongue," any more than Voltaire's denial that Paris had more than four fine buildings before Louis XIV. made him any the less the author of *Candide*. Aptly does our guide say of Paris, as John Howard said of prisons, "It is here that the little facts are great." He is puzzled by a history which sometimes has two meanings, sometimes three, sometimes none. The whole story seems turned to irony, when there is brought into sharp relief some crime, or some folly, or something which is neither crime nor folly, but is yet "of the night." At such moments he hears behind him the low laughter of the Sphinx. On all sides there are contrasts and parallelisms which look as if thought were inspiring chance. That Coligny should die and Sophie Arnould be born in the same house brings brusquely together the two characteristics of the past—sanguinary fanaticism and cynical joviality. The year in which Turenne dies oddly replaces him by Madame de Maintenon; and "it is Paris which gives to Versailles Madame Scarron, Queen of France, gentle even to betrayal, pious even to ferocity, chaste even to calculation, virtuous even to vice." In the Rue des Marais, the room in which Racine wrote *Bajazet* and *Britannicus* fifty years later witnessed the poisoning of Adrienne Lecouvreur, which, in its turn, was also to be a tragedy. "Near enough to each other, there are two tragic windows. From the one, Charles IX. fusilladed the Parisians; from the other, money was thrown amongst the people who dispersed the funeral of Molière. A little small change was distributed, and hands which had come dirty went away paid. Sombre ransom for an illustrious coffin!"

Contemplez au hasard once again. It was in a garret in the Louvre that journalism was born of Théophraste Renaudot—a mountain brought forth by a mouse. In the same Louvre has prospered the French Academy, which never had a forty-first chair but once—for Pellisson,—and never wore mourning but once—for Voiture. Against the wall of the Val-de-Grace the Host was one day ignominiously thrown; and for this they burnt alive three men. "Date, 1688. Six years later," says M. Hugo, "Voltaire was born. *It was time.*" Of such stories there is no end. It is by an act of will that our author arrests himself. "What a precipice," he exclaims, "is this past! Lugubrious descent! Dante would have hesitated. This is the true Paris catacomb; history has no darker sap. No labyrinth can equal this cave of old facts and lively, still-subsisting prejudices. The past is no more, indeed, but whoever digs in ancient Paris will find its corpse. Say rather its corpses, for the dead errors and miseries are a very ant-hill of dry bones. All the superstitions are there; all the fanaticisms, and all the religious fables; all the legal fictions; all the ancient things called sacred—rules, codes, customs, dogmas; one distinguishes as far as one can see the sneering of all these dead heads. Alas, these unfortunate men, who accumulate exactions and iniquities, forget that there is one to whom an account must be given. These tyrannies; these *lettres de*

cachet; these decrees; this Vincennes; this Temple, where Jacques Molay summoned the King of France to appear before God; this Montfaucon, where Enguerrand de Marigny, who constructed it, was hanged; this Bastille, where Hugues Aubriot, who built it, was shut up; these dungeons after the pattern of wells; this confusion of towers, some for prayer, others for prison; this ringing of knells and tocsins for twelve hundred years; these gibbets; these *estrapades*; these debauches; this Diana all nude at the Louvre; these wrong-inflicting tribunals; these harangues of magistrates on their knees; these idolatries of etiquette; these refinements of punishment; these doctrines that everything is the king's; these follies, shames, basenesses; these mutilations of all manliness; these confiscations, persecutions, forfeitures—are silently added up from century to century, and it is found one day that the sum has a total—1789.”

So writes, in the evening of a brilliant life, the poet who in 1822 declared, “the history of men presents nothing of poesy, except as judged from the height of monarchical ideas.” But he also wrote from his retreat in Jersey in 1853 of “*cette âpre lutte contre les préjugés sucés avec le lait, cette lente et rude élévation du faux au vrai, qui fait en quelque sorte de la vie d'un homme et du développement d'une conscience le symbole abrégé du progrès humain.*” As Paris, so its eulogist; each has had a history—a history that cannot be told without digressions—a history which is to a great extent that of contemporary civilisation.

I have not lingered, and yet we are only half through these glowing pages. Fortunately 1789 suggests much to Victor Hugo that I may leave to be imagined. The sum of it is, that while every capital has something to be proud of, it is the revolution which distinguishes Paris; that Palermo has Etna, but Paris has thought; that Constantinople is nearer the sun, but that Paris is nearer to civilisation; that Athens built the Parthenon, but that Paris has demolished the Bastille. One knows not why commonplaces of this sort, which seem only worthy of George Francis Train, should gratify a great Frenchman to write and his countrymen to read. We smile, hoping we may, and pass on. There is an overture, and then behold Mirabeau the clear man, and Danton the man of thunder. “Events become worthy *de Dieu*; it seems as if France were beginning.” Then Paris has its work to do. It labours for the commonalty of the world. At Paris the *plebs*, the *canaglia*, the *mob* of Walpole and the populace of De Maistre, feels itself to be *the people*. “It is at once mist and brightness; it is the nebula which will be a star. Paris is the condenser.” Paris used to lead France, and M. Victor Hugo will have it there has in this respect been no change. A diligence passes with a flag. It comes from Paris. The flag is no flag, but a flame, and it ignites the whole train of human powder behind it. To will always—that is the fate of Paris. You think it sleeps; no, it wills.

There is no limit to this vein. We learn that Paris, which seems a thoughtless place enough, is always in a state of premeditation. It has

the patience of a star slowly ripening a fruit. Clouds pass before its fixity. One fine day *c'est fait*. Paris decrees an event. France obeys. "And that," says M. Hugo, "is why Paris has no municipal council"! The process of reasoning by which M. Hugo connects with Paris the history and prospects of progress is, to say the least of it, simple. For example, "Observe the word birth. It corresponds with deliverance. The mother is delivered; the child is born. So, France is free—that is as good as saying the human soul has attained its majority. The true birth is virility. The age of virility sounded on the 14th July 1789. What did the 14th July make? Paris." Q.E.D. Anyone who sees a flaw in this reasoning sets himself up for a better logician than Victor Hugo. But that is not saying Victor Hugo did not write the *Misérables*, or that his Paris pæan is not a brilliant piece of writing.

Regard his leonine rage when it is proposed to decentralise, and make twenty Parises instead of one. Ask a lapidary, he cries, what he thinks of chopping up a fine diamond. What one lacks is M. Hugo's faith, which sees in this diamond all the virtues a precious stone can possibly possess. Because Paris is Paris, he declares, for instance, that war shall be no more. Panoplies are empty, the old giants are dead—Caesarism and militarism; there are museums for such antiquities. Indeed there are, but unfortunately they are in the *ministères* of Paris. And these antiquities keep up a good imitation of ruling the modern world. But Paris has gone forth to the future, and we are to fancy the antiquities mere mummeries. Without Paris, civilisation would be brainless; the world wants Paris to act when the human race is awake, and to dream for it when the human race is asleep. Jerusalem gave us the true, Athens the beautiful, Rome the grand; but Paris is all these—the logarithm of three civilisations reduced to one formula. There has been a crucifixion too at Paris—the crucifixion of the people. Paris is the Jerusalem of humanity.

Its function is that of a sower—a sower of sparks. For three centuries Paris sprinkled light to the four winds. In the sixteenth by Rabelais—what mattered the tonsure? In the seventeenth by Molière—what mattered travesty? In the eighteenth by Voltaire—what mattered exile? M. Hugo calls this trio the trinity of reason; but he is a bad Trinitarian; for, after rather profanely distributing the Persons of the Trinity amongst his three idols, he wants a fourth person for Danton, and so half abandons the figure. He admits that Paris is apt to be trivial, but this only strengthens his general argument. "This joy, indeed, is sometimes a mistake; sometimes it is a force." M. Hugo, who lately said war was dead, now expects the gay spirit of Paris will one day put an end to *la guerre*. "One day Henry VIII. did not like his wife; hence a religion. One day Paris did not like soldiers; hence a cure." But when was that day? If corporalism is despotism—Narvaez—Bismarck—when will Paris laugh corporalism effectually down? Many things would be, says M. Hugo, but for the laughter

of Paris. Tyranny, for instance, is a Jericho which the laugh of Paris rumbles. If Victor Hugo, of all men, can say this, who will deny it?

What crowns Paris is that it is literary. It loves the beautiful because it loves the true. It "remains reality, though it becomes imagination." But when it deceives itself, so much the worse for the general good sense. Paris, however, is not often wrong; and it infiltrates the world with wisdom; its drops hollow the human race—the figure is Hugo's—with often falling. When Paris does not seem thus occupied, our guide is ready with an explanation—Paris is discontented. When discontented she masks. *Bal masqué* reigns, and the dropping of wisdom ceases. The human race must go unhollowed. As for criticisms in Paris, they are jealous whenever they are unfavourable. Indeed, here are none more respectable than the censures of Shakespeare by Greene. Paris answers the immobility preached by the syllabus in its usual logical way. It proves movement. How? By being Paris. For to be Paris is to advance. Yes, M. Hugo; and to judge by this example, it advances in a circle.

Finally, this great Lutetian *Magnificat* resolves itself into a brilliant exhortation to peace and harmony amongst nations—à propos of the Great Exhibition, *mal à propos* of vehement vauntings—more likely to inspire jealousy than confidence in such Europeans as do not yet acknowledge the capital of the world. In an ecstatic appeal to Frenchmen, this colossus of flatterers expatiates on the prospects which union, with Paris for capital, holds out to Europe. All peoples rush to France, and why? To be French. They know Paris is a sun city. The peoples of the earth are in mysterious communion with the French conscience. Do they read Montaigne, Pascal, Molière, Diderot? No; but they breathe them. "O France," cries this neo-patriot, "adieu! Thou art too great to be only a country. One must part from a mother who becomes a goddess. Yet a little while and thou wilt vanish in transfiguration. Thou art so great that thou art about not to be. Thou wilt not be France; thou wilt be Humanity. Thou wilt be no more a nation, but Ubiquity. Thou art destined to dissolve in radiation; and nothing in that era will be so august as the visible effacement of thy frontier. Resign thyself, then, to thy immensity. Adieu, People! Hail, Man! Accept thy fatal and sublime enlargement, O my country! and even as Athens became Greece, even as Rome became Christianity, do thou, O France, become the world."

This is not midsummer madness. It is Victor Hugo's foreknowledge of his country's fate. Idolatry of Paris was the least philosophical incident of Comte's philosophy; it is the least philosophical motive of Hugo's rhetoric. But we all most freely acknowledge it something much worthier, more justifiable, than mere Gallic egotism in both; and it will teach us many lessons—insular as we are—if we ask ourselves why Paris is what it is to Frenchmen such as these.

EDWARD R. RUSSELL.

THE HAWKING PARTY

ALL gaily riding o'er the heather—
Lords, ladies, lackeys in my train—
I think how you and I together
Once wander'd o'er this purple heather,
And all the Past comes back again.

They all come back—the hot hill-side,
The words we said, the dreams we dream'd,
Your careless smile, your eyes' dark pride;
And ghost-like 'gainst the mountain-side
I see you now as then you seem'd.

Upon the hill's dark ridge you stood,
The August sunshine on your face—
The western sunlight red as blood:
O, still I see you where you stood,
To me the sunshine of the place.

My horse's hoofs tread down the heather,
And I am rich Lord Ronald's bride;
But O that you and I together,
Once more upon this blooming heather
Could only wander side by side!

Your figure on the hill's brown brow,
The crimson glory on your face,
Is with me ever—with me now;
Your deep dark eyes, the hill's brown brow,
And every wild flower in the place.

And never, riding o'er the heather—
Lords, ladies, lackeys in my train—
Shall I forget how we together
Once lightly trod this purple heather,
In days that cannot come again.

M. E. BRADDO



MANCHESTER MEN

MANCHESTER men and Liverpool gentlemen," says the proverb; why the invidious distinction should be made is one of those which, as Lord Dundreary says, "no fellah can understand." In the former town are accustomed to quote the saying with an air as much as to say that one man is worth at least ten gentlemen—Liverpool type. Nor, perhaps, are we altogether wrong. Manhood is sober, more dignified thing than gentlemanhood. Your Manchester "man" is a man of business; he makes plenty of money by his own means but he is not ashamed to say how he has gained it. In Liverpool, on the contrary, there is a good deal of this false shame. The Manchester capitalist, poor fellow, gets up at half-past six every morning and goes "down town" by the omnibus, dines in the city, and then returns to the bosom of his family to tea; while he of Liverpool gets up at a Christian hour, breakfasts leisurely, and after driving down to the office in his neatly-appointed brougham or mail-phacton, spends some time in a little mental excitement over the cotton-market, and then returns to the bosom of his family to a cheerful little dinner at seven or eight o'clock. There is, however, one thing in which "Manchester men and Liverpool gentlemen" are very much alike: both are liberal patrons of the arts; both haunt the studios about the months of March and April; both give splendid commissions to young painters, especially when they are coming to the rage; both build themselves gorgeous houses, and fill their walls with works of real excellence; and both occasionally appear in the market as sellers. There is, however, a serious difference between them with regard to this last feature. The "Manchester man" is apt to sell for all reasons. Perhaps he wants to buy that splendid thing of his own; therefore all his Browns, Joneses, and Smiths return to the market to buy from whom they came. Perhaps, even, he is newly furnished with a drawing-room; therefore all those gorgeous Turners, which you have often admired, must go back to the sale-room. Their tone does not harmonise with the new silver-gray damask hangings, or they are not the latest *mode* in art; and whatever we may be, let us be up to date. So, although the old drawings pleased us, we must get rid of them and hang our walls with the works of the latest and most fashionable painter. It is not quite so with the "Liverpool gentleman." He does not sell pictures, it is true, and appears in the market as a seller rather infrequently than is at all pleasant to him. In this last matter there is, however, a difference. He does not sell because he likes ap-

pearing in that capacity. Whether his hangings are blue or gray—whether his house is large or small—whether Jones be in the fashion, or Robinson—he likes to stick to his pictures. But fate is stronger than his will or his inclinations sometimes. Cotton is an obstinate thing to deal with, and it sometimes happens that a fall of a halfpenny will reduce almost to beggary the millionaire of yesterday. Then the pictures of the “Liverpool gentleman” must go. Christie’s put forth their bill, and “the unrivalled collection” of So-and-so, Esq., of Liverpool, comes to the hammer. It is very sad thus to part with the art-treasures which have made life so pleasant, but the “Liverpool gentleman” bears up bravely. He does not “go into the *Gazette*,” but he nobly compounds with his creditors. His two or three shillings in the pound are paid, and his career recommences. Instead of driving down to town in his mail-phaeton, he goes modestly in his wife’s barouche; the twelve horses in his stable are reduced to six (all the doubtful steeds being disposed of), and for the next few months quietude is the order of the day. At the end of that time a restoration is effected. The “Liverpool gentleman” is as splendid as ever: buys as many and as costly pictures as ever, and generally maintains his reputation for enlightened liberality. All this forms a phase through which the “Manchester man” finds it very difficult to pass. If he break, he breaks utterly. Carriages, horses, fine house, servants, pictures, luxuries of every kind—all go, and the quondam owner goes back with a sad but honest heart to win his place once more by sheer hard work and unremitting pluck. *Fortes fortuna juvat*. Three or four years go by, and the stroke of misfortune is repaired; the old house is bought back, or a new and more splendid one is built; and the “Manchester man,” having paid all his debts in full, returns to his ancient place, becomes once more a buyer of pictures, and drops into the grave in due course, leaving behind him a monument to his industry in the shape of a miraculous fortune, and another to his good taste in that of a houseful of pictures, the finest and the best-selected that money can buy.

Generalities are, however, apt to get dull. Let us turn to one or two portraits from life of the typical “Manchester man.” Enter first, the millionaire Mr. John Brown. Forty years ago John Brown was a poor little lad in a cotton-mill. His father and mother were—nobody knows who. All that he can tell about his birth, parentage, and education, may be summed up in two or three lines. He was found lying on a door-step on a winter’s night, wrapped in a flannel petticoat marked “J. B.” Picked up by a watchman, he was carried to the workhouse, pronounced a “wonderfully fine child,” and nursed with much care and gin. As soon as he was old enough to do so, he began to earn his living at a mill. There he was diligent, and in time rose to the proud position of foreman. Long before, however, he had married pretty Mary Smith, who was captivated with his noble whiskers, and who fancied, knowing his story, that he must be of gentle blood. A few

years went by, and he was able to set up a loom of his own in his master's mill. From that moment his progress was rapid. He lived on in his old quiet way, never spending much more than the pound or thirty shillings a week which had sufficed for his simple wants when he was first married. At last the great change came. Wealth began to pour in upon him after an almost miraculous fashion. Instead of a loom in somebody else's mill, John Brown has a mill of his own, and employs his thousands of hands. His income is multiplied by a hundred, nay by a thousand, and he is already, as his admirers and toadies say, "one of the merchant-princes of England." The little house that has served him for so long is abandoned at last; in its stead he inhabits a magnificent villa at Higher Broughton, or at some other half-rural place. He knows nothing of architecture, so he trusts himself to a builder, who puts together for him a gorgeous Italian palace, in which he is miserable. He knows as little of art; but it is the correct thing to buy pictures, so he goes to Agnew and explains his desires. The picture-dealer happens to be an honest man—rather a rare thing in his profession, perhaps—and treats him well. Mr. Brown's dining-room is accordingly furnished with some of the choicest specimens of modern art, at a corresponding price. His drawing-room is even more luxurious. The picture-dealer has received a drawing from the decorator, with certain places marked upon it thus: "Here a drawing—evening effect; say thirty-six inches by twenty-four." No further direction is needed. The dealer knows what is wanted, and the best works of the last fashionable painters glitter in splendid frames round the rich man's room. For himself, Mr. Brown does not care much about these things, except as symbols of his wealth and position. He still gets up at six o'clock, and is in his mill before eight. He goes on Change at noon, and half-an-hour afterwards retreats to dinner. Perhaps he is a member of the Union Club. There he finds all that he can desire—rich meats, strong wines, and unexceptionable beer. He is, moreover, shut out from the profane world, which might scoff at the rich man's midday dinner and post-prandial fuddle. For him the ingenious architect has devised a room lighted wholly from the top, where he can sit and gossip over his bottle of port—good sound wine, sir, three years in bottle, as strong as brandy, and as fiery as a red-hot poker—without interruption from the vulgar herd. At last four o'clock strikes; our millionaire rises, stretches himself, retires to his counting-house, dictates a letter or two, and at five steps into his carriage to go home to tea. Once at home, observe the transformation that takes place in his outward appearance: he changes his clothes, not for the dress-coat and white tie of civilisation, but for a rusty old velveteen jacket and a "bird's-eye belcher." The beautiful drawing-room is left untenanted, and the millionaire sits down to tea with his "owd woman" in the back-kitchen. For a while they chat in the broadest Lancashire Doric, and at nine o'clock the house is quiet.

But the door is left "on the latch" for the eldest hope of the family—Mr. John Brown jun.—who represents "young Manchester"—and is not altogether satisfactory. He seems, indeed, to have too much money and too little brains. His education has, of course, been of the narrowest, seeing that he was born during the period when his father was amassing wealth instead of spending it. Now, our hero is devoting himself to the latter business with the most amusing energy. He plays billiards very badly, but he plays them constantly, and loses a moderate income over them. He plays at cards also, much to the profit of about six of his choicest cronies. He knows nothing about horses, and rides like a tailor; but is in all ways one of the "horsiest" of created beings. His opinions on such subjects are not worth uttering, but they are always backed with a heavy bet. Of his morals one cannot say much. The outsider regards him as a cockney Don Juan, and half his stories of his own exploits as mere rhodomontade. At present his connection with business is merely nominal. Two-thirds of every day are spent in the invigorating pursuit of billiards, and the rest in drink, smoke, and his shabby little amours. Before long, however, all this will pass away. The young man will marry—probably a plain cousin with some money; he will take to business assiduously, and if he is very fortunate indeed he will lose every shilling which his venerable father has left him. Then, indeed, there is a chance for him. He may contrive to make a fortune for himself; and having learned something by the way, may be able to spend his income profitably, not merely to his own world, but to that of others. His children may receive a better education than himself, and in time may grow up to make the name of Brown a little more famous than its two first possessors have left it.

Number three in our little portfolio is a personage of a very different metal. Mr. Sebastian Smith is a cadet of a tolerably good Lancashire family, well educated, and gentlemanlike in manner. He has entered early in life upon trade, but money-making has not been his sole object. Had it been, he would have been far richer than he is. Not, indeed, that he is poor. Far from that, he has an income much in excess of that of ninety-nine professional men out of a hundred; but yet his position, when measured by that of his contemporaries, is rather low in the social scale. And yet this man is the chosen friend of scores of London artists and men of letters. He buys pictures—not through a dealer, or to fit into certain corners of his rooms, or into certain panels which would otherwise be blank, but because he has a taste exquisitely refined by long contact with the best artistic minds of his day. Dine with him—and he is the most hospitable of men—and you shall sit in a room crowded with shapes of beauty, and glowing with colour and light. On your left-hand gleams a Millais of priceless value; before you are some ten or a dozen of the choicest works of the modern school—Leightons, Poynters, McCallums, Solomons, and the rest.

You go into his, or rather into his wife's, drawing-room, and you find new reason for admiration. The walls—of a pale, cool, painter-like gray—are almost covered with water-colours: Turner, Millais, Cox, Hunt, Burne, Jones, all are represented; and, what is more, you find that your host and hostess both take a most intelligent interest in the art-treasures they possess. Neither bores you with raptures; but you feel instinctively that you are in the presence of people who love art for its own sake, and not because it is fashionable to admire Mr. So-and-so, and fashionable to depreciate Mr. Somebody-else. If you would know more about them, you must ask some of the men who a few years ago were poor and struggling. Two or three of them can tell how "that good fellow, Smith, came to me with a capital commission, sir, just as I was on the point of giving up." More than one also could tell his story of friendship and delicate kindness and generosity; and if you talk to Mrs. Sebastian Smith, it is a hundred to one that she will, without meaning to do anything of the sort, drop a word which will explain why such and such a painter or newspaperman, whom you know to be as poor as Job, was so carefully tended in his last illness, and in spite of his poverty was buried so respectably. Such men and such women as these are, happily, not rare in Manchester. When, a few months ago, the staff of *Punch* came down to give a performance for the benefit of the family of one of their number lately deceased in poverty, what sort of a welcome did they receive? Were they not fêted, caressed, and applauded, as though they were personal friends of the entire community? Was not every one of them received as a welcome and an honoured guest into the family of one or other of the great commercial princes of Cottonopolis? and was not the subscription for the *bénéficiaires* the largest which has yet been received? Who did all this, Manchester and the *Punch* staff know full well. The Sebastian Smiths and their like are quite numerous enough to explain all such matters as these. But the kindly feeling, the opportune generosity, the early recognition of struggling merit in the arts—these are as common, though perhaps less well known, than the hospitalities and princely liberality of the northern metropolis. One who has experienced, and who has learned to appreciate all, may be pardoned for preferring to quit the subject of "Manchester Men" at this point, instead of going on with more attempts at portraiture from subjects such as the Browns and their like. As in all human societies, good and evil are of course mingled in Manchester; but while there are some hundreds of members of the class of Sebastian Smiths, it can scarcely be said that the latter predominates amongst the inhabitants of the metropolis of manufacture.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION

THE circumstance must have been these many years obvious to every impartial and perceptive man living in any Christian country save Abyssinia, that the old-established educational systems of Christian people were fraught with elements of dissolution. The Christian limitation is here employed in no polemical sense, and with no religious significance. It was needful to specify with some approximate degree of correctness the limitation of area wherein the spirit of educational disquiet was at work; and thus it seemed that by the word "Christianity," in a mere geographical sense, we should nearly arrive at what the conditions of our argument required.

Assuredly this geographical expression will not import the materials of any grave omission error. On inquiry, the investigator would even find that the spirit of educational change has expanded far beyond the Christian limits of the globe, whether real or conventional. When Mahometans work in European dissecting-rooms, and Hindoos cross the pariah-making ocean in quest of such materials of knowledge as Europe supplies—all this in spite of tradition, of religious precept even; when we find the Japanese constructing steamboats, using Dahlgren ordnance and breech-loading small-arms—it is impossible not to admit that the new educational spirit is not merely coördinate with the limits of Christianity, but that it has extended far beyond.

It is with the progress of this educational spirit in our country that we are most concerned, and it is that we propose to consider, if not exclusively, yet in the chief degree. Though the circumstance is one too obvious for disputation, yet probably the opinions relative to the spread of new educational opinions will vary within limits remarkably wide. To people endowed with a certain character of mind, the present revolution of educational feeling is a necessary sequence of a recent political change. Others would attribute it to the fear lest British handicraft should be worsted in the field of open competition. Yet others will view it as a protest against a certain mediæval *régime* too far extended into a modern period.

The words "technical education" have lately grown into vogue. They have been uttered, and they have gone forth, more as a war-cry than as the rational exponent of any well-defined and consistent scheme. As most generally understood, these words would seem to contemplate an educational system in which the ancient languages are ignored, and the physical and experimental sciences and modern languages are made to assume a prominence commensurate with their recognised importance in the ordinary conditions of life under which we now find ourselves. Latent too, but not the less demarcative, is the feeling that

technical education, or education of the new *régime*, would too completely set aside the religious element—that churchmen, who have assumed to themselves the function of educational guidance hitherto, would be displaced by mere secular teachers, to the disparagement of society.

It may be as well to discuss the influence of this latent feeling first, whereby hereafter the limits to the clerical function in respect to educational guidance may be made the more manifest. This is a point on which it behoves each one who addresses himself to the educational question to speak unambiguously, testifying to the convictions which have arisen in his own mind, which have become to him the landmarks of right and wrong; by deference *to* which, or departure *from* which, he must be judged as either having obeyed the spirit of truth or disobeyed that spirit; a disobedience which, be it manifested in word or act, becomes a lie. It seems to follow, from the very nature of things, that there must be a phase in the existence of any community having a religion—and no community is without religion—in which the priesthood naturally and inevitably become the chief, if not the only teachers. They will naturally continue to be so up to a certain point of educational development—a point to be specified as the one at which inductive reasoning manifests its claims upon human reason. In all matters of belief there are only two means whereby conviction is attainable. We must either accept a statement on faith, or prove it by demonstration. Now, it is manifest that the latter is only compatible with a somewhat advanced social organisation. It presupposes, amongst others, three conditions—leisure, the means of investigation, and a knowledge of the way to use them. At times anterior to this grade of social organisation the human mind will take most of its belief on trust. Each particular tenet of such belief will be a matter of faith, and in some sense a tenet of religion. Naturally, in the condition of society referred to, the priesthood, having most leisure, their needs requiring an amount of mental ratiocination beyond those of the laity, will be the chief teachers of a community: thus has it ever been, and thus it will ever be. When the inductive point is reached, then it needs no argument to prove that educational development is not only foreign to the tenor of mind engendered by the conditions of a priesthood, but is in many ways antagonistic to the same.

There can be no doubt that the somewhat bitter contest now entered upon as to the claims of educational systems derives much of its acerbity from the question, veiled and latent though it be, whether the clergy shall or shall not continue to assume the chief educational functions. If the result be the conclusion that inductive knowledge—in other words, knowledge acquired through experiment—shall assume an educational rank proportionate with the deductive branches of learning which have hitherto constituted the staple of our British schools, then *the result will prove, if proof be needed, that the religious*

element of education must be held a thing apart from, not an integral element of education.

Here the question might appropriately be asked, how far a religion may be deemed the legitimate subject of educational training. I cannot but think that the confusion of the two terms 'religion' and 'dogmatic theology' has caused much embarrassment in all attempts to solve this question. Whilst a few propositions involve the cardinal points of a religion, dogmatic theology involves a life-long ratiocination in the field of metaphysics—a branch of study that, more than any other, is amenable to the charge of leading to no demonstrable results.

Come we now to the point of investigating what is meant by the much-used phrase 'technical education.' Had 'special education' been used instead—had it been argued that individuals should be brought up in the acquisition of that special learning most consonant with some future predefined avocation in life—some degree of precision would have been imparted to an argument now vague, and some concessions would have been secured to the postulates alike of those who would have our educational machinery remain as it is, and of those who, on the other hand, would bring about profound mutations.

Using the word 'special' for 'technical' education, then, the conclusion would seem to be arrived at, that the ordinary stock materials of high-class British school learning are not so intrinsically bad as certain opponents labour to make us suppose, the future application of these stock materials to certain specialities of life regarded. Beginning with the classical languages, do not their special or technical utility to divines seem obvious; to lawyers; and, in a lesser degree, to medical men? Contemplating the dawn and expansion of Christianity in parallelism with the languages of Greece and Rome—reflecting on the former almost exclusive use of these languages as the vehicles of theological teaching—it would seem hard to show that their study is not at least of as much technical, or rather special, importance to the divine as is spherical trigonometry to the navigator, chemistry to the cotton-printer, or chemistry and geology to the miner. To the man of future forensic speciality it surely must be desirable to consult in their original languages those legal documents from which so large a part of our own judicial system is derived. Medicine advances no such commensurate claim; nevertheless, the opinion of the British university the medical degrees of which rank highest is strongly pronounced in favour of the classical training which certain reformers most loud in advocating technical claims would altogether ignore. Amongst the many qualities of excellence which the English language advances, plasticity is assuredly not one. In this respect, it falls altogether below the need of deductive scientific nomenclature. We are continually obliged to borrow from the rich vocabulary of Latin, or the easily-moulded elements of the sister Greek, so often as a new compound or a new animal or vegetable species is discovered. This is not pedantry, it is necessity; and those who main-

tain the reverse can hardly have reflected on what has happened and is happening in countries using a more adaptable language than our own. Of all modern languages perhaps—of all European languages certainly—German possesses most flexibility, the greatest power of furnishing new words to correspond with new ideas. Moreover, the Germans are proud of their language, making it go as far as they can; but, notwithstanding all this, German scientific writers have not yet been able to absolve themselves from the need of coining words from the Greek and Latin—not in so great a degree as the French and ourselves, but still considerably. Having endeavoured to show the technical value of Greek and Latin, thus vindicating the claim of these languages to be regarded as appropriate elements of education by some, the writer would go farther, and urge the value of a classical training to all. Persons of most educational experience will concur in this, viz. that the first educational discipline consists, not in getting the pupil to exercise his reason in some certain speciality of thought, but to get him to think at all. Now, regarded as an exercise of mental gymnastics, the study of Latin and Greek occupies, I am disposed to believe, a higher rank than the depreciators of these languages would assign. Of course, there may be for everything too high a price. If it could be shown that the acquisition of only a moderate knowledge of Greek and Latin necessitated a lifetime, then, by the most obvious train of reasoning, it would follow that the result was not worth the pains. Very competent men have held a different opinion. Locke affirmed that, by adopting a rational system, a pupil might learn easily and delightfully in one year as much Greek and Latin as is now scraped together, with much drudgery, in six or seven. There are not wanting authorities in our day who hold a similar opinion; in short, numerous as are the opponents of the subjects of an English education as now accepted, still more numerous are those who, holding to the subjects at present recognised, would teach them in a more rational way.

It is a surprising thing that many who are forward in deprecating the prevalent scheme of modern English education, who lead the vanguard of a technically modified code, attach small importance to mathematics. Beyond what they appropriately enough call “ciphering,” they would seem to desire that mathematics should be exiled from their revised code. This is most inconsistent. Were it incumbent to banish all topics of study save one from our schools and colleges, mathematics, there can hardly be room for a second opinion, should be the one retained. A knowledge of the functions of magnitude and quantity concern everybody, no matter the social rank in which he may be placed, or the special avocation to which his position may give rise. Every art—not excepting the fine arts—rests upon mathematics as a foundation: thus, to the painter, mathematics supply the only sound teaching of perspective; the projection of shadows depends upon the same, and the properties of light cannot be understood without mathematical

calculation. Painters ignorant of mathematics there have been many, but whatever of excellence they have achieved has been in spite of the learning they have spurned or neglected. To the sculptor a knowledge of geometry will be most useful; and if a decorative sculptor, his art will be stunted, and the artist shorn of his cunning, if he be unacquainted with the rules for the construction of geometrical solids from drawings upon a plane. Music is nothing else than the appreciation of the harmony of vibrations; and these, when translated into their numeral and linear equivalents, reduplicate a sense, thus to speak, making sonorous waves all but visible to the eye. By a geometrical laying-off, the successive intervals usually called "semitones" of the chromatic scale are demonstrated to be, among themselves, of unequal length; and then dawns the revelation of what to many a musical executant is a mystery, viz. the special characteristics of each individual key.

Coming to the technical arts, as they are usually called, by way of contradistinction to the fine arts—though all arts are technical—it would be difficult, if at all possible, to specify one that is not more or less dependent upon mathematics. Of mechanical science mathematics is the very bone and sinew; even speculative geology draws on its resources. Many electrical functions are now mathematically formularised, and since the dawn of the atomic theory, under Dalton, we have seen chemistry, that once loosest of all sciences, grow more and more amenable to the same dominion of number and quantity which began to rule over physics so soon as Galileo called attention to the possibility of indicating proportional impulses by proportionate lines, thus originating the parallelogram of forces.

If any one branch of knowledge merits preëminently the appellation of 'technical,' assuredly it is mathematical knowledge. A system of education that neglects it or awards to it an inferior place must needs be unsatisfactory. In connection with the present issue, it is somewhat remarkable that persons who have given most attention to experimental philosophy are not amongst the most strenuous advocates for the general teaching of this branch of the sciences in colleges and schools. Physics, to the extent of a knowledge of the mechanical powers, the composition and resolution of forces, would be recommended by most scientific men as a profitable branch of school education; perhaps the outlines of optics and acoustics. The acquisition of such knowledge to a pupil of adequate mathematical training would be a matter of much ease; to one devoid of mathematical training it would be little else than charlatanry, of which element modern school systems have already more than enough. Chemistry, beyond its rudiments, does not admit of being taught in schools. Not merely is the period of school education too limited, but the science is ever in such rapid development, its facts succeed each other so quickly, and its language, still more its notation, incurs such ever-recurring changes, that a student having studied chemistry never so assiduously at school or college will, after a few years, if he desist

from chemical reading and chemical experiment, find himself in the presence of a science well-nigh unintelligible. The writer is of opinion that all the chemistry that can be taught at general schools during the usual years of general school attendance can be taught in three months. If it be desired to prosecute the science further, the private laboratory and special manufactures constitute the best field.

If the preceding observations have not been made in vain, the writer's views in respect to what is called technical education will have been gathered. He attaches importance to classical study on the double ground that it actually subserves the interests of more than one technicality, whilst also constituting an exercise of mental gymnastics whereby the student is prepared to overcome difficulties that will occur in other fields. Of mathematics, the writer would give emphatic expression to the belief that this branch of study is the very bone and sinew of every speciality, theology and law excepted. The teaching of mathematics in England is characterised by this anomaly: that whilst the lower branches, as taught in schools, are so treated of that principles are wholly sacrificed to practice, in our universities—and typically at Cambridge—the transcendentalism of mathematics is more heeded than any practical application. The consequence is just what might have been expected. Of schoolboys, hardly one in a hundred can explain the Arabic device of place, whereby our scale of notation increases by powers of ten as units are set down step by step towards the left; barely one in a thousand can give a rational explanation of the rule of three or of the nature of logarithms. As to the existence and properties of prime numbers, this is a branch of arithmetic that is neglected in this country by many other than schoolboys.

The demand for technical education, in the sense of special handicraft education, is urged, not reasonably it would seem, in connection with the demand that existing institutions—such as endowed schools and the British universities—should abate their preference for the two stock educational subjects, classics and mathematics, in favour of the new project. Many who have reflected upon the subject would rather that new institutions should arise giving effect to the technical *régime*, than that Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, should enter upon a field of competition so little in accordance with their very genius, that, attempting it, they must be distanced. Would not the best solution of the technical-education difficulty appear to consist in leaving our educational institutions impressed with their natural genius, devoting themselves to their own special branches of learning; new requisitions being fulfilled by the establishment of other institutions, in the routine and management of which the best points of foreign institutions (if there be any such) should be incorporated? Such an arrangement would tend to compose the difficulties which have arisen in connection with the question whether or not the Church should constitute itself, or be constituted, the supreme head of educational discipline.

Of foreign institutions for imparting technical instruction, the most celebrated is the Parisian Ecole Polytechnique. As some misapprehension exists relative to the organisation of this place, a few remarks on the Ecole Polytechnique may not come amiss. A prevalent idea in this country is that the Ecole Polytechnique is a purely military school, seeing that its discipline is organised on a military basis. Now the fact is, that those of the Polytechnique *élèves* who have taken highest honours do not usually enter the army; they find more lucrative employment in the civil engineering service of their government. To show how erroneous the assumption would be that the Ecole Polytechnique is purely military, take the following. Amongst the French officers on service in the Crimea one alone was a Polytechnique scholar, and he passed only seventeenth in order of merit.

The organisation of the Ecole is on a military footing, however. The *élèves* wear military uniform, and all they do has to be executed with military precision. Punishments there are only three—reprimand, imprisonment, and expulsion. The educational course extends over two years, and usually is commenced about the age of sixteen. The classics do not enter into the curriculum, but one modern language is imperative. Geography and history assume great prominence; and knowing that such men as Michelet and Guizot have occupied the historical professor's chair at the Polytechnique, the high character of this branch of knowledge as imparted will be obvious. It is in mathematical teaching, however, that the Polytechnique is especially strong. The paramount value of this knowledge was recognised by the founders of the Polytechnique, and has ever since been upheld. The mode of instruction is specially designed to insure a readily available knowledge of whatever subject is taught, and the avoidance of cramming. To this end no text-books are allowed. A lecture being announced on some given subject, each student goes into the library and prepares for the lecture by the aid of such books as may seem best. In learning where to look for knowledge, he is assisted by *moniteurs*, or *élèves au tableau*, as they are called. Having thus prepared for the topic of the lecture as best he may, the Polytechnique student goes to the lecture-room, and, listening to the professor, makes notes. Levity during lecture is very rare: the dominant feeling is against it. If, however, there chance to be a misdemeanor, he is surely dealt with, the mode of dealing being this: no remark then and there is made, but, the lecture over, the professor hands a small memorandum to the council of discipline and punishment, when punishment follows—reprimand, imprisonment, expulsion; usually the first.

The most striking peculiarity of the educational system at the Polytechnique has now to be noted. What a pupil has learned he is expected to know at any time thereafter. It is considered that telling a man he will be examined on such and such a thing at such and such a time is not putting to sufficient trial the soundness of his acquirements.

Hence mark this : at some time after a lecture heard on some given subject—the time uncertain as that of death itself—one of the number of sub-professors, and known as *répétiteurs*, suddenly announces to some Polytechnique *élève* that he is wanted above. The young aspirant for Polytechnique honours may be at that particular moment deep in the study of English or German ; he may be fencing, drawing, or dancing : judge, then, the revulsion of intellect there must be when called thus suddenly above. He knows what it means—the *répétiteur* or sub-professor is down upon him. The *répétiteur* would perhaps like to know whether he—young Monsieur Adolphe or Narcisse—is ready to unravel, on the moment, some intricate heaps of fractions, surds piled upon surds four or six lines deep ; whether then and there the young gentleman can tersely and clearly explain the theory and practice of proportion. To give a clear view of the deferential calculus may be the task thus suddenly imposed. To show in what respect that calculus differs from Newtonian fluxions, investigating the relative conditions of limits and of motion. To stand cross-questioning on geography, military and engineering, may be the purport of the summons. Not such geography as teaches that the Pyrenees divide France and Spain ; that the Po is an Italian river ; the Atlas mountains in North Africa so called because Atlas was fabled to bear heaven upon his head. No such useless jargon. Monsieur Adolphe or Narcisse would be expected to indicate the practical way of leading armies over those mountains. Such and such a pass practicable or impracticable. Such and such a river fordable or unfordable. If to be bridged, what sort of bridge—boats, pontoons, or timber, and then what sort of timber.

Well, called suddenly though he be, Monsieur Narcisse or Adolphe is expected to come prepared, and in this way a certain religious precept is practically inculcated, though the Polytechnique professes to have no concern with religion. It argues that religious instruction belongs to the spiritual head of whatever sect or culture the pupil may acknowledge. Sundays are wholly given up to this culture, the Polytechnique only exacting the morning parade.

Other points of speciality may be indicated. Every morning a detachment of pupils is told off to superintend the marketing. Thus they acquire a knowledge of the prices of provisions, gaining information no man of the world can afford to be without, yet which he commonly learns through bitter experience.

Something on the Polytechnique system might answer here at the present time. If organised, there must be nothing of the proprietary school about it. The undertaking should be purely mercantile, its shares transferable and negotiable on 'Change. The history of proprietary schools has been too usually this: established by some leading inhabitants for the special education of their own sons, so soon as the sons had been educated, all solicitude of the proprietary ceased ; next the master bought up the shares, and the result was an ordinary school.

J. SCOFFERN, M.B.

BRIC-A-BRAC HUNTING

BY MAJOR H. BYNG HALL

QUEST THE FIFTH

BERLIN

THE train starts. I turn my back on the city of the Czars, and fortify myself with patience and endurance, shut my eyes on nature, which is said to be, when unadorned, adorned the most. Certainly the observation does not apply to the scenery between the capital of all the Russias and the frontier city of Königsberg, where Prussian kings are crowned by the grace of God, and buried by permission of the people. In fact, there is not one single point of interest nor a single feature of beauty throughout the long weary versts which divide the empire of Russia from the kingdom of Prussia; and although the Russian railways offer much comfort, it requires no common amount of patience to endure the journey, and no common stomach to endure the means of sustenance offered by the wayside.

In good faith, the contrast between comparative barbarism and civilisation, which is manifest within the range of a mile from frontier to frontier, is so palpable, that I can only compare the sensation with that felt upon stepping on to the pier at Dover after a boisterous passage from Calais.

Well do I recollect, in times but recently gone by, after posting from Petersburg for days and nights, the frontier was at last gained—when, half frozen by the cold, or suffocated by dust and heat, according to the season—with what intense joy I rattled over the little wooden bridge that spanned the muddy ditch—for muddy ditch it is—which divides the empire of the Czars from the kingdom of Prussia, and pulled up at the little miserable Custom-house, having nothing to declare but that I was well-nigh exhausted, and unutterably pleased at the idea of ere long finding myself in that city called Königsberg, which boasts of thirty-two bastions, eight gates, and thirty churches—though I never discovered the inhabitants to be more moral than elsewhere.

As regards bric-à-brac, there is no field for the hunter in Königsberg; at least, I never discovered such. Yet I may write in error; for could I, like Asmodeus, have been permitted to uncover the roofs and peep into the domiciles of the beer-drinking and sausage-eating citizens, who dare say what art-treasures I might have found, and how readily they might have been converted into thalers? However, nothing did I ever discover there except a rather elegant little cream-coloured jug from one of dear Wedgwood's models; but when Mein Herr, who wished to dispose of it, permitted me to examine it, I discovered the words "Neale & Co.'s" imprinted on the ware—and so, good-morning!

Let us now journey on to Berlin. Berlin! the very writing of the

name causes my heart to beat and my blood to boil, and the hand which holds a pen seems to grasp a revolver, the hilt of a Toledo blade, or touch the trigger of a Snider. What days of more than solitude have I passed from sunrise to sunset in that beautiful but insupportably dull city! How often have I paced beneath the Lindens to kill an hour, in the fear of being compelled to kill myself! How have I longed for night, that I might sleep till the dawn of another day; and when that day has come, how I have longed for night again! Not that there is no sport for the bric-à-brac hunter; far from it, as I shall soon tell you. Moreover, the game, if not of the very finest condition, is plentiful, but strictly preserved,—indeed, so strictly, if of any beauty and rarity, that a Rothschild or a millionaire alone has a chance of bagging any; and all I can say is, that if the sellers thereof get the price they demand, I heartily wish that, instead of being a hunter, I were a seller.

It happened that I found myself in No. 16, first-floor back, Hôtel d'Angleterre, Berlin, having been there previously about thirty times, at the very period when the army of needlegun renown were marching to glory—that is to say, to have their own heads broken, with an ardent desire to break those of their enemies—in other words, on the eve of those untoward events for Austria called Sadowa and Königsgrätz, which changed the Berliner Somniferoso into the Berliner Bombastioso.

Truly these were exciting times for the beautiful sleepy city of the Linden-avenue. The betting at the twenty-groschen-per-head table-d'hôte was at or about five to four, with no takers, that Benedek would sleep in the royal palace in the Schloss Platz within a fortnight. Under these circumstances, I rose one morning early and went forth into the city—the contrast of whose beauty and architectural magnificence with the condition of the inhabitants is most striking—in search of bric-à-brac, hugging to my heart of hearts the innocent belief that some slight fear of coming pillage might, from all I had heard on the previous evening, have entered into the minds of the dealers in what are oft-times incorrectly termed works of art, suggesting to them that it might be better to sell cheap than suffer utter loss from pillage or destruction. It was an ignoble, ungenerous, selfish idea, no doubt; but the desire to become the possessor, cheaply, of some exquisite Berlin groups, vases, &c., or for nothing, according to the usual phraseology—which means half their value—was an influence too strong to be combated.

I tripped jauntily up the Linden with fond anticipations of my wishes being realised, the more so as I had practical proof of the apparent need of the inhabitants: for as I gazed up the street on that which appeared to be the habitation of a prince, a window suddenly opened in the lower story, and a cobbler hung out a pair of boots for sale; on the second story a tailor had done the same by a waistcoat and breeches; and on the top floor, probably the fifth, a woman, performing the *matutinal offices*, cast into the street a shovel of potato-

peelings on the heads of the passers-by. A few steps farther, near a building apparently a palace, an Israelite saluted me from an attic, asking if I had anything to exchange; while below I observed linen hanging out to dry, which belonged, doubtless, to a gallant officer who was being shaved by the barber hard by in a cave below the pavement.

There are many bric-à-brac shops at Berlin. Herr Lewy, or Levy, or, if you will, Levi—for he is an unquestionable Israelite, as, indeed, nearly all bric-à-brac dealers are—is the first to whom I should recommend a visit. Like all dealers, he seeks his price, and a tolerably heavy one it is; but he is fair and truthful, and, moreover, a first-rate judge; and at times he has many articles worthy of admiration. In fact, he is first and foremost, in my humble estimation, as a Berlin dealer. His address is Dorotheen-strasse, No. 20.

Herr Meier, No. 2 Grenzhaus—commonly called the English Parliament—has by far the largest collection in Berlin—a splendid selection of Venetian glass, and a great variety of carvings and china worthy of the collector's notice. Unless that collector, however, has a very long purse, or intends to purchase at the price desired by Herr Meier, it is as well he should avoid the sin of temptation, and that of coveting what he cannot obtain.

There are also Herr Arnold, No. 26 on the Linden, and Herr Frescati, No. 21. In the shops of these two gentlemen may sometimes be found rare art-treasures. Happy he who can afford to give the prices asked for them.

Herr Leuschner has also a bric-à-brac shop in Tannen-strasse, No. 15. Formerly he had a modest collection in a shop on the Linden; but I have invariably found, and practically proved the fact in many foreign capitals, that bric-à-brac sellers rise rapidly as regards fortune.

Although the foundation of the celebrated porcelain manufactory and museum of Berlin is to be attributed to the great monarch, statesman, poet, and philosopher, Frederick the Great of Prussia, who, in the midst of the mighty wars in which he was engaged, turned his attention to the beautiful fabric which was beginning to attract the lovers of the fine arts, there had been made in Berlin thirteen years previously (1750), under the immediate direction of Wilhelm Caspar Wegel, a first attempt to produce specimens of the ceramic art. Wegel pretended that he was in possession of certain secrets, and continued to carry on his business for seven years. Some of the produce is even now to be met with; the cipher at the bottom (W) is still to be found. The pieces are well formed, with good colour, exhibiting fair workmanship, shining glazing, and rich gilding. In 1761, John Ernest Gotzkowski the younger commenced a new manufactory in the Leipziger-strasse. He obtained the secret of porcelain fabric from Ernest Heinrich Richard, who had been employed in Wegel's establishment, and, having analysed the products, had made considerable progress. For the communication of his secrets Gotzkowski gave Richard 4,000 dollars, and for a salary

of 1,200 dollars Richard undertook the direction. The celebrated enamel-painter Jacque Claude, and Elias Meyer the plastic modeller, from Meissen, with other workmen from that town, joined the establishment. Gotzkowski did not personally pursue his undertaking, but placed it under the management of the commissioner Grunenger, which led to his employment, from the year 1763 to 1786, as the head of the royal porcelain manufactory at Berlin. During the Seven Years' War, King Frederick had an opportunity of noticing the manufactories at Dresden and at Meissen. He induced the best workmen, painters and modellers, among whom were Meyer, Kleppel, and Bohme, to accompany him to Berlin; and with their assistance, and at his own expense, enriched his metropolis with the important and beautiful porcelain fabric since celebrated throughout Europe. Grunenger had soon to congratulate the king on the further addition of men of talent and celebrity, and Frederick the Great liberally endowed the newly-founded institution. Meyer received an annuity of 1,500 dollars, Kleppel 1,100, and Bohme 1,000. Grunenger has given an account of his labours to obtain men best adapted for the different departments of the porcelain manufactory, among them Richard Bowman, and others of some note. From the year 1763 must be dated the actual foundation of the royal establishment; for then Gotzkowski, in the month of August, gave up to the king the whole of his fabric of porcelain, receiving 225,000 dollars, and entering into a contract for the sale of his secrets. From the specification and inventory drawn up on the occasion, some idea may be formed of the magnitude of his enterprise. There were 7 administrators, 1 artist, 1 model-master, 2 picture-inspectors, 6 furnace-men, 3 glaze-workers, 5 lathe-turners, 3 potters, 6 mill-workers, 2 polishers, 6 sculptors, 6 embossers, 6 founders, 11 designers, 6 earthenware-moulders, 13 potter-wheel-workers, 3 model-joiners, 1 girdler, 22 porcelain-painters, 22 picture-colourers, 3 colour-makers, 4 packers and attendants, 8 wood-framers; making altogether 147 persons. The attendant expenses were 10,200 dollars. It is calculated that 29,516 red and coloured earthenware, more than 10,000 white vessels, and 4,866 painted porcelain—many of them of grotesque form, and many of the fashion of the day—were fabricated; articles of every description—vases, flacons, groups of various descriptions, statuary, snuff-boxes, fancy articles, ear-rings, lamps, and everything that the artist could suggest and the potter carry out. It is satisfactory to know that there exist at the present day 133 models from which these articles were fabricated; and the results of the labour, the energy, and the taste brought into play a hundred years ago may easily be studied. The contract of Gotzkowski appears to have been most advantageous to him, and to have excited considerable discussion: he, however, gave up his establishment on terms that in these days would appear hardly sufficient for the payment of his many years of labour. It was in September 1763 that Frederick the Great appeared for the first time in his manufactory. *His reception was, of course, worthy of*

the monarch, and he seems to have examined everything with the attention of a master and of an artist. His eye fell upon every object of interest, and he freely expressed his opinion. In the moulding-room and the turners' department he remained a long time, and examined the materials. Near the ovens he entered into a long conversation with one of the furnace-men, and he also discoursed freely and at length with Grunenger, who has recorded in his chronicle the sensible remarks made by his majesty, who pointed out the improvements which he considered might be made. The questions he asked were evidently those of an individual who was conversant with his subject, and determined to pursue it. He remained about two hours, and, on retiring, promised his gracious protection to his artists. Commissioner Grunenger, Maritus Jacobi, Nogel, Eichman, Richard, Meyer, Clauce, Bohme, and Kleppel continued at the head of the establishment, and directed the different departments. A sum of 140,000 dollars was devoted to the improvement of the fabric. Every effort was made to produce porcelain as remarkable for its material as for its beauty. In order to promote its introduction largely into commerce, a certain number of Jews were privileged to purchase articles as soon as they appeared, and to distribute them in foreign countries. This permission has formed the groundwork of Miss Edgeworth's celebrated novel, *The Prussian Vase*. In 1769 an order was published permitting a lottery company to purchase annually to the amount of 90,000 dollars. In September 1763 the king appeared at the board of directors, read their report, and ordered the construction of two edifices—one of three stories, 350 feet in length; the other two stories, of 180 feet. He built a new mill for pulverising the materials, with apparatus for cleansing and preparing the clay employed. He was anxious to have, as soon as possible, new specimens. He ordered that potter's-clay and earthy materials should be sent from all parts of his dominions, and enumerated several localities in which he himself had seen earth adapted for porcelain. The king's orders were quickly obeyed. In 1771, in the neighbourhood of Brackwitz, not far from Halle, a superior clay was discovered, from which a porcelain of exquisite beauty and whiteness was obtained, to the great delight of the monarch. Somewhat later, discoveries were made at Beerdersee and at Morland Seumwitz of earthy material of the highest quality, sufficient for consumption during a century; and from thence the royal manufactory at this day derives its most valuable material. The reputation of the fabric was quickly extended far and near. The Duke of Brunswick and the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel came to witness the progress; and the Count Woronzoff, with several of the Russian nobility, were also attracted. His highness the Turkish ambassador, Achmet Effendi, a great amateur of porcelain and fully conversant with its manufacture, visited the royal manufactory, much to the satisfaction of Grunenger, who has narrated the circumstances attendant upon the visit.

The untiring zeal and energy of the king awakened a spirit of

enthusiasm in every department, which led to the happiest results. Science and art were called in to superintend all the arrangements : mineralogists studied the materials, engineers constructed the ovens, chemists produced the colours, and painters composed the designs. The style and taste of the Berlin porcelain called forth the admiration of Europe ; crowned heads were eager to receive presents from the royal owner ; the saloons of the aristocratic world could not be considered richly furnished unless some specimen of the Prussian manufacture was exhibited. Nor was this without cause ; for the beautifully enamelled surface displayed subjects after Watteau, Boucher, Savaret, Buffes ; the customs of all ages ; flowers, birds, insects,—exquisitely painted in colours of radiant splendour. The articles were modelled after classic forms, or according to the principles of beauty generally admitted at the period ; the ornaments and the decorations were of the richest character ; allegorical figures, statues from the antique, sheep, shepherdesses, and the most *rococo* as well as humorous subjects, were rapidly executed. His majesty was perfectly delighted when snuff-boxes were produced the covers of which exhibited to his admiring courtiers miniatures of the royal personage himself ; and happy was the individual who received from such hands a mark of royal regard. After a night broken by the agonies of gout in his hands and feet, at six in the morning would Frederick receive with delight the director of the royal manufactory, who came to show a new *chef-d'œuvre*, which he would place on a table by the royal bedside. The death of the monarch did not diminish the importance of the great establishment. Prince Henry and Princess Amelia had already evinced a deep interest in the ceramic art. In 1787 Frederick William II. appointed a commission, under the direction of the minister Von Stemitz and Count Reden, and great improvements in the management were carried out. The same taste and industry were everywhere encouraged. The construction of the ovens was more scientifically attended to, in consequence of the studies of caloric and of temperature having led to economy of fuel and regulation of heat. Germany was compelled to acknowledge that the perfection of porcelain had been reached at Berlin, notwithstanding the rivalry of Dresden, of Meissen, and of other rich cities. Since the year 1832, up to the present period, the manufactory has not ceased to deserve the admiration of the public. Colossal vases have been produced which have entered into the collections of the Emperor of Russia and the Queen of England. Probably the most beautiful are those now in the Louvre, presented to Louis Philippe in 1844. They are more than six feet in height, in the shape of amphoræ, with garlands of flowers upon a red ground, richly gilt and ornamented. In 1845 Prince Albert became possessor of a magnificent dish, two feet and a half in diameter, which he considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Berlin manufactory. There is no cessation of activity and emulation at the present hour, and the royal patronage is still bestowed upon the establishment.

A BIT OF SCANDAL

'Tis the pleasantest hour of all the day,
After the Mall, or before maybe,
When my Lady Mary or Lady Jane
Gives Captain Rattle a dish of tea.

Agreeable Rattle! what pleasant news,
What charmingly wicked tales he tells!
And the last bit of scandal! While he *speaks*
Each gentle bosom delighted swells.

"'Tis certainly off between young Jack Fane
And little Bellasis—*pauvre petite!*
All because she went two nights to the play,
And, they *do* say, secured the same seat.

'Twas mons'ous odd. And the Duke *was* there—
I had the truth from a man at White's—
And he certainly bowed her into her chair
Upon *one* if not *both* of the nights.

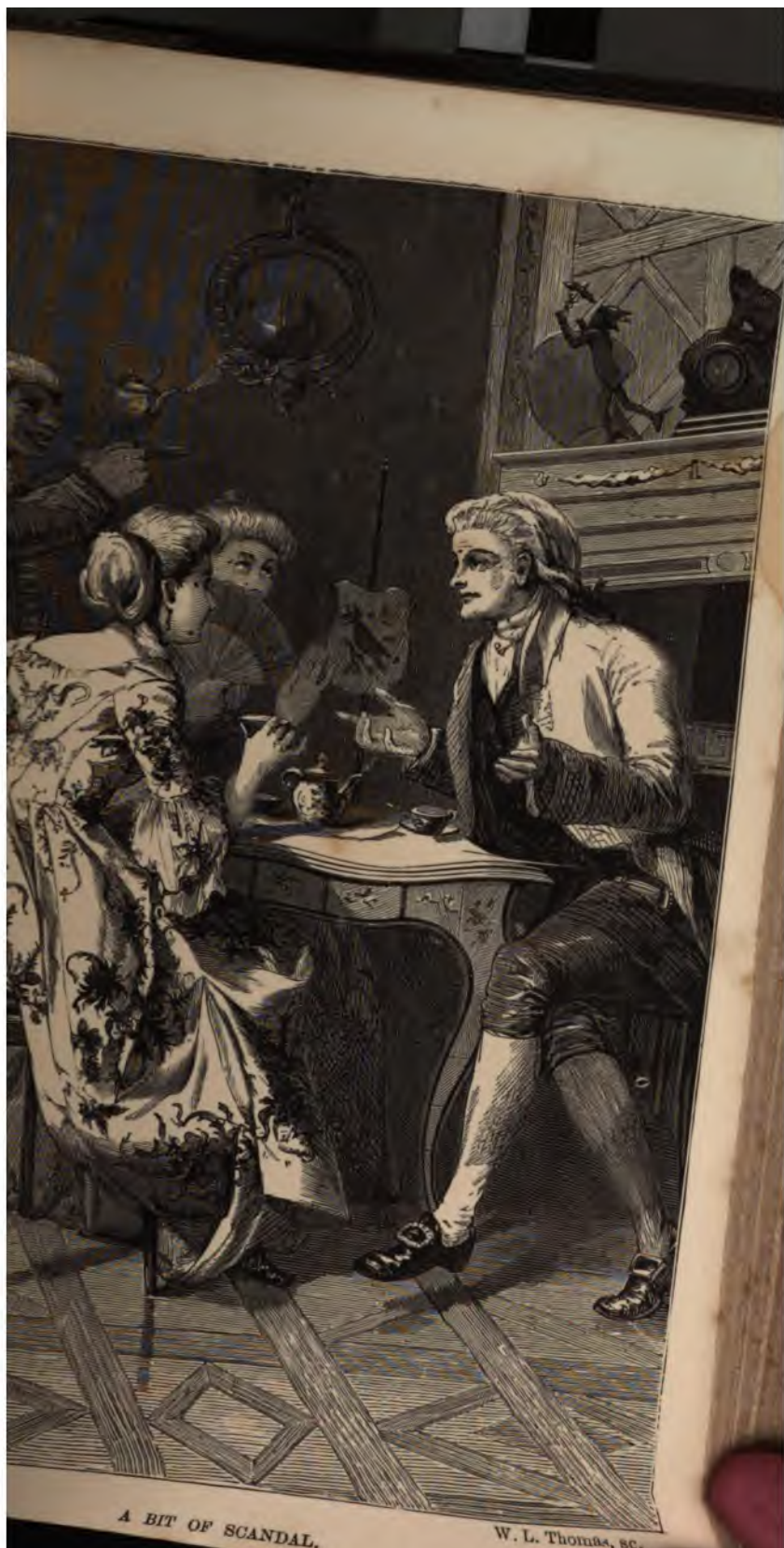
And now, whether or not a *billet* passed—
'Twould be quietly done, one understands—
I vow 'tis more than I choose to swear;
But—'tis certain they *did* shake hands.

And Jack goes as *attaché*, that's a fact;
(Goes out of the country, don't you see?
'Twas his Grace's influence managed it, too:
How vastly kind of his Grace! He, he!"

And thus the Captain sparkles along,
Pleased with himself, and pleasing the while;
What if a character goes with a shrug,
Or a name is lost through a smile?

Well, that is unfortunate, one must own;
In this the Captain would quite agree:
But chat so enlivens a kettledrum,
And gives such zest to a dish of tea!

W. S.



A BIT OF SCANDAL,

W. L. Thomas, sc.



DAVID GARRICK

A LIFE of David Garrick was written by Arthur Murphy shortly after the actor's death, and another by Davies appeared nearly at the same time; but these were meagre and inaccurate. A vast mass of family papers have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Fitzgerald, and we have now,* from the fullest conceivable materials, a substantial memoir on what is certainly the most fascinating of all subjects—the life of a successful actor. Such is almost like being at a play itself; and dramatic literature has always had a special charm of its own. In these volumes will be found all that can throw light on the era of Garrick's management—his theatre, his great actors, his plays, and his dramatists. Attention is properly directed to what has been too much passed over—the surprising private character of the actor who was “as great in Garrick as in Lear.” We see him at home and abroad; we hear the wranglings and quarrels of his authors and actors and actresses; follow his travels in the Grand Tour; have glimpses of the old Dublin stage in all its glories; and read sketches of most of the well-known men who figure in Boswell's little panorama.

The real secret of the versatility, the amazing originality, and, above all, of those “two sides,” tragic and comic, of David Garrick's acting, is to be found in the fact of his being a Frenchman. Frenchmen were then the most admirable and vivacious comic actors in the world; and Garrick's father was a Frenchman. In all the pictures of David, we can see the French cast, the French air, the French eyes. His grandmother on the mother's side was Irish, her husband English; and thus in the great actor's veins ran a strangely-blended current—one half French, the other English and Irish. This was not a bad histrionic composition. David's grandfather was a Huguenot, who has left a very curious little diary of his escape from France, which is now first published in Mr. Fitzgerald's memoir.

“David “Garrie” was living at Bordeaux, most likely in the wine trade, when the storm broke, and at the end of August 1685 with difficulty got to St. Malo, where he embarked, having to leave wife, child, and property behind. He reached Guernsey, where he remained for a month, and finally got to London in safety on the 5th of October. “The 5th December,” he writes, “God gave me my wife at London, English style. She embarked from Bordeaux the 29th November, from which she saved herself the 4th, and in a bark of fourteen ton, being hid in a hole, and was a month upon sea, with strong tempests, and at great peril of being lost, and taken by our persecutors, who were very

* *The Life of David Garrick.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. 2 vols.

inveterate. Pray God convert them! (The master of the bark is called Peter Cock, of Guernsey.)" Being thus safely arrived in London, they had to wait nearly a year and a half for the son they had left behind. But happily, on the 22d of May 1687, "little Peter arrived in London, by the grace of God, in the ship of John White, with a servant, Mary Mongorier, and paid for their passage twenty-two guineas."

'In London he found friends and kinsmen, countrymen and exiles, like himself. These were the families of Sarrazins and Perins, the Fermignacs—one of whom his sister had married—the Mouats, Soularis, and Pigous, names still found over the kingdom. Meanwhile children came—Jane, Stephen, David, and Mary Magdalen; their baptisms, god-fathers, and even hour of birth and death being set out with a minute and devotional exactness. Thus: "The 26th September 1692, at 10 o'clock at night, God was so good as to deliver my wife from her lying-in of a boy, who was baptised the Wednesday following, being the 30th, at the Walloon Church, by Mr. Bassett, minister. Godfather, our cousin Stephen Soulard, who gave him the name of Stephen, whom God bless and preserve for many years for the glory of God, and his own eternal happiness." This prayer was not to be answered, for "the 4th July 1693, God took to Himself the little Stephen, who died at 10 o'clock in the morning, and the 5th buried at night at 5 o'clock, at Wandsworth, in the new churchyard—the whole cost 34s." There is a certain simplicity and pathos in this entry. "The little Stephen" was the third of his children so named, but who were all carried off in succession.*

'But more trials were to come. "God hath afflicted me," he writes, "and taken from me my poor wife, the 2d December 1694, Sunday, at 10 o'clock at night, and given her to me in April 1682. Buried in Bartholomew-lane, behind the Royal Exchange." Two years later, a brother and sister, Peter and Magdalen Garrick, came over to the widower from Rotterdam. The brother died only the month following after his arrival. And in May 1701 his sister Magdalen followed, and left the old exile with his three children—Peter, David, and Jane.'

One of the sons was put into the English army, was quartered at Lichfield, married a vicar-choral's daughter, and became the father of David and nine others. David was born on the 19th of February 1716, and was in due course sent to a grammar-school of the town.

* The charge of funeral for the second little Stephen is thus set down :

Coffin	10 shillings.
Gloves	3 "
Coach	8 "
Three bottles	4 "
Minister	17 "
Sexton	10 "
	52 shillings.

His father went to Gibraltar; and Mr. Fitzgerald quotes some very interesting letters from the boy to the absent officer, with a most pathetic one from the affectionate wife.

‘That of the lady—ill, shattered in health and spirits—has a sweet earnestness and almost passion, which recalls Steele’s tenderness. The paper has a little break in the middle, from the seal being torn away, but only a word or two is lost. “I must tell my dear life and soul,” she writes, nearly two years after his departure, “that I am not able to live easy longer without him, *for I grow very jealous*. But in the midst of all this, I do not blame my dear. I have very sad dreams for you; . . . but I have the pleasure, when I am up, to think were I with you, how tender . . . my dear soul would be to me; nay, was, when I was with you last. O, that I had you in my arms! I would tell my dear life how much I am his!—A. G.”’

Finally, the captain returned, found David grown up into quite a stripling, and very eager for the stage. There is a minute picture given of his Lichfield life: the strolling-players, at one of whose performances “Sam Johnson” got into a quarrel with someone who had taken his place, and flung the intruder into the pit—the officers quartered there—the parties—the school which Johnson set up at Edial, and where David attended, and listened at his master’s door. David would have gone on the stage at once, but a regard for his parents’ wishes restrained him. He afterwards said he had found his reward, for he was then immature, and had not studied, and would most likely have failed.

He went out to Portugal instead, to try and learn to be a wine merchant, but he soon returned. Finally, he set off for London, with his friend Johnson, to be a barrister. While he was away, his father died. His mother was not long in following; and living on a legacy left by his uncle, he started in the wine business, as the firm of Peter and David Garrick. Their vaults were where the Adelphi arches now are. Mr. Fitzgerald gives even a receipt of David’s for the price of some dozen of “red port.”

He did not, however, attend to business. He was always behind the scenes at Goodman’s Fields or Drury Lane, hankering after the part of Richard or Abel Drugger instead of a clerk. Once he appeared as a Harlequin; but at last he could restrain himself no longer, and in 1741 went on a strolling tour to Ipswich, and made his *début* there in *Oroonoko*. Then he determined to try a greater “plunge” in London.

‘Suddenly, on a certain morning in October, Mr. Peter Garrick received two letters—one from Dr. Swinfen, a family friend and physician, who knew and attended the Johnson and Garrick families, the other from his brother, Mr. David Garrick. Both were to the same effect, and both contained the fatal piece of news, broken to the shocked Peter with every art of excuse and appeal to brotherly affection and personal interest. The step had been taken, “the Rubicon crossed.” On the

night before, Mr. David Garrick had appeared before a London audience at Goodman's-fields Theatre with the most astounding success.'

Mr. Swinfen wrote with the good sense of age and experience, but evidently approached the subject with trepidation. "But he knows very well that his friend 'Mr. Peter Garwick'"—so he spells it—"will not be guided by the prejudices of certain of their country friends, accustomed to strollers—people who form their judgment on what we used to so laugh at in the old Lichfield days, when the Hallams, and Herberts, and Hales came round." But as he does not doubt that Mr. Peter would soon hear the news "that *my good friend David Garwick performed last night* at Goodman's-fields Theatre, for fear he should hear a false or malicious account, I will give you the truth, which much pleased me. *For I was there,*" goes on this good friend, "and was witness to the most general applause he gained in the character of King Richard y^e Third. For I believe there was not one in the house that was not in raptures, and I heard several men of judgment declare it their opinion that nobody ever excelled him in the part; and that they were surprised that with so peculiar a genius, how it was possible for him to keep off the stage so long."

'The same post brought David's letter; and it is now curious to look at the faded coffee-coloured writing, and think how the fingers that penned that writing were almost trembling with the excitement of the night before. "Dear Peter," it began; and with an affectation of carelessness goes on to tell him "how the shirt came down safe." He has now to announce to him what he supposes he has already heard, though it is proper to preface some things which will make him appear less culpable in his brother's opinion. One was the state of their business, into which he had gone carefully, and discovered heavy and steady losses. Some way must be discovered to redeem them. "My mind (as you must know) has always been inclined to y^e stage; nay, so strongly, that all my late illness and loss of spirits was owing to the struggle. Finding that both my inclination and my interest required some new way of life, I have chosen y^e one most agreeable to myself; and though I fear you will be much displeased at me, yet I hope when you find that *I have y^e genius of an actor, you will be reconciled to it.*" As for the wine business, he will send him his share in money, or settle it in *any way* that he likes. "Last night," he goes on, plunging desperately into the dreadful revelation, "I played King Richard the Third, to the surprise of everybody;" and, as an appeal to Peter's business views, "I shall make very nearly 300*l.* per annum by it, and as it is *what I doat upon*, I am resolved to pursue it." His mind was indeed in a whirl. The splendid success of the night, the blazing footlights, were before his eyes—the roar of applause was in his ears.

'That first night was well remembered. There were many who long after told how they sat in the boxes or pit, and had seen the "great Garrick" play his first play. Among these was Macklin, with whom

had been debated the choice of a play for the *début*, and who had approved of the young player's motive for the selection of Richard—namely, its suiting his figure so much better than any other. Even this showed a prudence and care not to lose a single point, though on the next morning no one thought of his stature, and he was free to choose what part he would.

'The company with whom he was to play was unpretending. Miss Hippisley, "the leading lady," who sang fairly in little ballad operas; Peter Bardin, an Irish general "utility" actor; the two Giffards and Blakes—were the most conspicuous. It is evidence of the social state of the unhappy players that they dared not call their house a theatre, but "the *late* theatre." Tickets were to be taken for this momentous night at the Fleece, a tavern close by; and the best box places were three shillings. As the audience read their bills, they saw that the leading part was to be taken by "a gentleman who had never appeared on *any* stage;"* and it is certain that the news of the coming

* A fiction allowed in his profession. One copy of this famous bill has been preserved.

" October 19, 1741.

At the late Theatre in Goodman's Fields, this day will be performed, *A Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music*, divided into two parts.

Tickets at three, two, and one shilling.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N.B. Between the two Parts of the Concert will be presented an Historical Play called the

LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Containing the distresses of K. Henry 6th.

The artful acquisition of the Crown by King Richard.

The Murder of Young King Edward 5th, and his Brother in the Tower.

The landing of the Earl of Richmond.

And the Death of King Richard in the memorable Battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the Houses of York and Lancaster; with many other true Historical Passages.

THE Part of King Richard by A GENTLEMAN
(Who never appeared on any Stage).

King Henry, by Mr. Giffard; &c.

WITH

Entertainments of Dancing,

By Mons. Fromet, Madame Duval, and the Two Masters and
Miss Granier.

To which will be added a Ballad Opera of One Act
called

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

The Part of Lucy by Miss Hippisley.

Both of which will be performed Gratis by
Persons for this Diversion.

The Concert will commence exactly at six o'clock."

début had been known at all the coffee-houses, and drew a strong muster of his private friends. Otherwise the house was not crowded. Indeed, there had been so many first appearances of incapable amateurs who had failed outrageously, that this announcement was more likely to repel than attract. The playhouse itself presented a handsome show. In an oval over the stage was a sort of apotheosis of the King, attended by Peace, Liberty, and Justice, and "trampling Oppression" under foot—the popular attitude for "peaceful" monarchy. Round the ceiling were four medallions of Shakespeare, Dryden, Congreve, with Betterton alone selected to be put in company with the famous dramatists. The "plafond" was gaily painted with scenes from famous plays—Cato, on the left, pointing to the body of his dead son Marcius; in the centre, "Cæsar stabbed in the Senate-house," a subject in keeping with the play of *Charles the First*, which had so offended the "sober persons." On the right was the parting of Mark Antony and Octavia; and on "the sounding-board over the stage"—a part of the decoration that comes on us with surprise—was seen Apollo and the Nine Muses. Such was the interior of the theatre, which we are told was looked on as "a neat and elegant piece of workmanship," "well-warmed;" and to this plafond must the fine eyes of Garrick have often wandered.

'On that Monday night the performance began at six o'clock with a few pieces of music. Then the curtain rose on *The Life and Death of King Richard the Third*; and after the first scene, at that nervous moment, the new actor came from the wing. It was acted, of course, according to old Cibber's clever arrangement of the play. "It was recollected, however, long afterwards, that when he came upon the scene and saw the crowded house he was disconcerted, and remained a few seconds without being able to go on. But he recovered himself. No wonder it surprised that audience. It was so new—and was all new. They found themselves in a fresh dramatic world, and were at first mystified, and scarcely knew whether they were to sanction this daring violation of all the old sacred rules. What astonished them was the absence of the 'plain chant,' or sing-song, the dead-level declamation, now rising, now falling, either dry, hoarse, and croaking, or ear-piercing. This was free and natural. The surprising novelty was remarked, 'that he seemed to identify himself with the part.' They were amazed at his wonderful power of feature. The stupendous passions of Richard were seen in his face before he spoke, and outstripped his words. There was a perpetual change and vivacity. One effect at last overbore all hesitation, and the delighted audience found relief for their emotions in rapturous shouts of applause. It was when he flung away the prayer-book, after dismissing the deputation,—a simple and most natural action, yet marked with originality,—and then the audience first seemed to discover this was true genius that was before them. Quin would have stalked and mouthed and 'paved' a whole half-hour to express all that that graphic motion conveyed.

When he came to the later defiant and martial phase of the character, he took the audience with him in a tempest of enthusiasm. 'What do they in the north?' was given with such electric enthusiasm and savageness as to cause a thrill to flutter round the hearers; and when he came to the effective clap-trap, 'Off with his head,' &c., his 'visible enjoyment of the incident'* was so marked, that the audience burst into loud shouts of delight and approbation. What a night of delight to look back to! Yet, upon reaching this point of the play, his vigour and animation had been so excessive, that his voice began to fail him at the most critical part. He felt himself growing hoarser every moment, and would have been overpowered but for the seasonable relief of a Seville orange. Mr. Dryden Leach, the printer, used often to boast how he had thus indirectly contributed to the success of 'the great Garrick.'

"There were no official 'critiques' in the daily papers which set out elaborately the details of the acting. Journals were too small, and all space was economised strictly for *news*; yet, under such conditions, the meagre notice to be read next morning in the *Daily Post* becomes very significant. For its extent it is almost enthusiastic. 'Last night,' said the *Daily Post*, 'was performed *gratis* the tragedy of *King Richard the Third* at the late theatre in Goodman's-fields, when the character of Richard was performed by a gentleman who never appeared before, whose reception was the most extraordinary and great that was ever known on such an occasion. We hear he obliges the town this evening with the same performance.'

From that hour the success was assured; it went on increasing without stop or stay.

Mr. Fitzgerald gives us a complete history of "Peg Woffington," with whom Garrick had formed an attachment, and whom he wished to marry and fix in a steady course of life, for he knew her honest virtues. That she was an irreclaimable coquette would be the gentlest name that could be given to her. Though she had lover after lover, he was constant to her for years. They went to Dublin, where the *furor* exceeded that of London, and brought on a malady *complimentarily* named "the Garrick fever."

Soon after returning to London, he broke off finally with Woffington, and took leave of her in some bitter verses which Mr. Fitzgerald has found among his papers.

Here is the introduction of his future wife—a young lady who danced before Maria Teresa, saw the heads on Temple Bar in 1745, and yet was alive and brisk in 1822:

"Early in the year 1746, only a few weeks before the battle of Culloden, some young and vivacious Scotch gentlemen, who had been studying at a Dutch university, where they left Charles Townshend

* Davies' singular phrase.

behind them, were embarking at Helvoetsluys, on their way home to their own country. One of these students was the handsome, lively, and not too straitlaced Doctor Carlyle, the clergyman of Inverness, whose memoirs are such agreeable reading. They sailed about eight, of a fine spring morning, and among their fellow-passengers were two foreigners, with a very handsome young page. This party he assumed to be a Hanoverian baron going up to St. James's with his suite—a sort of traveller met with too frequently on the road to London in those days. Presently the wind began to freshen into a gale; the Scotchmen enjoyed it, but the young page went down to the only berth in the cabin, which had been mysteriously secured for him, and, becoming very ill, called out in French to know if there was any danger. The young student then detected a woman's voice, reassured her, and, with his friends, were very attentive and obliging, in their gay Scotch way. They then found out that this was a young dancer from Vienna, coming to try the English stage at the little theatre in 'the Hay;' and the supposed Hanoverian baron, hearing the conversation, with a true air of business begged their patronage for his protégée.

"Landing at Harwich, they travelled up to London; but at Colchester the servants of the hotel suspected the sex of the young page, and began to insult 'the foreigners'—for 'beggary foreigners' in those times were fair game for British insult. The young men interfered, stood by the party, and saw that they were civilly treated.

"This young girl, who was thus travelling once as a page, was Mademoiselle Violette, the reputed daughter of a respectable citizen of Vienna, named John Veigel. Her story was a romance. When the children of Maria Teresa were learning dancing, this young girl was taken to the palace with some others to form a sort of class, and she was there said to have attracted the empress's notice; so much so as to have been requested by her to change her name from Veigel—a patois corruption of Veilchen, a violet—into the corresponding and prettier French word. But it was said also that the emperor's eye had fallen with favour on the young lady who came to practise with his children, and that the empress, much alarmed, had sent her away to England, with recommendations to influential persons there, with a view also to making her first appearance on the stage.

"In December 1746 she appeared at Drury Lane with infinite success, and with a male dancer called Salomon. On one occasion she was put down for *three* dances without her knowledge, and the audience being disappointed, a riot had nearly taken place. The absurdities of the day had made follies, as Walpole said, enter into the politics of the time; or rather they *were* the politics of the time. Thus, young noblemen, like the young French bloods of our own era, flung themselves into wretched theatrical questions with an extraordinary ardour. On this night, Lord Bury and some other men of fashion began a disturbance, and insisted on her being sent for to Burlington House. Next day it

was the excitement of the hour; many great houses were thrown into agitation. Lord Hartington, son-in-law of Lady Burlington, was made to work the ministry, and used all his influence to secure a good reception for the dancer on her next appearance. 'The Duke' was sent to desire Lord Bury not to hiss. But the Violette herself took the most effectual mode to appease the angry audience. She made a pretty and characteristic apology. She '*humbly begs leave to acquaint the public that she is very much concerned to hear that she has been charged with being the occasion of the noise on Wednesday night.*' She adds that '*she cannot possibly be guilty of an intention to disoblige or give offence to an English audience, especially where she had met with so much indulgence, for which she retains all possible gratitude.*' This physical impossibility of being ungrateful is quite a foreign turn, and came gracefully from the pen of the popular *danseuse*. At the same time, Lacy had before him the recollection of the *Chateaufort* riot, only a few years before, when the house was all but 'torn down,' because a French figurante, who had been announced in the bills, did not appear.

"Later, she paid a curious visit to the Tower with Lord Burlington, to see the political prisoners. He told her as they entered, 'Everyone that we shall see now is to be executed to-morrow,'—a speech that shocked her terribly. The prisoners were then brought in. They were drawn up, and among them was the famous 'Jemmy Dawson,' and an interesting youth, quite a boy, named Wilding, who belonged to an old English Catholic family. The young girl was so attracted by this child and the unhappy fate that was in store for him, that at the first opportunity she threw herself at the feet of her protector, and with extraordinary vehemence begged him to use his influence to save him. This intercession was successful. A pardon was obtained, on condition of his banishing himself to the North-American colonies, where he was not long after killed in a skirmish with the Indians. Some seventy years later, when the Wilding family had become nearly extinct, and an ancient maiden lady at Liverpool alone remained, a gentleman named Rossan was charged by her with a mission to Mrs. Garrick, to offer a somewhat late acknowledgment for this generous intercession. The gentleman saw her, performed his duty, and found that, though she was now old, the whole incident came gradually back on her."

Garrick prospered all this time, made a great deal of money, and was finally able to join with Lacy and become manager of Drury Lane, which he ruled for about thirty years, and out of which he made nearly 100,000*l*.

The persons, characters, and curious episodes introduced in these volumes are of the most varied sort. The stage, as Mr. Fitzgerald shows us, certainly contributes to real life, as it does to fiction, the most dramatic elements. We have here the tragic story of the great Dublin tragedian Mossop, which is really dismal. The yet more interesting story of *Peg Woffington's* strange life, with its highly dra-

matic ending, is also well related. "On her death-bed she sent for Mrs. Bellamy, her old enemy—the 'Rival Queen,' who had dared to dress against her—and owned to her that she had once got an admirer to show Mr. Fox a letter of Mrs. Bellamy's, in the hope of injuring her with that statesman. This certainly seemed an act of grace. The way in which it was received was characteristic. 'I own I could not refrain from being much surprised at the wickedness and meanness of the intended injury. And though my humanity prompted me to forgive an offence which seemed to lie so heavy on her mind, I left the lady as soon as possible, to reflect upon the illiberality of such a proceeding.'"

Numerous episodes of a brighter character are scattered through these volumes. A full account of the famous Shakespeare jubilee—one of Garrick's ludicrous hobbies—is given. The circumstances of the renowned player's visit to the Portsmouth Theatre recall the great "Bespoke" in *Nicholas Nickleby*. All the famous actors and noted men and women of the time,—Foote, Churchill, Johnson, Worcester, and a host of others,—including the rascals that made up what was then "literary society," and the *habitués* of the coffee-houses and the *coulisses*, cross the stage. Students of the histrionic art will find detailed in Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes all the points in Garrick's great characters. One fact will hardly fail to arrest attention,—that no man seems to have been so harassed, and even persecuted, as Garrick was; nevertheless, he was always placid, good-humoured, and the delight of his friends. The figures that move round the great player are of the most remarkable kind; and, as in all good biographical writing, they are so placed as to give strong relief and individuality to the central character. In conclusion we may fairly say that Mr. Fitzgerald has turned happy opportunity to excellent account, and produced a book that has long been waiting to be written.

DIANA GAY

A Novel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

Book the First.

CHAPTER XVI. THE DRAG-HUNT.

THE all-important morning, which had been looked for with such excitement, proved to be dull, dark, and drizzling. The rain was streaming down. Everyone appeared in low spirits. But sporting is rigidly independent of wet. It must go on "though *cælum ruat*," as one of the hunting gentlemen said, by way of classical jest. Yet it was surprising with what a spirit the party set out. The Squire's own Tom Moody reported that the ground held together well; and as the hunt was to be down country, starting from Shepherd's Bush, and to finish close to Ironston, at Furley Hatch, a stretch of some ten miles over about as stiff a line as could be desired, there was every prospect of a very great trial being given to the horses. In the hall, Squire Gay was drawing on his gloves, with the ladies about him, and his Diana looking up fondly into his face.

"Do I look like the picture, eh, pet? the old 'Flames and Blazes' upstairs? Don't tell me that, or I'll go out low-spirited. Ha! ha! ha!" and he gave one of his loud boisterous laughs.

"I begin to hate the sight of it," she said with a pretty impatience.

"I wish you were coming, cricket, to see your nag cut out his work. But don't fear; I'll carry him through, and take down Mr. Pratt's conceit a bit. What will you do with yourself, dear?"

"O, I have a little plan," she said with confidence. "If it clears at all, I and Lady Margaret will take the carriage and drive over to Ironston, and settle about the picture."

"Good cricket! always thoughtful. So you're giving it to me all the same, whether D'Orsay gets his money or not? I tell you what,—we'll take *him* in also, and he shall be done in all his glory, with a medal about his neck. Give me a kiss, poppet. I wish you were coming."

His Tom Moody now reported that it would clear "afore eleven, sartain," an accuracy which always gave an authority to Tom's predictions, though they failed and came true with tolerable impartiality. Then they all rode away.

How many times was it said that Squire Gay had the true stuff in him—a man of the right sort; which meant that he spent a great deal

of money on horses, dogs, foxes, keepers, pheasants, scarlet cloth, and pigskin. The "right sort" becomes such a different thing to different minds; and there were plenty to whom the Squire was a man of low coarse tastes, who was bringing up that young girl of his *nicely*. Others said strongly that he was neglecting the interests of his spiritual welfare.

Out of Gay-Court gates, between the two larks, debouched another lively procession. The drag-hunt was to be six miles off, and the roads were already covered with stragglers going to work, but just turning ever so little out of their way to see the sport—that "ever so little" amounting to actually turning their backs on their own proper direction. Tom Moody had indeed proved right on this occasion, and before eleven o'clock the rain had stopped, and the sun was seen hovering behind a cloud, undecided, as one of the "sporting gents" remarked, whether he should "peel off his greatcoat and show himself." The "meet" was some miles off, and D'Orsay had been sent on before at an easy trot, and was already waiting, in a farmer's snug stable, to be taken out and mounted.

When they reached Shepherd's Bush, the whole country side had gathered. A drag-hunt was a novelty there; many hardly knew what it meant, and scarcely dreamed that it was a sporting hybrid—in their own phrase, "a cross" between a race and a hunt. By this time the rain had quite cleared off, the sun had got rid of his indecision, and there was a crowd of what, in the special language of the occasion, might be termed "sporting swells"—Mr. Thomas Clough, M.F.H., Major Rushout, G. H. Washwood, "that true veteran" of the field, Lord Bellman, and many more, whose names could be ascertained by searching an old file of the *Mercury*. Fine times indeed for the *Mercury* and its reporters. Need we say that that excellent journal was all but dissolved in raptures over the spirit, the virtues, the liberality of that true English supporter of manly sport, Squire Gay? And without going the length of this dramatic exuberance, it was felt that morning, that when Squire Gay "went"—which was many, many years off in the ordinary course of nature—the fast friend to true sport, the kindest and most generous country gentleman in the world, would be gone. There he was now, on D'Orsay's back, bright, healthful, genial, and hearty, full of spirits and enjoyment, knowing everybody, glad to see everybody, with a good-natured word for everybody—a true sportsman, and, what was better, a true man. "He was the common link," said the *Mercury* in its own way, "the kindly centre, where the most opposite natures could meet. He had not a single enemy; the poor, the widow, and the orphan knew him as their certain stay and benefactor." How hearty his greeting to Mr. Pratt, already on his "Flemish dray," in his black hunting-coat, his boots without tops, well shaved, with small "square-inch" whisker and a yellow neckerchief, his limbs fitting to his animal as though nice smooth "beds" had been scooped out

purposely!—"Here we are, Pratt! Look on this picture and on that, my friend. Your money is lost already! I wish my little lady was down here to see. You know you are booked to me to dinner, winning or losing. I am only sorry I didn't double the stakes."

"Quite in time," said Mr. Pratt, getting out his book nimbly. "Is it done?"

"Done!" said Mr. Gay impatiently. "Done, and done again, and three times over, if you like. Have you eyes, man? Did you ever read of the hare and tortoise? Done?—to be sure! What a purse my little girl will have, to be sure!—Now, Lord Bellman; it's time, I think.—Now, gentlemen, please."

A friendly M. F. H. was to act as starter. Already the trail had been laid on. The dogs were eager; they sniffed the red-herring which had gone over the ground at the end of a string. Towler and Sweetlips, the "Nestors" of the park, were not a little intrigued at the new flavour, so different from the usual "reynard" bouquet. Tom Moody, it must be said, lent himself to the arrangements with a certain willingness, though not with enthusiasm. He said it was "new-fangled" and "Hirish." He never had relished the Hirish 'orses, and their special tricks of going at their jumps.

Now all was ready, and the friendly M.F.H. is at his post. Many, looking at the two horses, could smile at the notion of Pratt's horse "holding on;" but still, Pratt himself was such a steady "knowing card," that it seemed that *he* would hold on. His gifts were so remarkable, that, as a friendly admirer said, "he'd win on a broom."

Now there rises the cry, "They're off!" and not only the horses and riders, but every living thing besides; those on foot "cutting round," taking short paths, clearing hedges and ditches, to come up in time and see the fun. They could not hope to be in at the finish, as the course was straight across country; but there was the great jump—the feature of the course—close to Giles's windmill, and about which "half the town" had secured good places. The mill-race here seemed to fall in with the sporting tastes of the community, and flowed away just in front of a good hard iron high road, which made carriage-wheels ring out musically as they rolled over it. At this side of the road there was a hedge, but at the other there was none; and to make everything more "stiff," a good hurdle had been put across the hedge. The other jumps were of the common hunting pattern.

Very soon all the world saw that Mr. Gay's good judgment in matters of the horse-world was right on this occasion. He himself, looking back with a smile, saw that the "big" drag-horse was labouring; a field or two had grown boggy under the rain:

Never was there such good, steady, straight, hard riding. The whole field held on together; no man went through a gate ignobly. The dogs led in full cry after their imaginary fox, or the mysterious animal which they fancied they were pursuing. It was growing ex-

citing; and now about two miles a-head could be seen Shepherd's mill, and Mr. Gay, looking back, saw with a smile "Pratt's horse" labouring on, as it seemed to him, at a jogging pace. "Ha! Master Pratt, this will take the conceit out of you a bit.—Now, D'Orsay, my boy, think of your little mistress, and get ready for stiff Dick here."

Suddenly he heard a thundering behind, and, looking round, saw that the great horse had now indeed ceased to "labour," and was pounding along over everything—stones, gravel, clay; and now came a smart crash as his heel touched the rail and smashed it "as if it was a cane." Pratt has his hunting whip in the air, and was bending over as if he meant to put him to it. At once a pair of spurs were in D'Orsay's flanks, and now indeed the race began. "I thought he was pumped out," said Mr. Gay to himself, pressing his hat down; "but, lad, now for it!"

On they came. The countrymen were seen running to get close to the mill to see the big jump. There was a large company gathered already, crushing and crowding, through a morbid hope, of course not expressed or even acknowledged, that there would be a "smash" or two. They saw the little patches of scarlet flashing in the distance, not with the brilliancy with which race-colours flash out. Here they were, and they made out very well that the big horse and "Muster Pratt" had "collared" Squire Gay, and that brave and true-hearted sportsman, bare-headed—for his hat had burst its string, and was about a mile and a half behind—was striving hard to keep up the dandy D'Orsay.

Ah, Dandy indeed! inclined to pout and fret like other dandies when treated crossly. His elegant skin, that seemed as if treated with cosmetics, was now all disordered, dusty, and dirty; his eyes were fiery. It seemed to his rider that he was growing sulky. Here was Pratt and the big horse not three yards behind.

The expectant rustics, their "chaw-bacon" faces warmed into something like intelligence, or at least eagerness, straining over each other's heads, heard the thundering of hoofs; and Holden, the farmer "beyant t' mill," but who had a secret instinct for horses, and who always contrived to have the most serviceable and valuable little nag in the district on which to ride round and see his fields and his men at work, often told the story to his family, "at foireside loike."

"Ye see," he said, "I was on Robin there, and I did the pace oop for a mile before they came on; and then I saw that Squoire ha' found that the stuff were gone out of his horse. I could see, as plain as I see ye now, that he was workin' his mouth as t' jockey-lads do at t' finish; and I see t' other feller, Pratt, on his beast, but no working there—his horse was a-working o' *him*; that makes all the differ. Poor Squoire! he was as eager as a boy; and I see him cooming along, cooming along, oop and doon, and his poor coverless head lookin' back and lookin'; and then they were at t' big joomp. And when he lifted

t' horse—which he *had* to—at the rail, I saw that it wur sulky, and wouldn't put himself together, ye see; and then there was a smash, and something like rolling o' stones out of a cart; and down they came into the by-road, with poor Squire's coverless forehead full on the road, hard as yon iron. I could see how he was flung, as I was high in my stirrups on t' cob's back."

This was the story told by Farmer Holden, and by many more mouths, and at great length by the *Mercury*.

Poor Squire Gay, the best fellow in the world! Unlucky D'Orsay! Skilful Pratt! He was indeed right: D'Orsay had proved that he could not "put himself together" by the most fatal logic.

CHAPTER XVII.

FATAL NEWS.

WHEN the rain had stopped and the sun came out, our Diana became like a little cricket, as her father would say. She flew to order the carriage—she flew to find Lady Margaret.

"Will you oblige me," she said, "dear Lady Margaret, and drive over with me to Ironston? I want a surprise for dear papa about my picture, which he has set his heart upon."

But Lady Margaret was filled with obstreperous grief and consternation.

"My darling, what can I do? what am I to do? I made an appointment with that man Murdoch the curate,—fifteen children, I believe,—no shoes or stockings, and all that. And you know if I let him get at poor Bowman, who's as soft as a babe—and then there's the steward coming over expressly. My dear child, what *shall* I do?"

Diana laughed at this distress. "My dear Lady Margaret, I know what I shall do;" and tripped off.

She met Mrs. Bligh in the hall, and that lady said she would be delighted to go.

The carriage was ordered for after lunch.

During the course of this arrangement—and even such a little matter seemed to Diana a vast triumph of diplomacy, involving "a strain on the mind," and its success quite putting her in spirits—she had seen, to her great surprise, from the window, Dick coming slowly round from the stable.

"Well, I declare!" she said, "what is over Richard Lugard, not to go out and see papa race? How curious of him!"

"Most!" said Mrs. Bligh coldly. "I wish Robert had the same notion, who is a man of books. But he could not be kept."

Later, Diana saw him again, "prowling about" restlessly, kicking the grass, his hands in his pockets.

She smiled to herself, went to her room, changed her earrings—she had "pets" in earrings, as she had dogs and horses—smoothed her hair

before the glass, and put on her daintiest hat, of which she had as many as there are in a stage-wardrobe. Then she went down to speak to the gardener about the fruit for dinner.

Having performed that office—perhaps a little to the surprise of the gardener—she went her way towards the house, bright and cheerful with the little duty she had undertaken, and thinking to herself, “Poor Dick! I have been so cross to him and inattentive; I *must* make it up to him a little to-night. What a pity, though, *he’s not clever!* But I must make it up to him.” And then she thought how they would have such fun that night; and she would dance with him, just a little more than with Robert Bligh; thus carrying out that arbitrary raising or levelling the little scale she was holding in her fingers; and yet at that moment, while she laid out these plans of delight, with life seeming to spread itself out indistinctly in delightful *paysages*, delicious prairies abounding in soft streams and colours and sweet waters, so secure in their exquisiteness that it was not worth while to pause to estimate them in detail,—at this very moment, alas, there was a great crowd of stooping figures and faces at Shepherd’s Mill. There was the company—the butterfly-child full of hopes, and the father passing, if not already passed, beyond the region of earthly hopes!

* * * * *

“It so surprises me, Richard,” she said, with her eyes on the ground, as if she *was* surprised, “that you are not gone with them.”

“I am sick of it,” he said impatiently. “Horses are not everything in the world, as one might fancy from the way men talk. We must live for something else, I hope. I saw them go off, and then came back here.”

“To go and walk about the garden, and hit at the poor flowers with that stick.”

“Then you saw me?” he said eagerly. “You were looking out at me, and take an interest in me?”

“I take an interest in my flowers, of course, and in Mr. Richard too, I hope.”

“O, yes, you say that in the usual conventional way; just as you’d tell the curate and the doctor you were anxious about their wives and brats. O Diana, if you only knew—”

At this moment they heard a light step. He stopped, and Mr. Lugard senior, with his cigar and *Times*, suddenly emerged from a side walk. Dick coloured, and gave an impatient stamp.

“Just a moment, Dick,” said his father sweetly.—“Talking over the race, eh, Miss Diana? Over by this time!—No, a letter, my dear boy,” he said, putting his arm softly into his son’s.

“I can’t go now, father. A letter will keep without turning sour.”

“See how they treat us poor fathers, Miss Diana.—See here, Richard, a moment;” and he opened a letter, and drawing it aside, seemed to be reading it, and with his eyes down demurely on the writing. Dick,

though, heard him say, "For God's sake, are you going to make a fool of yourself? I saw you from my window. It's too soon—"

Dick flushed up. "I know what I am about."

"And see here, again, what he writes," went on Mr. Lugard in the same sweet tone. "I tell you you're a fool, and don't know your ground."

Dick set himself a little haughtily. Diana, bending over her flowers, was not a little mystified.

"Very well," said Mr. Lugard, "with all my heart. I won't interfere; and I have all my *Times* to get through."

"What was that *great* secret," said Diana, "if I might ask?"

"O, nothing," said he; "something absurd. My father makes mysteries of everything, because he was once an *attaché*."

"There *was* a secret, but I'm not worth telling anything to."

"I would tell you anything, do anything for you," said he impetuously; "though I daresay you don't think so. I will prove it to you in any way you wish. I would do more for you, in my way, than those cold, wise creatures who profess such a deal, and are so good and virtuous."

There was a twinkle of mischief in her eyes. "Yet these are the people we are told to like and imitate, are they not?"

"Not hypocrites, I suppose, or scheming fellows, whom I could expose—"

"Who on earth *can* you mean?" she said, with the same air of pretended wonder. "Where are all these wicked people?"

"You don't see their plans; but I do. If I chose, I could upset them in a second. Listen to me, Diana, one moment," he added, suddenly stopping before her. "You know how long we have known each other; from before I was at that school. All that time, even when I was a child, your face, your image used to be before me. I was always thinking of you, and looking forward to one day—like this—when—"

Diana had grown a little restless during this speech; indeed, his eyes and flushed cheeks seemed to have spoken already what he was going on to say. She looked round uneasily.

"I am afraid," she said, "Mrs. Bligh will be looking for me."

"Just a moment, Diana. I *must* speak out now."

"No, no, no," said she, in alarm; "don't, Richard, please."

"I must go away soon to that regiment which I hate, and which I have a presentiment I shall not stay long in. Why should I stay here, perhaps to be mortified more and more every day?"

"Indeed, no," said she earnestly. "O, no, Richard, none of us here would do that—not for the world."

"Perhaps not; I am sure not you. But you don't know what I feel looking on, and what I suffer. O Diana, you know what my faults are—how warm, and ungovernable even, I am. Yet still I am

sure I could become better, if you, Diana, would only think me worthy—let me finish. You should do what you liked with me; I would be your slave for the rest of my life. I should live only for *you*. You should do with me whatever—”

Diana turned away a little impatiently. “Ah, what made you do this? how foolish, how unkind!”

“Unkind?”

“Yes, you have spoiled everything, and made us all uncomfortable. I did not think you would have done this. No, indeed.”

“Spoiled everything?” he repeated aghast.

“So unkind, so cruel!” said she. “We shall all break up here. You will have to go away; I could not think of that. I am very sorry, dear Richard, to give you pain, I am indeed; but it was very foolish of you. We were all going to be so pleasant, and have such fun, and you must turn it into this sort of serious thing.”

He looked at her seriously—his eyes moving angrily, his lips curling; then he tossed back his head.

“Of course, *you* can do as you like in that. But if it be for any other reason, I warn you about *that*. Dick Lugard can reckon with any man, and always has done so. I am not accustomed to be circumvented by cunning fellows without setting myself right.”

The young girl drew herself up haughtily, as she could do; she came of a haughty stock.

“You talk very oddly and strangely. I’ll never forgive you for this, for treating me so unkindly and rudely.”

A look of triumph came into Richard’s face. He *knew* his offhand manly style was irresistible.

“Unkind!” he said eagerly, and catching her hand. “Not for all the world; not if I were to die, dearest, *dearest* Di! as I used to call you. I see you have forgiven me, and you do not quite hate me.”

“O don’t, pray don’t,” said Diana, trying to set herself free. “O, you should not, you should not indeed! Let me go; please do. I am very angry! Ah, there is Robert Bligh coming!”

Dick started, and gave a stamp of anger. Bligh had not seen them, but was hurrying across the garden and making for the house. As he passed the corner of *this* walk he stopped a moment irresolute, took a step or two towards them, then stopped. He seemed very pale.

“Ah, I thought so,” said Dick, with triumph; “he had better not interfere with me!”

Diana had now quite recovered her old manner; her eyes were dancing—she was calling and beckoning to him eagerly. Still he stayed irresolute, then advanced slowly.

“Why doesn’t he come quicker? Tell me—tell me about the race.”

He answered hurriedly, “I did not see it all. I was coming to the *house* to look for—with a message, that is—for my mother.”

"Didn't wait to see the finish? There's a fellow!" said Lugard with scorn.

Of this Bligh took not the least notice. He was never more collected.

"I must find her at once; and I am told poor D'Orsay has been hurt, and will never run again. Forgive me, but I *must* go. I *can't* stay." And he was gone.

Had they been listening attentively, they might both have heard a faint, very faint report, like a child's popgun—for the air was very still and clear. At that moment some of the charitable who had been standing round the hapless D'Orsay—lying there on his flank, with eyes fast glazing, "his back was broken," they had said—went and got a gun, and "put the poor beast out of his pain." The hapless rider—dulled, unconscious—had been removed gently to the windmill. But there was no putting *him* out of pain, for by this time he knew nothing and felt nothing.

Bligh, though he said frantically to himself, as he rushed away, "How could I tell her? how are we to tell her?" had really taken the best way in the world of breaking it. There was something of a coming mystery in his manner, the shadow of a calamity.

She looked a little wildly at Lugard.

"Let us go in; let us follow him. O, dear! what does all this mean?" And she fluttered away, leaving Lugard far behind.

"Some of his pompous exaggeration," he said impatiently.

She was gone, lost to his sight, that poor orphan. She had a sense of that awful care already at her heart. At the open glass-doors she came on a tall, dark figure.

"O," she said, "what is this? Some dreadful thing has happened. Tell me, tell me!"

The stiff arms were opened to her. "My poor, poor child! would to God I could give you good news! It is a cruel blow to fall on one so young!"

Book the Second.

CHAPTER I.

DESERTED DIANA.

WHEN a well-known owner of some old place, like Mr. Gay—a man whom neighbours have grown accustomed to for years, and whom they look on as they do the market-cross; known at cover-side, along the high-road, at board and at meeting—when such a familiar figure is known to have gone, and gone suddenly, the place which he once dwelt in seems to lie there "*in state*," very much as the beloved remains had

done during the dismal days that preceded the funeral. As we pass the gateway, going along the road, it is like looking at what divines call the "earthly tenement," and the noble demesne seems itself to be stretched out there—blank, lifeless, solemn, and without a spirit.

What a loss Squire Gay was! everyone said. The hunting men felt it more acutely than any of the rest. The hounds had been, it was well known, "very shaky." Now and again the men had not come forward as they ought. When money-pressure and debt were hindering their sport, how splendidly he had "stepped into the breach"—and a very wide one it was—and saved the hounds for that part of the county! There were rueful faces among the top-boot community when that sad news got abroad, with many a "Th' 'ounds will go now, sure!"—though indeed it must be said that honest face, and kindly offices, and greetings were regretted for themselves.

Even Mr. Pratt could have wished he had been wrong about D'Orsay's legs. "Poor Squire!" "No better man!" "Fine English gentleman!" "True sportsman!"—these changes were rung as vigorously as the parish bell that jangled on the procession to the graveyard. At that sad pageant (conducted, said the *Mercury*, by Messrs. Debenham of London, the eminent undertakers, in "their own unsurpassed style"—the relatives of the late Duke of R—— had owned themselves more than satisfied by the way they had treated *him*) there were no more unselfish mourners than Mr. Pratt and his friends of the hunt.

Mr. Bowman had been left an executor with—much to his surprise—Robert Bligh. The *Mercury* was lavish in its praises of the forethought, "delicate consideration," and true liberality of those gentlemen. The reporter had indeed been entertained handsomely. Messrs. Debenham's people owned that since the duke's obsequies they had met nothing more gentlemanly or handsome. On Robert Bligh's shoulders all the trouble and management fell. Mr. Bowman took up the official position, and went through the dismal formality of his function with success.

Well might there be many inquiries at the door for Miss Diana. She had been, as it were, struck down, and was lying upstairs in a sort of dull stupefaction. She had heard death preached about in the churches, and could believe that it was a very awful and disagreeable thing—she could feel heartily and tenderly for those so cruelly afflicted; but she never dreamed for a moment that those terrors were to come into their house, any more than hunger, or poverty, or want of clothes. She had literally not known suffering of any sort, beyond once or twice—when, after much putting off, her dear father had at last forced himself to be stern, and brought her to a dentist's. *That* day of torture marked an era. It does seem a little hard, that those who have never suffered should thus suffer doubly from want of preparation: but this is the penalty of that impunity. She seemed to be numbed, cowed, and shrinking. So does the victim who has been

struck on the head with a bar look vacantly, and reel a little before he falls. She had not wept, not shed a tear even, nor had she spoken a word—symptoms that not a little alarmed the old housekeeper. She was wild and frightened.

At this stage Lady Margaret came over, and, rustling and “fussing,” all but forced herself in, her husband’s office giving her a sort of footing. When she entered, with some trepidation, the room where Diana was sitting at a table with a lamp, the eyes of the fatherless girl seemed to rest on her with the same air of terrified doubt and inquiry. As the lady—awed and scared herself—advanced hesitating, Diana at last seemed to know her, and with a half-scream fled from her to the curtain, where she stood cowering and shrinking and trembling. As Lady Margaret described it afterwards, she seemed to have “withered off” into half her size. Always slight and fragile, she now seemed a mere vapour. Poor deserted, helpless Diana! Every soothing word, every step nearer of Lady Margaret, was checked by a low frightened cry. The good and well-meaning lady, whose arms, outspread with silks and laces, seemed like a ship’s mainsail, stood there embarrassed and shocked, the look of terror and agony increasing every moment, at every step she tried to take. Then the old housekeeper, who had seen, and knew the incidents and treatment of, such awful griefs, touched her, and with an air of authority took her from the room.

“Better leave her to herself, my lady. Wait until she cries, the poor lonely orphan.”

On the morning of the dreadful procession the Court was full and busy, and there were not a few who thought of the day the picture was presented. The whole county seemed to have arrived from far and near. For the hunting men it was a rueful business enough. How many times did they say to each other, “Many is the pleasant morning we met here. Poor old Gay!” Then was added reflectively, “What’ll become of the pack now?”

Messrs. Debenham had done wonders; it is surprising, indeed, considering the limited time given to such artists, what prodigies they perform. The senior partner of the firm, Mr. Sowden—Debenham was a mere fiction—directed in person. There were gold, silver, and velvets, and nodding plumes; and whole ranks of the lugubrious supernumeraries, who assist on such occasions and add theatrical horrors to what has an awful and dismal simplicity of its own, and stands in no need of false terrors. One of these days we shall think with contempt and repulsion of this scenical mourning.

Some sort of interest seemed to have roused Diana on this dismal morning; and when she heard the trampling of horses, the sound of wheels, and the low voices outside (the housekeeper told it below), she said in a low tone, “Do the hounds meet here again?” and then went over softly to the window. “The poor, poor orphan!” said the housekeeper, weeping herself; “*God knows the sight she saw then!*” Solemn

nodding plumes, and white linen, and a glistening black wain, and the other awful paraphernalia. The place was peopled, crowded, with the sable mourners. Where was the cheerful and lively scarlet? Diana gave a piteous scream, and with her hands covering her pale face, flew to the door. There she was stopped: two stiff arms—soft and gentle to her—wound themselves about her; a stiff voice, grown tremulous with emotion, received her. Mrs. Bligh, filled with grief and pity for this deserted child, had her to her heart, and there, at this cold region, Diana seemed to find a faint glimpse of comfort; a few whispered words did more. For the first time, frantic bursts of tears came.

"You are not alone, darling," said the softened lady. "We cannot make up for him—for his loss; but would it not grieve his noble heart if he knew you were in this state? Think of *that*, when you feel this despair coming back to you."

There was not much in this: the most irresistible syllogism loses its force before the gentle argument of grief. Yet Diana often turned back to that moment, and that not injudicious speech of the comforter had some little effect. There were acts of kindness which often came back on Diana when this dismal time was afar off, lost in mist, like a cold chilling mountain seen at the end of a distant landscape. She had no trouble now, no work, no terrible responsibility, "which would have killed her." She remembered how those friends "had done everything," settled everything—Robert Bligh and Mrs. Bligh. Lady Margaret had indeed made protest and shown battle, but it was short. Mrs. Bligh was utterly changed, so was Robert; both were firm and efficient. Poor Mr. Bowman, with equal powers, was a cipher. No matter what one's office may be, it is the man that gives it influence. Those who had business *would* look to Mr. Bligh in spite of all Mr. Bowman's—or rather Lady Margaret's—self-assertion.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT.

BUT now these times are long passed by. The dead past has buried itself. The lugubrious days are locked up in a gloomy room and closet like the old plate—locked up now three, going on to four, years. So do we look back at a dreadful night—a night of shadows and horrors. But the young will be young; and our Diana was now recovered and grown very grave, and sober, and demure; and, in the half-mourning which she wore still, was beginning to discover that she was now a person of some importance. She was like one awaking, and even alarmed at her new responsibilities. It filled her mind, and prevented her thinking. But the picture in the hunting-coat—the artist's worst work; it was not a Velasquez or a Titian—precious to her, with all its flaming reds, as her whole estate. The likeness was tolerable; nothing could tone-down the fiery coat; but she always gave a little shudder as she came

up to it—for the dogs and the whip, these recalled rather too much. Her position was indeed curious, and a little embarrassing. She had literally no female relations, and for a young girl this was awkward. Gradually it was noticed how she had fallen under Mrs. Bligh's directions. Lady Margaret was unwearied in her attentions; rustling and bustling in, and dragging with her Mr. Bowman, under cloak of his office as "the executor." Many were the lectures she gave that unhappy gentleman on the duties of that unlucky office.

"I wish to God," he often said in private, "that Gay had let me alone. That Bligh has done everything—a most sensible long-headed fellow."

"Yes," said Lady Margaret with some scorn, "which *you* are not. Can you do nothing for Canning? Why, another man with such advantages would never be out of the house a moment!"

Diana did not suspect their movements, but she rather shrank from Lady Margaret and her "bustling" way. It overpowered her; she shrank from any work, which somehow seemed associated with her lost father; she was delighted to be relieved. And thus, during the course of those three dismal years, she could do nothing without Mrs. Bligh. To Mrs. Bligh, indeed, she had gone; and a hundred little matters of business had been arranged by Robert, who was unwearied in his office. This involved much trouble and even interruptions to his profession: for the late Squire Gay's affairs had been left in some confusion, though not what is called embarrassed. There was a lawsuit, which Bligh adroitly, and after much difficulty and negotiation, succeeded in arranging.

Mr. Lugard senior was very pleasant on these friendly offices, and not at all restrained in his remarks. Many heard him at the various dinner-parties dwelling pleasantly on the "cleverness" of that lady, and the "invasion," as he called it. "Really, it was scarcely fair; a poor thing left in that way, and no one to look after her or protect her."

At last, one morning—or one week rather—Diana seemed to rouse herself, and the world to open again before her. The sun was shining, the broad acres of fair grass, of noble trees, spread away before her. The hideous dream was gone; she must begin to live again. That dear lost one was not to be thought of with horror or awe; but was now laid in softer, tender colours. And thus she was seen driving about, asking after this and that, even writing letters; she would soon be her old self. Now the sense of proprietorship was breaking on her gradually; and when she was addressed as "mistress," or asked for her directions, it was curious to see her face striving to compose itself to gravity and importance.

Three years, then, had gone by, and one morning the unaccustomed sounds of a horse galloping up the avenue are heard. Alas for the old days of the meet on the lawn—the overcrowded stables, the band of grooms, helpers, and the rest!

Diana was in, and was told there was a gentleman in the library who wished to see her. She had duties cast on her now; so she went down with as grave a face as she could compose; she was even a little merry. She gave a cry of surprise; she knew the gentleman, though he was altered—grown taller, larger, and “harder.” It was Richard Lugard, Captain Lugard.

“O Dick, Dick!” she cried, “I am so glad!”

Somehow he seemed connected with the old, old times and the dear lost one, and her eyes filled with tears.

“I am so glad to see you,” said Lugard kindly. “It is *so* long ago, and so much has happened since—to *me*, I mean,” he added hastily. “They told you all that?”

“Yes, I heard,” she said, “about your marriage.”

“Yes,” he said in his old manner; “that was a fine thing for me, as they considered it—getting an heiress, and selling myself into a low, mean, huckstering family. I feel ashamed, I blush for myself, when I think of what I have done.”

Diana looked at him a little alarmed.

“What, poor Kitty,” she says, “Kitty Crowder? With all her faults, she was good, very good; indeed she was.”

“I don’t complain of her; she can only act according to her lights and the way she was brought up—foolishly enough, hungering after admiration, and being ‘fast,’ as they call it. I don’t care for *that*; and she is welcome. But the others—her vile family, that low father! it is agony to me. You don’t know *what* I suffer, Diana, and what *you* have made me suffer.”

Again Diana started; but she understood. Her eyes fell on the ground.

“You know what I am,” he went on; “my nature, my faults, my follies. It is entering into my very soul—their arrogance, and the *slavery* of it; for I am helpless. I *must* depend on them. And even now, what has brought me over here—even in that I must depend on *him*.”

“What?” said Diana eagerly.

“You have not heard?” he went on. “Why, the election. Don’t you know that Hodges the member has died? and my father telegraphed to me over in Ireland, and here I am. I am determined to succeed in *that*. It will take off my thoughts from this mean servility, and perhaps help me to independence. It is my only salvation. And you, dear Diana, though you have shown that you dislike me, will help me in this, I know?”

“Indeed I will, Richard,” said she warmly, and giving him her hand; “and I pity you from my heart—*indeed* I do; and if I could help you—”

“Ah, you *could* have done *that*,” he said bitterly; “you know we are old friends, and were children, and played on that lawn together;

so I can speak to you freely. You refused me. It was a pity—for *me*, I mean; for it has wrecked more than one life. I don't know *why* you did it, and it is no matter now. I daresay because you liked *him*, as they all say you do."

"Say I do? Who, pray?" asked Diana.

"The people—the neighbours. I have been hearing of nothing else since last night. 'What will she do?' 'O, that depends on Mr. Robert Bligh and his mamma.' One fellow said that it was all settled already, as good as signed and sealed."

"It is quite false," said Diana, colouring; "utterly untrue. It is cruel and unkind."

"No, it is not," said Lugard gravely; "it is time you should know. I am married, so *I* can have no motive. I have known you so long, I can speak plainly. I tell you, Diana, I have been astonished, amazed, during the few hours I have been down here. It is Bligh here, Bligh there. The dear name of *Gay* will soon not be heard at all. Times are changed indeed. Poor old Gay Court!—It is my duty to speak to you, to warn you. Your name is too precious to be made so free with. You are young, but not so young as to be handed over helplessly—not to be able to write a letter, or settle your own business without the influence of a clever barrister and his more clever mamma, who may have her own ends in view."

"No, no. She has been so kind," said Diana hesitatingly.

"The end in view is her son, for whom she would sacrifice all, and stick at nothing. I know women. I haven't tramped from garrison to garrison without learning something. They say you are under their thumb, and this estate is no longer yours, but *his*—or as good as his."

The colour came and went from Diana's cheeks. She had never been spoken to in this way before.

"There," he went on, his eyes sparkling; "so much for duty, and old regard, and affection, as we call it; for that I shall always have for you, Diana, whatever becomes of me, or however miserable I am. And now, if you are not angry, give me your promise that you will do what you can to help a poor old friend like me. Ah, but I know! *They* will not let you. *They* have the disposal, I suppose, of any interest that is going."

"I promise you," said Diana, with a little toss of her head. "You may depend on *me*, Richard."

"And Lord Bellman, who is going to build the new house there, will help me, I think."

At this moment the door was opened, and a dark figure entered. He too started with surprise when she saw Lugard.

"How do you do?" she said coldly. "I thought you were in Ireland."

"So I was, Mrs. Bligh," he answered; "but there is a good through

service, which brought me here in a very few hours. I had an object in coming. Mrs. Bligh—not to lose a moment—I hope you are speaking to the future member for Calthorpe.”

And he made her a low and sarcastic bow.

Something like a flush came into Mrs. Bligh's well-dimpled cheeks. She could not answer.

“There's my horse getting chilled,” he said; “it's my good father's animal. It just suits him, you know. I never saw anyone getting so stout as he is! But I shall tell him some good news; it will put him in excellent humour. If he could only keep his shape as well as he does those beautiful teeth! I wish I had as good, Mrs. Bligh.—You have sent me away quite happy, Diana, now that you have given me your promise: good-bye.”

And he went out, giving Mrs. Bligh a look half of exultation, half of defiance.

Lugard rode away with great satisfaction. His father would have said he was now getting sense and a little wit; but his father, now that Dick was married, was looking out for someone to take care of himself.

“My dear friend,” he said, “now that we have *swarmed* you, as the bee-people say, and sent you out to another hive, I must really look seriously to myself. In twenty years or so I shall be an old man, and want someone to look after flannels, and all that sort of thing—someone really nice, and with good blood and a title, if possible. My dear boy, you would be neither said nor led: you would rush on. If you had only waited! But no matter now; only, if you watch me, you may learn a lesson that will be useful on another occasion.”

Poor Dick Lugard! Everyone knew his story: how he had been refused by Diana—*she* had not betrayed it; it is wonderful how these things *do* get out—and how he had made such an *awful* mistake, being bought by those low Crowders, as they would have bought a ton of their best and closest boiler-copper. *They* took it out of him, for they got no money, and it was said gave him very little, all Kitty's being “tied up” jealously and strictly by a knavish family attorney. The self-willed Richard had managed it all himself, and had disdained the services of his father's family solicitor, and had employed a “swell” London attorney, who had been very useful to him.

“With all my heart,” had said his father. “As you make your bed, my boy, so you must lie on it.”

When he had left Gay Court, Mrs. Bligh stood beside Diana, and looked at her with a little wonder. Diana was flushed and confused, and even somewhat angry. The thought in her mind was, that a lady, an heiress possessing this vast power and estates, should have her name sacred, not be talked of in such a manner. This was indeed a scrap of her dear old father's wisdom, which she cherished like a verse of Scripture:

"You know, pet, when they have put me by in the old oak box, you'll have a very hard little card of your own to play. There is no one to help you. My God! what I ought to have done ten years ago was to have married some good woman, though indeed it would have gone against me. But, mind, be very careful, popsy; for you'll be well watched."

At last Mrs. Bligh spoke. "I was coming to tell you this very news. I have telegraphed to Robert from his circuit. At last his long-delayed opportunity has arrived, and my dear boy has well deserved it. I shall live to see him in Parliament, thank God!"

Diana was still confused, still flushed.

"I hope he will succeed," she said; "that is, I mean—poor Richard Lugard has just been here. O, you would pity him, you would indeed. All his life has been shipwrecked. He has been sacrificed for money; all his best hopes gone!"

"What," said Mrs. Bligh coldly, "does *he* mean? does he dare to set himself up here in *that* way? If he has any *real* friend that commiserates him, he will dissuade him from that exhibition and certain failure."

"O, he will *not* fail," said Diana eagerly. "He *must* not; *we* will all help him."

At this strange turn Mrs. Bligh started.

"Help him!" she repeated. "*Help him! What! was that the promise?*"

Diana grew desperate. She thought of "the reports," of her own dignity, of her dear father's caution; and with a trembling voice she said, "What I mean is, dear Mrs. Bligh, here am I in a very solitary, awkward position. No relation in the world *now*—none whatever; and dearest papa cautioned me,—you know he did, Mrs. Bligh. So I think it would be better, far better, that we were not mixed up in this affair at all. I am very young."

Mrs. Bligh was measuring her suspiciously, but she was much relieved. "Quite right, my dear child. You are always sensible; and it can be very well managed. Robert is very clever. You needn't appear at all; and there are ways of doing this. Poor fellow! at this moment he is posting on here. It has been the dream of his life, or one of them. It will make him so happy."

Her eyes were fixed on Diana, as if she was refuting some delusion or impression she saw in the young girl's mind. Diana looked restless, and moved her foot a little impatiently. The head presently gave a little toss.

"Shan't we go out and drive?" she said suddenly. "I have never visited Warrenhurst and the tenants of that part of the estate."

Mrs. Bligh went reflectively away to get her bonnet. This looked as though the little lady had at last roused herself, and was going to take the command. She was more surprised during the drive, when Diana went into cottages and spoke to "her tenants" with a pleasant little air of patronage.

CHAPTER III.

THE RIVALS.

JUST before dinner-time that evening came driving up their old friend Robert—a little more thoughtful and solid in his air, having encountered many stiff cases and stiff witnesses since that fatal hunting-day. He was now indeed not a “rising junior,” as some of his rivals called him, but a leading junior. On a circuit that means a great deal; and a clever leading junior is more useful to a solicitor than a leading Q.C., of which pattern there are plenty always in stock. Robert explained all this to Diana at dinner that day. He had indeed grown gayer and more experienced in human nature. He was full of excitement now.

“We have only one other M.P. on our circuit. It will be a grand thing for us. Bullock says it is the first step on the ladder, but I think it looks more like the last. When *that* comes, I think we may kick away the ladder for good. We have lots of money. We shall fight the battle with spirit—poll to the last man, whoever opposes, if anyone does.”

“If anyone!” repeated Diana, laughing. “Why, haven’t you heard?”

“I have not had time to tell him,” said Mrs. Bligh. “What do you think of your old friend, Richard Lugard? He’s posted here express. He says he will poll to the last man also.”

Robert looked from one to the other, a little taken back.

“He can hardly be serious,” he said; “though he is quite welcome, of course. Still, he will lose his time and money; for I suppose *that* is what he will go on.”

“O, it will be great fun,” said Diana, laughing, “to see a contest of this sort; and between you too, the old friends, the old enemies.”

“His father, or someone who knows him, should dissuade him,” said Robert, still thinking. “It would be only kindness; for I know he can have no chance. Why, with Lord Bellman against him, and all this estate against him—”

“O, as for *that*,” said Diana, with a wise air of reflection and statesmanship, “I don’t know. As yet, you see—”

“Don’t know?” said Robert, looking round with surprise. “Why, mother dear, you told me—”

“So I did, Robert; and I confess I do not see what the meaning of this change is.”

“Now, there!” said Diana fretfully; “who is changed or changing? All I want is to be a little free, and choose for myself. I must be canvassed regularly. You know, Robert Bligh, I am in a very responsible position now, and Richard is an old friend too; and I must say, if you *are* this terrible Radical that would cut up and divide all our estates—”

Mrs. Bligh looked dark. Robert laughed very heartily; this notion so amused him.

"I see—I understand," he said. "It is quite right. I must submit my principles to a test. By the way, do you know the office I have laid out for myself this little vacation, Miss Diana? I mean to get all the papers below in proper order—sift, sort them all, so that you can put your hand on any you want at once; and having done that duty, I shall give you a proper account of my stewardship. I have some little surprises for you, Miss Diana."

"How kind, how good you have been to me!" said Diana gratefully and warmly. "Indeed, I know it, and—"

There was a cheerful voice outside. "May I come in uninvited? What, the *other* candidate! How *are* you, Bligh? There you are, the same; as it now is and ever shall be! Look at him, casting up the lot, to see are the figures right, or has he got me somewhere? Well, Robert, do you find me changed?"

Bligh was looking at him, and did think him changed. He had got older-looking and coarser-looking; his eyes were wilder and freer; his face much tanned, his bearing more reckless, which was not too strong a word.

"I hear you have married since," said Robert quietly, when the other had sat down and joined the party.

"Well, *that's* not such a wonder. So many people come up to me with a smirk and say, 'O, so you have been married since!' as if it was some sly business, and that I had done it secretly, and wished it not to be known, but that *they* had found it out. You know that sort of air. It's insufferable, and insupportably impertinent. Mind, I don't mean *you*, Bligh, but in the outsiders."

"Of course not," said Robert gravely.

"Of course not," repeated Lugard, with a half-insolent glance at Diana, and as though he meant "of course *yes*." "Well, but what about *you*, my friend? what are these stories?"

"What stories?" said Bligh calmly.

"All right, then, since you *want* to know. I came down in the rain with a dry and mouldy father-in-law sort of man. I soon made him out to be a barrister. Now, who do you think he was?"

"Mr. Bullock," said Bligh quietly. "He came down here a day or two ago."

"Divination! positive divination! Wonderful man! It was Bullock, a Q.C. He told me all about himself, and his retiring from the profession, having made a colossal fortune."

Diana was looking from one to the other with a little surprise.

"And then he came to speak of his daughter. Ah, *that* touches! Look at him! I'm no lawyer, but I found it all out. He took quite a liking to me, and became so confidential. No wonder, after four hours in the train."

"But what did he tell you about his daughter?" said Diana curiously. "I never heard—"

"O no, no," said Lugard in the same mocking tone; "I daresay not. These things are done so slyly. You can't imagine how confidential the old fellow and I got. As I say, I remembered all about him and our friend, the moment I saw the name. He warmed up at once about him and about *Helen*. It was *Helen* here and *Helen* there, and *Robert*, every minute. Nice goings on—nice doings! Thirty thousand pounds!"

"Pon my word," said Bligh smiling, "he must have told you a deal, and you certainly made good use of your time."

"I don't know about *that*," said Lugard carelessly, and rising to open the door for the ladies. "That is as may be. Ah, Mr. Robert, nice goings on! Snug and quiet too. But I didn't tell all that the old fellow told."

"Folly!" said Bligh, going over to the fire. "Now, I want to speak to you in earnest. You are not serious in coming here to get up a contest. I mean, you can't really hope to have any success."

Lugard, just filling himself some wine, kept the decanter suspended, and looked at Bligh from foot to head.

"I am serious in every step I take. Why should you suppose that I should take the trouble of carrying out a jest of that sort with *you*?"

"That I can't undertake to explain," said Bligh hastily. "Only I think it is scarcely fair of you to put one to all this expense and trouble, without the slightest chance of success, merely to gratify a—a—"

"Gratify a what? Pray don't think *that*. To gratify myself, if you like. No chance of success! What vanity and rubbish! Excuse me saying so, my dear Bligh. Your little success at the Bar seems to have quite inflated you. Why shouldn't I compete with you? Are you exclusive cock of the walk here, in this county? Am I not on my own ground? My father's land is close by here. While you—excuse me reminding you of it—have not a rood in the county. Your mother has a garden and a paddock, or something of the sort—"

"O, I know that, of course," said Bligh; "only after your knowing that I intended it, and having taken so much trouble—"

"Well, I intended it all along too, and I shall take trouble too."

"Well, I tell you as a friend," said Bligh, "you may be wasting your time and trouble for nothing. Of course you can take your own way. I have made the ground tolerably sure; and really, in the face of all the support I have—"

"O, I see," said Lugard, turning round in his chair and looking at him again from foot to head, "you count on *her*, the young lady of the house? That is bold of you, at any rate. You managed well, I hear, Master Robert—taken the whole concern into your own hands already—the estate, the affairs; and now you think *you* must represent us in it, having such a *probable* stake in the county."

these things seem in your mind, certainly, and I give you every notice—expect no quarter
e.”

“Who wants it?” said the other. “You’ve not got me before you of your fusty courts of law, that you can hector and always have word. Come, let us go into the drawing-room, unless you want ine. I don’t.”

Richard talked a great deal to Diana that night, sitting in a fa-
pose of his—stooping low, his head reclining on his hand, and
into her face. The mother and son sat apart, and looking over,
Richard’s face playing with various expressions. Amusement, sym-
interest, demureness—all followed each other in that expressive
Diana was so glad to see her old friend, whom she had not
so long, and who indeed had paid her the best compliment in
er.

For a while Robert rose, and said he would go downstairs “to
for “a field-night,” as he called it, “among the papers.”

“How kind of you!” said Diana. “I often thought of doing so
but the very sight of those dusty old papers would make me

. Bligh gave him a strange look, which seemed to order him to
; but Bligh would go to his office.

“What’s this about papers?” asked Richard Lugard with a curious
he rose to go for the night.

“He is so kind!” said Diana. “I can’t tell you the trouble he
en. He is now going to set all my poor darling’s papers in
quite neat and nice, for me; so that I shall have no trouble, and

"O, Richard!" Diana said, greatly shocked.

"No: and what is more, a privilege he'd have too much delicacy to ask for, unless of course—and that's all a different matter—unless the request *was* true: and then of course—"

Mr. Langford went away that night in great spirits. He enjoyed his work, and sang as he went home. Robert sat into the watches of the night in his work, delving among the old letters and documents which the late squire had left in sad confusion. He was not quite so cheerful as Richard. He had been, in truth, much taken aback by the sudden appearance of his old schoolfellow in the character of an opponent. He had indeed, reckoned on a smooth pleasant progress. It seemed to *run* badly. Diana went to her room, very grave and thoughtful. For the first time she felt worried, and had begun to know what the world was.

VIOLETS AT HOME

I.

O HAPPY buds of violet!

I give them to my sweet, and she
Puts them where something sweeter yet
Must always be.

II.

White violets find whiter rest;
For fairest flower how fair a fate!
For me remain, O fragrant breast!
Inviolatè.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

DEAD-SEA FRUIT

like a scene in an opera,' cried Madame Carlitz. It was evident the scene awakened no higher emotion.

On a set were only manageable at the Bonbonnière enough depth for this kind of thing. That is what I meant by depth.'

I answered almost sadly, 'that is what we want—the moonlight effect is only a question of green gauzes and gels. I think, by the bye, we make our moonlights wonder whether Mr. Fresko has ever *seen* the moon in his evenings in the theatre, smoking and drinking in the smoking-room, or hanging about the side-scenes, smelling the tobacco. I really doubt if he has ever seen it. But I can't afford to change him for a better painter. He is exquisite. He was painting a tapestried drawing-room when I left London—a scene that will enchant you. The draperies are to be blue watered silk—real silk, you know. The back doors at the back will open into a garden of real flowers. I have had my florist to supply them; but he is rather an impressionist, who is always wanting sums on account.'

'What is the piece?' I asked.

'The piece is a pretty-enough little trifle,' the lady replied with carelessness; '*The Marquis of Yesterday*, a vaudeville of the recent period, adapted from Scribe. Of course, I am to play the Marquis.'

At this I would fain have become more sentimental. The soft light, the deep mysterious shadows, the glimpse of ocean—these to that dreamy sentimentality which is of earth's transient pleasures the most delightful. But Madame Carlitz was not sentimental. To shine, to astonish, to enchant—these to her were too easy. The melting mood was out of her line. And she fooled me by her charming air of sympathy, I felt, even in the face of my delusion, a vague sense that it was all stage-play, the looks and tones which thrilled my senses, and almost that finer sense I had been taught to call my soul, were the same as the looks and tones which the dramatic critics praised in the finished work of the Bonbonnière.

'I am any right to be angry with her if she was all falsehood, if there was so little reality in my own *faute* sentimentality and the flatteries? No; I am not angry. I encountered the enchantment but a few nights ago in society, and said to myself wonder how I almost loved you.'

He woke, and smiled upon us with his genial smile, as we rehearsed in the pretty lamp-lit room.

And you two children been rehearsing the balcony scene in the

moonlight?" he cried. And then we went back to our London talk and London scandal, and H. told us some admirable stories, more or less embellished by a glowing imagination; and Mrs. H. simpered placidly, just as she had simpered at dinner; and madame contradicted her friend, and laughed at him, and interrupted him by delicious mimicry of his *dramatis personæ*, and behaved altogether in a most fascinating manner.

"I went home slowly in the moonlight, meditating on my evening's entertainment.

'Have I been happy?' I asked myself. 'No. I have been only amused; and I have come to that period in which little beyond amusement is possible for me.'

"And all my dreams had resolved themselves into this! My Cynthia was not to be found on earth; and the next best thing to the spirit that walks as free as air the clouds among, was—an elegant and fashionable actress.

"My evening had been very pleasant to me; and I was angry with myself, disappointed with myself, because it had been so.

"I thought of Byron. It was not till his star was waning that he found that one companion spirit who was to console him for the brilliant miseries of his career.

'Numa was an old man when he met his Egeria,' I said to myself. 'Perhaps for me too the divine nymph will appear in life's dreary twilight.'

"I found that my poor C. had been sorely distressed, and even alarmed, by my unwonted absence; and I had no choice but to burden my conscience with a falsehood, or to make her unhappy by the confession that I had been beguiled into the forgetfulness of time in the society of a more fascinating person than her poor, pretty, sentimental self.

'I found my friend T. at his hut beyond D—— H——,' I said; 'and the fellow insisted on my dining with him.'

"My simple-minded C. had implicit faith in my word, even after that *one* broken promise which had caused this poor child so many tears.

'I am so glad you found an old friend,' she said; 'but O, H., I cannot tell you what I have suffered in all these long hours! There is no terrible accident which I have not pictured to myself. I thought how you might lose your footing in the narrow path at the edge of the cliff; I thought you might have been tempted to go round by the sands, and that the tide had risen before you could reach G——. I sent D. to look for you.'

"I told her that on another occasion she must disturb herself with no such fear, and hinted that as E. T. was a very intimate and affectionate friend, I might find myself compelled to dine with him occasionally during his stay.

st enchanting of the papilionaceous tribe. I, the *blase* world-flattered myself to be caught in that airy net. Most completely deluded by her smile of welcome; the sweet low voice, that grew sweeter when she talked with me; the tender tones in which the enchantress confessed her love for these wild, romantic hills; the unexpected happiness she had found amongst these hills; the disinclination—nay, indeed, the positive disgust which she contemplated her approaching return to London;—the meretricious charms of the accomplished coquette had given place to the tender grace, the almost divine loveliness of the woman. I had for the first time discovers that she possesses a heart, and who becomes aware of that possession in the hour in which she loses her.

I must not be supposed that I yielded to this new influence without a weak struggle. Every night I went back to my eyrie determined to see the divine Carlitz no more. Every morning I found C.'s face more hopelessly dull, and was fain to take refuge in a mountain ramble.

Unhappily, the ramble always ended at the same spot. I had been offered some of the sweetest flatteries ever shaped by woman's lips; but the lovely proprietress of the Bonbonnière was mistress of the art, and her flatteries were more subtle than words. She fooled me to the top of my bent. C. was day by day more neglected; my books were abandoned; my ambitions, my plans, for the time utterly forgotten. I had found the supreme bliss of the Sybarite's life—amusement. And my vanity was flattered by the idea that I was beloved by a woman whose name was synonymous with the word 'the charm.'

fire safe: and I told myself that these signs and tokens which I beheld with such rapture were the evidence of a disinterested affection.

"I remembered the lady's elegant insolence in the greenroom of the Bonbonnière: and it pleased me to think that I had humbled so proud a spirit.

"Whether the sentiment which this most fascinating woman inspired in my mind was ever more than gratified vanity, I know not. For the moment it seemed a deeper feeling; and in thought and word I was already inconstant to that poor child whom I had loved so fondly, so purely, so truly. when we walked, hand locked in hand, on that lovely English shore beyond the little town of B——.

"I hated myself for my inconstancy, but was still inconstant. This woman had a thousand arts and witcheries wherewith to beguile me from my better self. Or were not all her witcheries comprised in one profound and simple art?—SHE FLATTERED ME.

"It is needless to dwell long upon this my second disappointment in affairs of the heart. The net was spread for me; and, unsuspecting as Agamemnon, I allowed this fair Clytemnestra to entangle me in her fatal web before she gave me the *coup de grâce*.

"Every morning I found some fresh excuse for spending my day in her society. We went upon all manner of excursions, with Mr. and Mrs. H. to play propriety. Any fragment of Gothic tower or ruined stone wall within twenty miles of E. T.'s small domain served as a pretext for a long drive and an impromptu picnic. We went fishing in a rough yacht, and brought up monsters in the way of star-fish and dog-fish, sword-fish and jelly-fish, from the briny deep; but rarely succeeded in securing any piscatorial prize of an edible nature.

'I don't exactly know what kind of thing we are fishing for,' H. said piteously; 'but if the boat is to be filled with these savage reptiles, I should be obliged if you would allow me to be put on shore at the earliest opportunity.'

"In all our rambles, madame's gaiety and good-humour were the chief source of our delight. Her animal spirits were inexhaustible; and for me alone were reserved those occasional touches of sentiment which, in a creature so gay, possessed an unspeakable charm. Her accomplishments were of the highest order, but her reading very little. Yet by her exquisite tact and *savoir-faire*, she made even her ignorance bewitching. And then she had the art of seeming so interested in every subject her companion started, and would listen to my prosiest rhapsody with eyes of mute eloquence, and parted lips that seemed tremulous with suppressed emotion.

"One day, after she had been even more than usually vivacious and enchanting, during a little open-air repast among the most uninteresting ruins in A——, I was surprised, and indeed mystified, by a sudden change in her manner.

"We had wandered away from the ruins, leaving H. and his placid



Louis Huard, del

MADAME CARLITZ.

BELGRAVIA

APRIL 1868

DEAD-SEA FRUIT

A. Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI. "INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM."

DREW aside the *portière* and looked into the room. She was there—Carlitz—nestling in a deep easy-chair, with that perfect arm—a rounded line was accentuated by the tight-fitting sleeve of her silk dress—flung above her head in an attitude expressive of distress. She was not alone. In a chair almost as comfortable as her own sat a portly gentleman of middle age, upon whose handsome countenance good-nature had set a stamp unmistakable even by the keenest observer. This gentleman was happily no stranger to me. I met him in London, and knew him as the guide, philosopher, friend, and financial agent of Madame Carlitz; at once the Mazarin and the Colbert of that fair despot.

The divinity arched her eyebrows in lazy surprise as I crossed the threshold.

'I really believe it is someone we know, H.,' she said to her friend with delightful insolence.

Mr. H. received me with more cordiality. I had seen a good deal of him in London during the previous season. E. T. and he were old allies. H. had been lieutenant in a regiment of the line, and, after wasting a small patrimony, had sold his commission and turned stock-player. His intimates called him Captain H. and Gentleman H., for he was a man who in the whole of his careless career had neither made a friend nor made an enemy. To Madame Carlitz he was invaluable. The divinity had of late years taken it into her splendid head to set up a temple of her own, whereby the little Sheppard's-alley theatre, the most battered old wooden box that ever held a metropolitan audience, had been transformed, at the cost of some thousands,

into a fairy temple of cream-coloured panelling, and white-satin hangings, powdered with golden butterflies; and was now known to the fashionable world, whose carriages and cabs blocked Sheppard's-alley and overflowed into Wild's-corner, as the Royal Bonbonnière Opera-house.

"Here Carlitz had sung and acted in delicious little operettas imported from her native shores, to the delight of the world in general—always excepting those stupid people, the builders and decorators and upholsterers who had effected the transformation that made Sheppard's-alley and Wild's-corner the haunt of rank and fashion, and who had not received any pecuniary reward for their labours. To keep these people at bay, or, it is possible, to reduce their claims to something like reason, Madame Carlitz employed my friend H., who of all men was best adapted to pour oil upon the stormy ocean of a creditor's mind. He was the enchantress's *alter ego*, opening and sifting her letters, arranging her starring engagements, choosing her pieces, managing her theatre, and receiving, with imperturbable temper, the torrents of her wrath when she was pleased to be angry. Nor were the proprieties outraged by an alliance so pure. H. was one of those men who are by nature fatherly—nay, almost motherly—in their treatment of women. No scandal had ever tarnished his familiar name. He had that tender, half-quixotic gallantry which is never allied with vice. He was the idol of old women and children, the pride of a doting mother, and the sovereign lord of a commonplace little woman whom he had taken for his wife.

"It was to this gentleman that I owed my right to approach Madame Carlitz. E. T. had obtained my admission to the side-scenes of the Bonbonnière, and had induced H. to present me to the lovely manageress who was unapproachable as royalty. My introduction obtained for me only some ten minutes' converse with the presiding genius of the temple but so supreme an honour was even this small privilege, that E. T. hastened to borrow a couple of hundred from me while my gratitude was yet warm.

"It will be seen, therefore, that I had little justification for intruding on the lady now, beyond the loneliness of the country in which I found her, and the primitive habits there obtaining.

"After I had been a second time presented by H.—the lady having quite forgotten my presentation in Sheppard's-alley—madame received me with more warmth than she had deigned to evince for me in the greenroom of the Bonbonnière.

'These hills are so dreadfully dreary, and we are so glad to see any one who can give us news,' she said with agreeable candour.

"And then H. explained how it fell out that I met them there. Madame had been knocked-up with the season—six new operettas, the lovely *prima donna* singing in two pieces every night, and *never* disappointing her public, which master this fair Carlitz served faithfully.

fully and constantly throughout her career—and the doctors had ordered change of scene and quiet—no Switzerland, no Italy, no German spa, but a sheltered hermitage far from the busy haunts of men and the halting-places of stage-coaches.

"On hearing this, E. T. had offered his mountain-shanty—poor accommodation, but scenery and air unmatched in any other spot of earth. Madame Carlitz had been enraptured by the idea. E. T.'s hut was the place of places. She felt herself refreshed and invigorated by the very thought of the mountains and the sea. She would wait for no preparations, no fuss. She would take her own maid, and a couple of women for the house—servants in those mountain-districts must be such barbarous creatures—and Parker her butler, and a page or so, and a dozen or two trunks, and her favourite dogs, and her own particular phaeton and ponies, and her piano, and nothing more. Mr. and Mrs. H. must of course go with her, to keep house, and to write to people in London, and prevent the possibility of her being pursued by bills and tiresome letters, and so on.

"H. consented to this, and arranged the journey with infinite patience and good-humour, suppressing the unnecessary adjuncts of the convoy, and reducing the luggage to limits that were almost within the bounds of reason. All this he told me, as we strolled on the lawn before dinner.

'She—well, she very nearly swore at me when I told her she mustn't bring her piano,' said Mr. H.; 'a concert grand, you know, about seven feet long. And then she stood out for bringing her man Parker, the greatest thief and scoundrel in Christendom; and the ponies, and a groom, who sits behind her when she drives; but I fought my ground inch by inch, sir, and here we are. Madame has her own maid, and her lap-dogs; I have hired a stout country girl for the kitchen, and we do the rest of the housework ourselves. And, egad, madame likes it. She dusts and arranges the rooms, and so forth, with her own hands, and sings and dances about the house more deliciously than ever she sang or danced on the boards of the Bonbonnière. She has developed a genius for cooking: puts on a big holland apron, and tosses an omelet, or fries a dish of trout, with the art of a Vatel, and the grace of a Hebe. I never knew half her fascination until we came here; and I think, if her London admirers could see her, they would be more madly in love with her than ever.'

"They invited me to dine. Mrs. H. made her appearance before dinner—a most amiable inanity, fat, fair, and thirty, with innocent flaxen curls, blue ribbons in her cap, and a babified simpering face; the sort of woman whose presence at a dinner-table, or in a drawing-room, one can only remember by perpetual mental effort. Happily she did not demand much attention, but was content to sit still and simper at her husband's jokes and madame's 'agreeable rattle.'

"We talked of everything and everybody. The divine Carlitz, who

in her audience-chamber at the Bonbonnière had received me with such chilling courtesy, was now cordial and familiar as friendship itself. Our conversation developed innumerable points of sympathy between us: mutual likings, mutual antipathies—all of the most frivolous kind, for the world of Estelle Carlitz was a world of trifles; a universe of cashmere-shawls, pug-dogs, airy ballads, dainty pony carriages, diamonds, and strawberries and cream. I have since heard that beneath that snowy breast, whereon bright gems seemed to shine with intenser brightness, there beat a heart full of generous pity for her own sex, though hard as adamant for ours.

"To me, upon this particular evening, in this lonely mountain-retreat, she was delightful. The dinner was excellent—simplicity itself, but served with a rustic grace that might have charmed Savarin or Alvanly. In my own eyrie the cuisine had been a lamentable failure; and the fact that it was so, may have somewhat contributed to the causes of that ever-increasing weariness of spirit which had been my portion in these mountain regions. At five-and-twenty a man can endure a good deal in this way. I was no *gourmet*, though I had lived amongst men who, in the old Roman days, would have known by the flavour of their turbot whether it had been caught between the two bridges of Tiber—men who discussed the *menu* of a dinner with a solemnity that would have sufficed for the forming of a Cabinet, and arranged the importation of a truffled turkey or a Strasburg pie with as much care as might have attended the dismissal of a secret emissary to the Jacobite court at Rome in the days of the first two Georges.

"H. dozed after dinner, worn out by a long morning's fishing; while Madame Carlitz and I trifled with our modest dessert, and slandered our London acquaintance. Between us we seemed to know everyone. The lady's knowledge of the great world was chiefly second-hand, it must be confessed, but she told me many facts relating to my intimate acquaintance that were quite new to me, and which might have made my hair stand on end, had I not happily outlived that period in which the secret records of our friends' lives have power either to shock or to astonish.

"Nothing could present a more piquant contrast to my poor C's plaintive looks and tones, and ill-concealed unhappiness, than the elegant vivacity of this most fascinating Carlitz. And to have found her thus remote from her usual surroundings, sequestered, unexpected, as mountain sylph, lent a positive enchantment to the whole affair.

"We went out on to the lawn in the tender moonlight, while Mrs. H. made tea for us at a pretty lamp-lit table, and that most amiable and inconsiderately-considerate H. slept on serenely in his comfortable chintz-covered easy-chair. We went out into that divine intoxicating light. The ripple of the waves sounded softly afar. A deep cleft in the mountain revealed a glimpse of moonlit water, and around and about us fell the shadows of the mighty hills.

wife calmly discussing a bottle of E. T.'s old Madeira. Slowly and silently we walked along a solitary path winding through the bosom of a most romantic glen. I was silent, in sympathy with my companion's unwonted thoughtfulness. Of my own feelings I had spoken to Estelle Carlitz in the vaguest terms. Close and constant as our companionship had been within these few weeks, we had never passed beyond the boundary-line of flirtation. Poetical and sentimental we had been, in all conscience; but our poetry and sentiment had been expressed by eloquent generalities that had committed neither of us. Yet I could not doubt that the lady numbered me among her slaves; and I dared to believe my bondage was not to be an utterly hopeless captivity.

'Can you imagine anything more beautiful than this secluded glen?' said Madame Carlitz suddenly. 'One can scarcely fancy it a part of the same world which contains that noisy whirlpool London. I cannot tell you how this place has made me hate London. I wish E. T. had never offered me his house. What good have I done myself by coming here? I shall only feel the contrast between perfect peace and unceasing care more keenly when I go back to all my old troubles. It would have been wiser to stay in town, and go on acting, until I realised the dismal prophecies of my medical advisers. If I am doomed to die in harness, my life might as well end one year as another. What does it matter?'

'The words were commonplace enough of themselves, but from the lips of Carlitz the commonest words were magical as the strains of Arion to kindly Dolphin—musical as the seven-stringed lyre with whose strains Terpander healed the wounds of civil war.

'Do you really mean that you have been happy here among these rugged mountains and barren valleys—you?'

'Me—I, who speak to you. Happy! Ah, but too happy!' murmured the divine Estelle in tones of profoundest melancholy. 'My life here has been like a pleasant dream; but it is over, and to-morrow I must set my face towards London.'

'To-morrow!' I exclaimed. 'Surely this is very sudden.'

'It is sudden,' answered madame with a short impatient sigh; 'but it is inevitable, as it seems. H. received letters this morning; all sorts of bills and lawyers' threats—horrors which I am incapable of comprehending. I must return; I must, if I die on the journey, *quand même*,' she cried, becoming less English as she became more energetic. 'They will have it, these harpies. I must open my theatre and begin my season, and have the air to gain money *à flots*. Then they will tranquillise themselves. H. will talk to them. This must be. Otherwise they will send their myrmidons here, and put me into their Clichy—their Bench.'

'I expressed my sympathy with all tenderness; but madame shook her head despairingly, and would not be consoled. I remembered the existence of the unknown Carlitz, and reflected that his accomplished

wife could scarcely be subject to the horror of imprisonment for debt while sheltered by the ægis of her coverture. But could I basely remind her of his obscure and obnoxious existence? Sentiment, chivalry, devotion, forbade so business-like a suggestion.

'My dear Estelle,' I murmured, 'remain in these tranquil regions till you grow weary of nature's solitude and my society. You need have no fear of your creditors while I have power to write a cheque.'

'I pressed the daintily-gloved hand that rested on my arm. It was the first time I had uttered her Christian name. Until this moment I had worshipped on my knees. But the tender down is brushed from the wings of Cupid when he rubs shoulders with Plutus.

'The divine Carlitz drew her hand from mine with a movement of outraged dignity.

'Do you think so meanly of me as *that*?' she asked proudly. 'Do you think I would borrow money from *you*?'

'The emphasis on the last word of the first sentence revealed the nobility of the speaker's mind; the emphasis on the last word of the second sentence went straight home to the—vanity—of the hearer.

'Estelle,' I exclaimed, 'you cannot refuse the poor service of my fortune! Can there be any question of obligation between you and me? Have you not taught me what it is to be happy?—have you not—'

'Idem, idem, idem. Why should I transcribe the milk-and-watery version of that old story, which is only worth telling when it is written in the heart's blood of an honest man? 'Tis said that Lucretius wrote only under the sway of a philtre, or a demon—that was half Apollo's poetic frenzy, half mortal madness; and he must needs be possessed who would breathe fire and life into this hackneyed, common story of a man's fancy for a pretty face, or a graceful figure, or the divine art of putting on a shawl, or so many guineas transmuted into a Parisian bonnet, or whatever the thing is which we call a woman.

'Deep or earnest feeling I had none. By nature I was inconstant. The love that had glorified the sands of B—— with a light that shone not from sun or moon, had faded from my life. Like a fair child who dies in early infancy, the god had vanished; and the memory of his sweet companionship alone remained to me. I think I had tried to fall in love with Estelle Carlitz, and had failed. But I was none the less anxious to win her regard. There is a fashion in these follies; and to have been beloved by the fair directress of the Bonbonnière would have given me *kudos* amongst my acquaintance of the clubs—nay, even in patrician drawing-rooms to which the lovely Carlitz herself was yet a stranger.

'This was in my mind as I declared myself in a hackneyed strain of eloquence.

'The lady heard me to the end in silence, and then turned upon me with superb indignation.

'*Taisez-vous.* Would you offer to lend me money if I were in

our own set—if I were not an actress, a person whom you pay to muse your idle evenings? It is not so long since they refused us Christian burial in my country. Ah, but you are only like the rest. You talk to me of your heart and your banker's-book in the same breath!" she cried passionately. "It is mean of you to persecute me with offers of help which you ought to know that I cannot and will not accept. But you are in your right. It was I who betrayed my poverty. You wrung my secret from me. I beg you to speak of it no more. My affairs are in very good hands. Mr. H. will arrange everything for me; and—I shall go to-morrow. And now let us be friends. Forget that I have ever spoken to you about these things, and forget that I have been angry."

"She turned to me with her most bewitching smile, and held out her hand. This power of transition was her greatest charm. The gift that made her most accomplished among stage-players, made her also most delightful among women. Pity that the woman who is playing a part should always have so supreme an advantage over the woman who is in earnest.

"We spoke no more of money-matters. I assured Madame Carlitz that, in the circle which she was pleased to call my 'set,' there was no one who possessed my respect in greater measure than it was possessed by herself. And at this juncture we heard the jovial voice of the jovial H. echoing down the glen, announcing that the carriage was ready for our return.

"It is agreed that we are to forget everything," said madame, "except that this is to be my last evening in this dear place, and that we are to spend it together."

"To this I consented with all tender reverence and submission. Our homeward drive was gaiety itself—our dinner, the banquet of a Horace and Lydia after that little misunderstanding about Chloe and the Thuringian boy had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties. After dinner Estelle sang to me, accompanying herself on the guitar, which she played with a rare perfection. The old forgotten ballads come back to me sometimes, and I hear the low sweet voice, and the sound of the waves washing that rocky headland in A——.

"After she had sung as many songs as I could in conscience entreat from her, I asked H. to smoke a cigar with me in the garden. He came promptly at my call; and I know now, though I was persistently blind at the moment, that a little look of intelligence passed between him and my enchantress as he crossed the room to comply with my request.

"We went out upon the lawn, lighted our cigars, and paced up and down for some few minutes in silence. Then I plunged into the middle of things.

"H., I said, 'how much would it take to clear Madame Carlitz of her pressing pecuniary engagements, and release her from any necessity

of commencing a new season at the Bonbonnière for the next few months ?

"H. gave a long whistle.

"My dear boy, don't think of it," he exclaimed ; "it can't be done. We must open the theatre, make what money we can ; and if we can't make a composition, we had better go through the court."

"But Carlitz !" I remonstrated.

"Carlitz is dying," replied H., with supreme carelessness, "has been dying for the last four years. It's very trying for her. She'd have been driving in her barouche, with strawberry-leaves on the panel, by this time, if he hadn't been so long about it. But a man can't go on dying for ever, you know ; there must be a limit to that sort of thing."

"You talk of a composition. Would a cheque for a thousand pounds enable her to satisfy her creditors ?"

"Mr. H. deliberated.

"Fifteen hundred might do," he said presently ; "Snoggs and Bangham, the builders, must have a decent lump of money to stop *their* mouths ; and there's Caliks the florist, an uncommonly tough customer. Yes, I think something between fifteen hundred and two thousand would do it."

"You must contrive to settle matters for fifteen hundred," I said. "I know what a clever financier you are, H. Take me to your room, and give me a pen and ink. I have been sending away money this morning, and happen to have my cheque-book in my pocket."

"My dear fellow, this generosity is really something utterly unprecedented, and completely overpowering," exclaimed H., in a fat choking voice. "But I doubt if madame will be induced to accept a loan of this nature. If she does avail herself of your generous offer, the matter must of course be placed on a strictly business-like footing. If a bill of sale on the wardrobe and musical library of the Bonbonnière would satisfy your legal adviser as security—"

"I assured Mr. H. that nothing could be farther from my thoughts than the desire to secure myself from loss by means of a bill of sale.

"The very name of such an instrument sets my teeth on edge," I said ; "the money will be to all intents and purposes a free gift, but it may be better to call it a loan."

"My dear fellow," cried H. with a gulp, expressive of generous emotion, "this is noble. But you don't know madame. Proud, sir, proud as Lucifer."

"I remembered that little scene in the glen, and could not dispute the fact of the lady's haughty and somewhat impracticable mind.

"It can't be done, sir," said H. decisively ; "it's a pity, but it can't be done."

"Why not ? Madame Carlitz knows nothing of business matters. I have heard her say as much fifty times."

"A mere child, sir—a baby."

'In that case there is no difficulty. I will write the cheque; you will settle with the tradesmen, and tell Madame Carlitz nothing except that those obnoxious persons are satisfied. You may take as much credit as you please for your financial powers; I shall not betray the secret of the affair.'

'Upon my word, my dear friend, you are a prince!' said H. with enthusiasm.

'Nor did he make any further difficulty. We finished our cigars, and went into the house together, with stealthy footsteps; for the thing we were about to do was a kind of treason. H. led me into a little room which he called his den—a room in which he had spent many weary hours trying to square the circle of madame's pecuniary embarrassments.

'I wrote a cheque for 1500*l.*, payable to the order of the divine Carlitz.

'She will indorse it without looking at it, I suppose?' I said.

'My dear sir, she would indorse the bond of a compact with Mephistopheles. In business matters she is perfectly infantine. I think she has a vague notion that her creditors can send her to the Tower, and have her head cut off, if she fails to satisfy their demands.'

'On this we went back to the drawing-room, where madame asked me, with a pretty, half-offended air, why I had been so long absent. Then H. brewed some Maraschino punch, which was supposed to be an Olympian beverage, and madame was more charming than ever. If I had been capable of thinking twice of a sum of money squandered on a pretty woman—which I was not—I should have been amply rewarded for my generosity. But I could afford to waste a thousand or two on the caprice of the moment without fear of remorseful twinges or economical regrets after the deed was done.

'It was late when I left the Lodge. Madame and H. followed me to the gate, and bade me good-night under the soft summer stars. Her gaiety had left her by one of those sudden changes that made her charming; and she looked and spoke with a tender sadness as we parted.

'If I could believe in her depth of feeling, if I could hope—' I said to myself, after that pensive parting; and then I remembered the sands at B——, and the vows that I had vowed, and the dreams that I had dreamed.

'No,' I said, 'if I could trust her, I could not trust myself. With passion and reality I have finished. Let amusement be the business of my life. I will love as Horace loved, and my motto shall be, *Vogue la galère*.'

'I had only walked a few yards away from the gate when I remembered that I had left my light overcoat, with a pocket full of letters and papers, in the hall. I ran back; the gate was open, the door open too. I went in, and took my coat from its peg. As I did so, I was

surprised to hear a silvery peal of laughter—long and joyous, nay indeed triumphant, from my enchantress. H.'s bass guffaw sustained the sweet soprano peal; and even placid Mrs. H. assisted with a cheerful second.

"And but three minutes before she had looked at me with eyes so tenderly mournful, had spoken with tones so sadly sweet!

"I lifted the *portière* and looked into the room.

"I have come back for my coat," I said.

"The laughter ceased with suspicious abruptness.

"O, do come in! This absurd H. has been telling us the most ridiculous story about Fred M. Of course you know Fred M.?" cried madame, in nowise disconcerted.

"She insisted that I should stay to hear the anecdote, which H. told for my benefit, with sufficient fluency, and a dash of that club-house mimicry which passes current for faithful imitation. I did not find the anecdote overpoweringly funny; but the lady sounded her peal of silver bells again, long and loudly as before, and I was fain to believe that this frivolous semi-sandalous relation had been the cause of the laughter that had startled and surprised me.

"I was not altogether convinced; and that nice appreciation of club-house anecdotes did not appear to me an excellent thing in woman. My adieux were brief and cold, and I walked homeward somewhat *désillusionné*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VALE.

"At my own quarters trouble unutterable awaited me. While I had amused myself with the more piquant society of Gulnare, my sad sweet love—my Medora—had fled from her solitary bower. I found my household gods shattered; and standing among their ruins I was fain to confess that I had deserved the stroke. She was gone. The poor child had borne my absence so uncomplainingly that I had been almost inclined to resent a patience that seemed like coldness. Had she been more demonstrative—had her affection or her jealousy assumed a more dramatic and soul-stirring form—it might have been better for both of us. But the poor child locked all her feelings so closely in her breast, that she had of late seemed to me the tamest and dullest of womankind—an automaton with a woe-gone face.

"The woman who waited upon her in that rude mountain home told me that she was gone. She had gone out early in the day—soon after my own departure—and had not been seen since that time. She had seen me in a carriage with a strange lady, and had, by some means, possessed herself of the secret of my visits to the lodge in the valley. This very woman had, perhaps, been C.'s informant, though she stoutly denied the fact when I taxed her with it.

"She was gone. It mattered little how she had obtained the information that had prompted her to this mad act. For some minutes I stood motionless on the spot where I had heard these tidings, powerless to decide what I ought to do. And then, sudden as shaft of Apollo the destroyer, there darted into my brain the idea of suicide. That poor benighted child had left her cheerless home to destroy herself.

"I rushed from the house, pausing only to bid the woman send her husband after me with a lantern and a rope. What I was going to do I knew not. My first impulse was to seek her myself, along that desolate coast. She might wander for hours by the sea she loved so well, shrinking from that cold refuge, loth to fling herself into the strong arms of that stern lover for whom she would fain forsake me.

"I waited only till I saw D. emerge with his dimly-twinkling light, called to him to follow me, and then ran down the craggy winding way—the Devil's Staircase—to the sands below.

"And then I remembered the heights above me—the little classic temple in which we had so often sat—and I shivered as I thought what a fearful leap madness might take from that rocky headland. I had told C. the story of Sappho,—of course giving her the ideal Sappho of modern poesy, and not the flaunting, wine-bibbing, strong-minded, wrong-minded Mytilenean lady of Attic comedy,—and we had agreed that Phaon—if indeed there ever existed such a person—was a monster.

"As I hurried along those lonely sands, dark with the shadows of the heights above, I remembered the soft spring sunset in which I had related the well-worn fable, and I could almost feel my love's little hand clinging tenderly to my arm—the hand whose gentle touch I never was to feel again.

"I will not excruciate thee, reader, or bore thee, as the case may be, by one of those prolonged intervals of suspense whereby the venal hack of the Minerva Press would attempt to harrow thy feelings, and eke out his tale of strawless brick. For thee, too, life has had its fond hopes and idle dreams, its bitter disappointments, chilling disillusion, dark hours of remorse.

"Enough that in this crisis I suffered—suffered as I have never suffered since that day. My search was in vain; nor were the efforts of the men whom I sent in all directions of the coast—by the cliff and by the sands—of more avail. For two days and two nights I suffered the tortures of Cain. I told myself that this girl's blood was upon my head; and if, in that hour when the thought of her untimely death was so keen and unendurable an agony, she could have appeared suddenly before me, I think I should have thrown myself at her feet and offered her the devotion of my life, the legal right to bear my name.

"She did not so appear, and the hour passed. Upon the third morning, after a delay that had seemed an eternity of torture, the post brought me a letter from C. She was at E—, whither she had gone, after long brooding upon my inconstancy.

'I will not try to tell you all I have suffered,' she wrote; 'my most passionate words would seem to you cold and meaningless when measured against those Greek poets whose verse is your standard for every feeling. I will only say you have broken my heart. My story begins and ends in that one sentence. There must come an end even to such worship as mine. O, H., you have been very cruel to me! I have seen you with the beautiful foreign lady whose society has been pleasanter to you than mine. Your carriage drove past me one day, as I stood half-hidden by the bushes upon a sloping bank above the road, and I heard her joyous laugh, and saw your head bent over her long dark ringlets, and knew that you were happy with her.

'From the hour in which I discovered how utterly you had deceived me, my life has been one continued struggle with despair. You do not know how I loved those whom I left for your sake. In all the passion and pain of your Greek poetry, I doubt if there is a sentence strong enough to express the agony that I feel when I think of those dear friends, and stretch out my arms to them across the gulf that yawns between us. You read me a description of the ghosts in the dark under-world one day, before you had grown too weary of me to let me share your thoughts. I feel like those ghosts, H.

'Why should I tire you with a long letter? I leave you free to find happiness with the lady whose name even I do not know.

'Perhaps some day, when you are growing old, and have become weary of all the pleasures upon earth, you will think a little more tenderly of her who thought it a small thing to peril her soul in the hope of giving you happiness, and who awoke from her fond foolish dream to find, with anguish unspeakable, that the sacrifice had been as vain as it was wicked.'

"This letter melted me; and yet I was inclined to be angry with C. for the unnecessary pain her abrupt disappearance had inflicted upon me. I was divided between this feeling and the relief of mind afforded by the knowledge that my folly had not resulted in any fatal event. She had gone to E—— in a fit of jealousy, and she favoured me with the usual feminine reproaches so natural to the narrow female intellect—imagine a *man* reminding his friend at every turn of the sacrifices he had made for friendship!—and she sent me the address of that humble inn where she had taken up her abode, and of course expected me to hasten thither as fast as post-horses could convey me.

"Nothing could be more hackneyed than the end of the little romance. I will not say that I was capable of feeling disappointed because the poor child had not drowned herself; but I confess that this commonplace turn which the affair had taken grated on my sense of the poetical. It is possible that I had indeed learnt to measure everything by the standard of Greek verse; certain it is that it seemed a sinking in poetry to descend from Sappho's fatal leap to a commercial-traveller's tavern at E——.

'I will start for E—— to-morrow morning,' I said to myself; but without enthusiasm.

"Had I rescued my love from all-devouring ocean—had I found her wandering half-crazed upon the mountains, like that lorn maiden whom even savage beasts compassionated, when she roamed disconsolate, crying,

'Tall grow the forest-trees, O Menalcas,'—

I think I should have taken her to my heart of hearts, and sacrificed my freedom to secure her happiness. But this departure for E——, and the long reproachful letter, savoured of calculation; and against the manoeuvres of feminine diplomacy I wore the armour of experience.

"I ordered post-horses for the following morning, and then set off in the direction of my friend's hunting-lodge. 'My bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne,' relieved from the burden of a great terror; but poor C.'s dreary letter was not calculated to put me in high spirits, and I hastened to refresh myself with the society of the sparkling Carlitz.

"I languished for the frivolous talk of people and places I knew—the *olla-podrida* of sentiments and fancies, facts and fictions, spiced with that dash of originality, or at the least audacity, wherewith an accomplished woman of the world flavours her small-talk. Lightly and swiftly I trod the hill-side, pleased when the blue smoke curling from the familiar chimneys met my eager eyes.

'Is it possible that I am in love with this woman?' I asked myself wonderingly.

"And then I remembered my despair and terror of yesterday, and the fond regret with which I had thought of poor C., yearning to clasp her to my heart, to promise eternal fidelity.

"The hour had passed. I tried in vain to recall the feeling. I felt that it was more worthy of me than the fickle fancy which led me to the feet of Madame Carlitz; but man is the creature of circumstance, and my best feelings had been *froissé* by the conventional aspect which C.'s flight had assumed.

"A deep-mouthed thunder greeted me as I entered E. T.'s domain, the bass bow-wow of some canine monster.

'What new fancy?' I asked myself, as a huge mastiff ran out at me, and made as if he would have rent me limb from limb. I was half inclined to seat myself on the ground, after the example of Ulysses, and the accomplished Mure of Caldwell; but before the creature could commence operations a familiar voice called to him, and E. T. himself emerged from the porch.

'My dear H.,' he exclaimed, 'what an unexpected felicity! I thought you were at Vienna.'

'Indeed!' I cried, somewhat piqued. 'Has not Madame Carlitz told you of my whereabouts?'

'I have not seen her.'

'You have not seen her!' I exclaimed in utter bewilderment.

'No. Madame left yesterday morning, with Mr. and Mrs. H. I only arrived last night. Come indoors, old fellow, and let us hear your adventures since our last meeting.'

'I followed my friend across the little hall into the bare, tobacco-scented, bachelor sitting-room. The enchanter's wand had been waved a second time, and the fairy vision had melted into thin air. Tiny dogs, dainty and fragile as animated Dresden china, ribbon-adorned guitar, satin-lined work-baskets, velvet-bound blotting-books, *déjeuners* in old Vienna porcelain, card-bowl of priceless Worcester, leopard-skins, lounging-chairs, *portière*, and French prints had vanished; and in the place which these frivolities had embellished, I beheld the bare, battered writing-table and shabby smoking-apparatus of my reckless friend, who stood with his arms akimbo, and a tawny-hided bull-dog between his legs, grinning—man and dog both, as it seemed to me—at my discomfiture.

'What!' cried E., 'it was for the divine Carlitz your visit was intended? My shepherd told me there had been a fine London gentleman hanging about the place while madame and her following were here; but he could not tell me the fine gentleman's name, and I little thought you were he. Come, my dear boy, fill yourself a pipe, and let's talk over old times. You've been buried among your dryasdust books, I suppose, while I have been scouring Northern Europe in pursuit of the rapid reindeer and the sulky salmon.'

'We'll talk as much as you like presently,' I replied; 'but just let me understand matters first. When I left madame and the H.'s the other night, it was understood they were to remain here some time longer. What took her to town?—is the Bonbonnière season to begin?'

'The Bonbonnière! My dear friend, this is really dreadful. The lamentable state of ignorance which results from the cultivation of polite learning is, to a plain man, something astounding. Learn, my benighted recluse, that the Bonbonnière Theatre will be opened for the performance of the legitimate drama early next month by the great Mackenzie, who inaugurates his season with the thrilling tragedy of *Coriolanus*, so interesting to the youthful mind from its association with the pleasing studies of boyhood. Madame Carlitz has sold her lease of the pretty little theatre; and on very advantageous terms, I assure you.'

'She has sold her lease! Does she intend to leave the stage, or to take a larger theatre?'

'She intends to do neither the one nor the other. She appears on a grander stage, and in an entirely new character. She is going to marry Lord V.'

'Impossible!'

'An established fact, my dear boy. The noble earl, as the fashionable journalists call him, has been nibbling at the enchantress's bait for the last twelve months—rather a difficult customer to land, you

know—turned sulky when he felt the hook in his jaw, and got away among the rushes; but Carlitz used her gaff, and brought him to land. And now the talk of the town is their impending union. The great ladies *de par le monde* intend to cut her, I believe; but Carlitz has announced her intention of taking the initiative, and cutting them. "I shall cultivate the foreign legations," she told little J. C. of the F. O., "and make myself independent of our home nobility." And, egad, she is capable of doing it! She is like Robespierre,—*elle ira loin*,—because she believes in herself.

'But Carlitz!' I gasped; 'has she got a divorce?'

'My benighted friend, the decease of M. Carlitz, or Don Estephan Carlitz, of the Spanish wine-trade, is an event as notorious in modern history as the demise of that respectable sovereign, Queen Anne. He died three months ago at the Cape, whence it was his habit to import that choice Amontillado in which he dealt. Madame was prompt to improve the occasion offered by her widowhood; but I have heard it whispered that the noble earl made it a condition that she should clear herself of debt before—to continue the fashionable journalist's phrase—he led her to the hymeneal altar. Of course you are aware that the noble earl is amongst the meanest of mankind.'

"Yes, I know V., a little middle-aged man, suspected of wearing a wig, and renowned for harmless eccentricities in the way of amateur coach-building. Alas, what perfidy! Those bright, sympathetic glances, those tender smiles, those low tremulous tones, had been all a part of one coldly-calculated design—the lady-like extortion of so much ready-money from the pockets of weak, adoring youth. The divine Estelle had been all this time the plighted wife of Lord V., and had traded upon my admiration in order to secure the means of purchasing a coronet.

"I burst into a savage laugh, and when E. pressed me with questions, I told him the whole story. He, too, laughed aloud, but with an evident enjoyment. And then he told me how my wily enchantress had borrowed his rustic retreat, and had come to these remote fastnesses in order to exasperate poor vacillating V. into a tangible offer, and how she had succeeded.

'I was staying with another fellow further south,' said my friend, 'and received a few lines from madame the day before yesterday, resigning possession of my shanty, and announcing her approaching espousals; "you must come for the shooting at the Towers next autumn," she said in her postscript. Begins to patronise already, you see.'

"After this E. insisted on detaining me to dine with him. Our dinner was ill-cooked, ill-served; and my friend's conversation was a mixture of London gossip and Norwegian sporting experiences. How I loathed the empty vapid talk! How I envied this mindless animal his barbarous pleasure in the extermination of other animals, little inferior to himself! I went back to my own quarters in a savage humour, and it seemed to me that my anger included all womankind.

'I have been fooled and deluded by one woman,' I said to myself; 'I will not give myself a prey into the hands of another. C. has chosen to inaugurate our separation. I will not attempt to reverse her decision. My duty I am prepared to do; but I will do no more.'

"Thus resolved, I seated myself at my rough study-table, and wrote a long letter to C.—a very serious, and I think a sufficiently kind, letter—in which I set forth the state of my own feelings. 'I had hoped that we should find perfect happiness in each other's society,' I wrote in conclusion; 'I need scarcely tell you that hope has been most completely disappointed. You were the first to show that our happiness was an impossibility. You have been the first to sever the tie which I had fondly believed would be lasting. I accept your decision; but I do not consider myself absolved from the duty of providing for your future. For myself, I shall leave Europe for a wilder and more interesting hemisphere, where I shall endeavour to find forgetfulness of the bitter disappointments that have befallen me here.'

"I then told C. how I designed immediately to open an account for her at a certain bank, upon which she would be at liberty to draw at the rate of four hundred a-year.

'Have no fear for the future,' I wrote; 'a lady with a settled income of four hundred a-year can find friends in any quarter of the globe, and need never be troubled with impertinent inquiries about her antecedents. I shall always be glad to hear of your welfare; and if you will keep me acquainted with your whereabouts—letters addressed to the "Travellers" will always reach me—I shall make a point of seeking you out on my return to England.'

"This letter I despatched, and the chaise that was to have taken me to E—took me to London, where I made the necessary arrangements with my banker, and whence I departed for a tour of exploration in South America.

"It was after two years' absence that I returned to discover that the account opened in C.'s name had never been drawn upon. And thus ended the story that had opened like an idyl. I have sometimes feared that an unhappy fate must have overtaken this poor foolish girl, and my recollection of her has not been unmingled with remorse. But I have reflected that it was more likely her beauty had secured her an advantageous marriage, and that she was unable to avail herself of the provision I had made for her.

"I instituted a careful inquiry, in the hope of discovering her fate, but without result. Her parents at B—were both dead—strange fatality!—and from no other source could I obtain tidings of my poor C. M. Thus ended my brief, broken love-story. It was with a feeling of relief that I told myself it had thus ended; for I could but remember that the course of events might have taken a very different turn, and one for me most embarrassing.

"If C. had been a woman of the world, or if she had found a mer-

cenary and unscrupulous champion in some sharp practitioner of Lyon's or Clement's Inn, I might have found myself fixed with a wife, and bound by a chain not to be broken on this side the grave. As it is, I retain my freedom, and only in my most pensive and sombre hours does the pale shadow of that half-forgotten love arise before me, gently reproachful.

"And in these rare intervals of life's busy conflict, when the press and hurry gives pause, and I sit alone in my tent, the words of the poor child's letter come back to me with a strange significance. *Perhaps some day when you are growing old, and have become weary of all the pleasures upon earth, you will think a little more tenderly of her who thought it a small thing to peril her soul in the hope of giving you happiness.*

"Life's intricate journey has so many cross-roads. Who can tell whether he has not sometimes taken the wrong turning? Should I have been happier if I had given C. a legal right to bore me for the remainder of my existence? Happier! For me there is no such possibility. To be happier, a man must first be happy; and happiness is a bright phantom which I have vainly pursued for the last fifteen years. I should at best have been differently miserable.

"I am still free, and I meet the lovely Lady V. in that seventh heaven of the great world to which she has contrived to push her way, and she gives me a patronising smile, and a lofty inclination of her beautiful head; and it is mutually agreed between us that our rambles and picnics beneath the snow-clad hills are to be as the dreams of days that never were."

Here the *Disappointments of Dion* lost its chief interest for Eustace Thorburn, for here the record of his mother's hapless love ended. Beyond this, and to the very close, he had read the book carefully, weighing every sentence, for it was the epitome of his father's character. In every line there was egotism, in every page the confession of energies and talents wasted in the pursuit of personal gratification. For ever and for ever, the weary wretch pursues the same worthless prize—the prize more difficult of attainment than the new world of a Columbus, or the new planet of a Herschel. With less pains a man might achieve a result that would be a lasting heritage for his fellow-men, and might die with the proud boast of Ulysses on his lips:

"I am become a name!"

Through fair and sunny Italy; in wild Norseland; in the granite and marble palaces of Petersburg; nay, beyond Caucasian mounts and valleys; amid the ruins of Persepolis; across the sandy wastes, and by the snow-clad mountains of Afghanistan; deep into the heart of Hindostan,—the worldling had pursued his phantom prey; and

everywhere, in civilised city or in tiger-haunted jungle, the hunter after happiness found only disappointment.

"A tiger-hunt is the dreariest thing imaginable," he wrote; "it is all waiting and watching, and prowling and lurking behind bushes; a dastardly sneaking business, which makes one feel more ignoble than the tiger. For genuine excitement the race for the Derby is better; and a man may enjoy a fever of expectation at Epsom which he cannot equal in Bengal."

And anon: "That most musical and meretricious of poets, Thomas Moore, has a great deal to answer for. I have been all through the East in search of his *Light of the Harem*, and have found only darkness, or the merest rushlights, the faintest twinkling tapers that ever glimmered through their brief span. And so I return disappointed from the Eastern world, to seek new disappointments in the West."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"STILL FROM ONE SORROW TO ANOTHER THROWN."

EUSTACE closed the book with a sigh—a sigh for the father he had never known, the father who had never known his birth; a sigh for the mother whose life had been sacrificed on so poor an altar. He had been reading for some hours, with very little consciousness of the passage of time.

"You seem to be interested in that book, Mr. Thorburn," said a familiar voice from the bank above him.

He started to his feet, dropped his book, turned, and looked up at the speaker. The voice was the voice of Harold Jerningham; and that gentleman was standing on the bank, pointing downward at the fallen book with the tip of his extended cane, as he might have pointed to some creature of the reptile tribe.

"You startled me a little, Mr. Jerningham," said Eustace, as he stooped to pick up the book.

"Your study must have been deeply interesting to you, or you could scarcely have been so unconscious of my footsteps. Permit me." He took the volume from the young man's hand and turned the leaves listlessly. "One of your favourite dialogues, I suppose? No; an English novel. *Dion! Dion?* I have some recollection of a book called *Dion*. What a very shabby person he looks after the lapse of years! Really, the authors of that time suffered some disadvantage at the hands of their publishers. What dismal gray binding! what meagre-looking type! The very paper has a musty odour. And you are deeply interested in *Dion?*"

"Yes; I am deeply interested."

"The book strikes you as powerful?"

"No. The writer strikes me as a consummate scoundrel."

Mr. Jerningham smiled, a faint smile. His smiles were for the

most part faint and wan, like the smiles of a wandering spirit in the house of Hades.

"Do not be so energetic in your denunciation, Mr. Thorburn," he said quietly. "The man who wrote *Dion* was as other men of his time—just a little selfish perhaps, and anxious to travel on the sunny side of the great highway."

"Did you know him?" asked Eustace, with sudden eagerness.

"Not the least in the world. But I know his book. People talked of it a little at the time, and there was some discussion about the authorship; all kinds of improbable persons were suggested. Yes; it all comes back to me as I look at the pages. A very poor book; stilted, affected, coxcombical. What a fool the man must have been to print such a piece of egotism!"

"Yes. It seems strange that any man could publish a book for the purpose of proclaiming himself a villain."

"Not at all. But it is strange that a man can give his villany to the world in a *poor* book—a book not containing one element of literary success; and that he should take the trouble of writing all this. Yes, it is very strange. An indolent kind of man, too—as one would imagine from the book. A very feeble book! I see a wrong tense here in a Latin quotation. The man did not even know his Catullus. Thanks."

Mr. Jerningham returned the volume with a graceful listlessness and with a half-regretful sigh, as if it wearied him even to remember so feeble a book. He strolled away, leaving Eustace wondering that he should have fallen across a man who was familiar with his father's book, and who in person resembled his father.

"If Mr. Jerningham had written his own biography, it might have been something like this book," he said to himself. And then another *if*—stupendous, terrible—presented itself to his mind.

But this he dismissed as an absurd and groundless fancy.

"What accident is more common than such a likeness as that between us two?" he asked of himself. "The world is full of such half-resemblances, to say nothing of the Lesurges and Debosques who are guillotined in mistake for one another."

He left the seat on the river-bank, and strolled slowly homeward by a different path from that Mr. Jerningham had taken.

His reperusal of the book had been upon one point conclusive to him. The few details of the scene had told him at first that it had been laid in the British dominions. Reflection convinced him that Scotland was the locality of that solitary mountain habitation where his mother's sad days had been spent.

This had been Celia's unknown power. This habitation upon Scottish soil was the hold which she had possessed over her lover. In the character of his wife he had brought her to Scotland, and there had made his domicile with her during a period of several months; and by

the right of that Scottish home, that open acknowledgment, she *was* his wife. She had fled from him unconscious of this. But, if she had been conscious of this power, her son told himself that she would have been too noble to use it; too proud to call herself a wife by favour of a legal quibble.

"I will talk it over with uncle Dan," Eustace said to himself; "and if he and I are agreed upon the subject, I will go to Scotland and hunt out the scene, supposing that to be possible from so slight a clue as this book will give us."

He knew that by the law of Scotland he was in all probability legitimatised; but not for the wealth of Scotland would he have sought to establish such a claim upon that nameless father, whom of all men that ever lived upon this earth he most despised.

"He abandoned her to lonely self-upbraiding, long dreary days of remorse, humiliation, sorrow past all comfort—the thought of the sorrow her sin had wrought for those she loved. He let her bear this bitter burden without one effort to lighten or to share it. He deserted the woman he had destroyed because—she did not amuse him. Is this what wealth and polite letters and civilisation make of a man? God forbid! Such a man should have worn imperial purple, and died the emperor's common death in the days of Rome's decadence. He is an anachronism in a Christian age."

He walked slowly back to the cottage, where he had but just time to dress for dinner. The evening passed quietly. Of the four people assembled in M. de Bergerac's drawing-room three were singularly quiet and thoughtful.

The summer dusk favoured silent meditation. Mr. Jerningham sat apart in a garden-chair under the long rustic veranda, half-curtained with trailing branches of clematis and honeysuckle; Eustace sat in the darkest corner of the low drawing-room, where Helen occupied herself in playing dreamy German melodies upon her piano. M. de Bergerac strolled up and down before the lawn, stopping every now and then to say something to his friend Harold Jerningham.

"How silent and thoughtful we are to-night!" he cried at last, after having received more than one random answer from the master of Greenlands. "One would think you had seen a ghost, Harold; your eyes are fixed, like the eyes of Brutus at Philippi, or of Agamemnon when the warning shade of Achilles appeared to him, before the sailing of the ship that was to take him home—to death. What is the phantom at which you gaze with eyes of gloom?"

"The ghost of the Past," answered Mr. Jerningham, as he rose to join his friend. "Not to Lot's wife alone is it fatal to look back. I have been looking back to-day, Theodore."

Within, all was silent except the piano, softly touched by slow gentle hands, that stole along the keys in a languid legato movement.

The player wondered at the change which had come upon her companion and fellow-student, and wondered to find the change in him so keen a sorrow to herself.

Very gloomy were the thoughts of Eustace as he sat in his dark corner, with closed eyes, and hands clasped above his head.

"How dare I tell him who and what I am, and then ask for the hand of his only daughter? Can I hope that even his simplicity will pardon such a family history as that which I must tell?"

All through the dark hours of that midsummer night he lay awake brooding over the pages he had read, and thinking of the stain upon his name. To an older man, steeped in the hard wisdom of the world, the stigma would have been a lesser agony. He would have counted over to himself the list of great names made by the men who bore them, and would have found for himself crumbs of comfort. But for Eustace there was none. He had set up his divinity, and it seemed to him that only the richest tribute could be offered upon a shrine so pure.

His thoughts deepened in gloom as the night waned, until the fever in his mind assumed the force of inspiration. Rash and impetuous as youth and poetry, he resolved that for him hope there was none, except far afield of this Arcadian dwelling.

"Shall I offer myself, nameless, in order to be refused?" he asked. "No. I will leave this too dear home, and go out into the world to make myself a name among modern poets before I ask confession or promise of Helen de Bergerac."

To make himself a name among modern poets! The dream was a bold one. But the dreamer told himself that the ladder of Fame is sometimes mounted with a rush, and that for the successful writer of magazine lyrics it needs but a year or so of isolation and concentrated labour, a year or so of fervent devotion in the temple of Apollo, a year or so of poetic quietism, to accomplish the one great work which shall transform the graceful singer of modern Horatian odes into the world-renowned poet.

"I will tear myself away from this place before the week is out," he said, with resolution that made the words a vow; "'tis too bright, too beautiful, too happy, and is dangerous as Armida's garden for the man who would fain serve apprenticeship to the Muses."

GLIMPSES AT FOREIGN LITERATURE

I. *George Sand*

THE sceptre of light literature is not held undisputed among our French neighbours. A great many hands are raised to seize it, and some few have long retained it in their powerful grasp. We are familiar with the names of Victor Hugo, poet and dramatist; of Lamartine, in his twofold capacity as historian and novelist; of Alexandre Dumas, the inexhaustible fiction-writer; and of George Sand, the strange, wonderful woman, whose imagination has too often led her astray, but who yet ranks so high among the authors of her native land.* Few perhaps have achieved greater success, few surely incurred such blame, as Aurore, Baronne du Devant, from the day when, casting aside at once the reserve and garments of her sex, she embraced the career of letters. She then openly attempted to sap the foundations of society, by setting at naught the creeds of marriage, family, and faith; and gave vent in burning language to the bitterness of feelings and thirst for retaliation which rankled in her breast.

Born in 1804, Aurore Dupin was brought up by her paternal grandmother, widow by a first marriage of Count de Horn, and illegitimate daughter of the celebrated Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur, the tragic actress. Indulged and petted, the young girl grew up in all the freedom of country life; was allowed to fence, swim, shoot, and ride; as also to dip at pleasure in the miscellaneous collection of books which composed the not over-orthodox library of the Château de Nohant. At seventeen Aurore was persuaded to marry a retired officer, Baron du Devant, many years her senior, whose coarse manners and constant neglect drove her in a few years from coldness to despair, and from despair to rebellion. Her home at last became intolerable to the young wife; she resolved to leave it, and her husband agreed to a separation, to insure which she sacrificed the whole of her own large fortune. Days of sorrow and shame followed—of guilty love and guiltier caprice; till, roused to anger by the scorn of the world, she turned against her judges, and answered taunts with bravado, and insult with defiance.

* When Madame du Devant wrote her first story, she was assisted by Jules Sandeau, and, unwilling to appear in the character of fiction-writers, the two authors disguised their true names under the pseudo-appellation of Jules Sand. Later, when the association was dissolved, and when Aurore determined to follow the bent of her genius, she retained the name of Sand, prefixing to it that of George, it being on this saint's day that Latouche, rédacteur of the *Figaro*, agreed to publish her novel *Indiana*.

As time rolled on—as the maturity of coming years cooled down the effervescence which surged in her veins with the blood of Maurice de Saxe—her readers became aware of a gradual change. They saw her pass from the fiery vindication of the rights of woman to the most abstruse philosophical dissertations; from the mystical denunciations of a mundane St. Theresa to the development of Socialism; from the dangerous scenes of misguided passion to the simple bucolics of unsophisticated rustics. But whether George Sand painted the repinings of Indiana, the remorse of Valentine, the impossible dreams of Consuelo, the ingenuous loves of Fadette, or the dreary suicide of Jacques, her style is ever matchless for purity and elegance. Grand, correct, and powerful, it never descends to triviality; her descriptions of nature are unrivalled; it is *con amore* that she dwells on every feature of some beloved landscape, and the fairy vision beams out of her eloquent pages.

Madame Sand's novels have been, and still are, looked upon by a large class of readers as the most immoral and pernicious ever written. In this country, especially, it is not uncommon to hear them thus ranked; and many an Englishwoman would blush at the mere thought of opening the unhallowed volume. This condemnation is too sweeping not to be unfair; and if some of her compositions deserve the stricture, others are entitled to a far different judgment. Undoubtedly through many of her stories runs a vein of materialism and voluptuousness, which renders them unfit for general reading, and dangerous to the young. There is a tendency to prove that every man is free to break through the time-honoured restraint of social laws as soon as he finds it too heavy, and to absolve guilt by deriding duty. This fatal error, especially noticeable in her earlier works, is partially explained by the very arguments she uses, and which are sometimes most glaringly personal. Can we not understand a woman of proud, daring spirit, galled by an unhappy marriage, bound to a man of brutal instincts, fallen into a sadly dubious position, seizing the double-edged weapon of irony and satire, and using it unsparingly to fight her own battles, and make deadly thrusts at her accusers? When George Sand stands up and rails at marriage, she only chafes against her own fetters. On the day when the law made her free she ceased to be the advocate of divorce and to scoff at the conjugal tie.

With the bar-sinister on her escutcheon—with her illegitimate descent and erratic life—is it strange that she should hold cheap those duties and bonds which to her were at best a sorrowful name? Not always, however, has the drop of venom poisoned the brilliant page. The tales written by the world-renowned Châtelaine of Nohant, proud of her son, and surrounded by flatterers, are very unlike the wild stories and cynical denunciations of the homeless woman who tried to still the cravings of her soul with the dearly-bought fame of her wild adventures. *Le Marquis de Villemer*, with its quiet pictures of study and

nature, is no more to be compared to the egotistical and loathsome pamphlet of *Elle et Lui* than the pure moonlit scene of *La Mare au Diable* is like the savage exultation of Mauprat, or the delirium of Leone Leoni. Madame Sand's mind resembles a large mirror, whose smooth surface reflects every passing object: equally accurate in shadowing forth phantoms of gloom or light, innocence or crime, hatred or love; unconscious of inconsistency or fickleness, and incapable of not fulfilling its destiny in portraying alternately every image which comes within the range of its unflinching gaze. Thus, at the time of Madame du Devant's intimacy with Jules Sandeau, then a student, she wore masculine clothing, was his constant companion of work and pleasure, and with him wrote *Indiana*; thus, after her ephemeral love for Alfred de Musset had subsided, she traduced and ridiculed the forgotten lover, even beyond the tomb; thus, during her acquaintance with Laménais, she harboured the same anti-religious opinions, and attempted to expound, in her writings of that period, a new and dangerous system of socialism and equality. Not being prepared by careful and adequate studies to give due weight to her arguments, they degenerate into would-be philosophical digressions, which mar the plot of the novel, hardly bear any connection with it, and wear out the patience of the reader.

The mind so active, the intellect so developed, the indefatigable talent, lacked one charm—the charm of heart. Passion there is in George Sand's works, uncontrollable energy, genius, eloquence, hatred, the cry of anguish and the moan of pain, but nothing more. Whether she always ignored the softer emotions, or whether her early disappointments chilled and withered them, it is not for us to judge; but assuredly she never betrays their presence. She has not learnt the language which speaks from heart to heart, the sweet low murmur of tenderness, the pathos of innocent and true affection; and even when she most thrills the mind she does not move the soul. Her readers are never so carried away by her magic eloquence as not to miss the still small voice which alone could make them forget to reason and to judge. While admiring, they wonder, and unpersuaded close the volume, their convictions unshaken, their principles unscathed; and thus, for the enlightened at least, her most intoxicating sophistry is powerless to harm.

Madame Sand made one great mistake in attempting to add the triumphs of the stage to those she had already obtained. Her first and last comedies, *Casima*, acted at the Théâtre Français, and *Le Don Juan de Village*, lately given at a minor theatre, were decided failures. Some others, among which *François le Champi* is the best, proved less unfortunate; but even this play, taken from the novel of the same name, lost by its metamorphosis nearly all its sweet charm of detail; and the lack of sensational effects was not sufficiently compensated by the peculiar originality of the dialogue. *La petite Fadette*, another rustic

story, has been arranged for the German stage, and nightly drew a crowded audience to the Schauspielhaus of Berlin. With these two exceptions, there is not one of George Sand's plays which can shed additional lustre on the reputation of their author. A collection of them is now published in Paris under the title of *Théâtre de George Sand*.

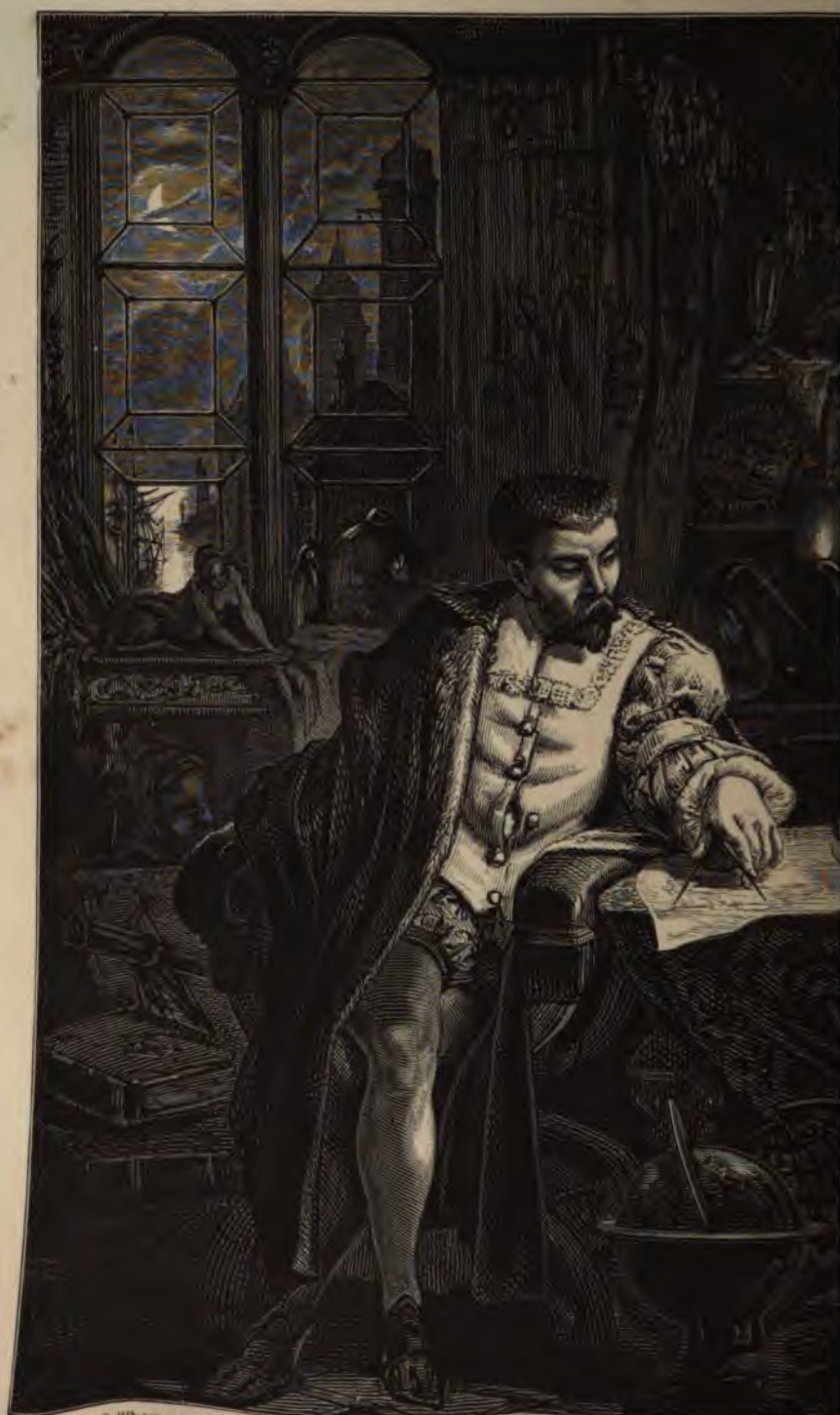
The wonderful imagination and wide-grasping intellect which for thirty-five years has poured out upon the world countless volumes of fiction seems at this present day to be passing through a crisis of fatigue and helplessness. May it be transient, and only the forerunner of a new and brilliant resurrection! Still, in justice it must be said that her latest tales bear the fatal marks of debility. *Monsieur Sylvestre* and *Un dernier Amour*, both published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are long, desultory, rambling stories. Barring a few descriptions of scenery drawn in the old masterly fashion, and setting aside the habitual elegance of style, there is hardly one redeeming feature in the two novels, the second of which is a sort of incoherent sequel to the first. Both abound in lengthy dissertations, and yet it is hard to say what the author intends to prove. *Monsieur Sylvestre*, the hero, marries at fifty, without love or any adequate motive, a comparatively young woman, knowing the sad and shameful story of her past life. He soon finds out that he is betrayed by an unprincipled boy, his adopted son, and forthwith attempts some impossible rehabilitation of the guilty wife he despises, vowing at the same time never to take her back to his bosom. Deceit, hypocrisy, infamy, pass before his eyes, and instead of giving way to natural wrath, he indulges in hyperbolic sophistry, and ends by driving his wife to suicide with the most philanthropic motives. The indecency of certain situations, the coarseness of the details, is not relieved by one touch of genuine feeling; and if it is taken into consideration that all these scenes are enacted by peasants among whom *M. Sylvestre* is thrown by an improbable accident, the contrast between the dialogue and the *dramatis persone* is only more striking and less true to nature. Madame Sand's next attempt in the same periodical, published within the last six months, is *Cadio*, a comedy to all appearance never meant for the stage, as no theatre could attempt to give it. It is a kind of lengthy dialogue, or succession of scenes extending over a certain space of time, and giving pictures of the French revolution and Vendean wars. The plot has little real dramatic interest, and is evidently made to serve the promptings of a strong party spirit; it is wanting in power, and the form of handling it chosen by the author leaves her no scope for the display of her unrivalled descriptive talent.

Mlle. Merquem, begun in the February number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, not being as yet completed, cannot therefore be criticised with impartiality, so we must let the future prove whether George Sand will allow these last and weaker productions of her pen to be her

farewell to the world of letters. Should this prove the case, however, too many laurels encircle her brow not to hide amidst their fresh evergreens the few dead leaves which are unfortunately woven in the chaplet. Even in England, where the general taste differs so widely from that of our French neighbours, where morality is so strict and prudery so often exaggerated, a happy selection may be made among the numberless novels of the gifted author, and sterling ore found among the viler metal. Enough is there to serve as a lesson of style, a model of eloquence, and a matchless example of masterly description. Pre-eminent amidst the works which none need fear to peruse stand *Le Mare au Diable*, *La petite Fadette*, *Le Marquis de Villemer*, *François le Champi*, *Jean de la Roche*, *André*, *Le Château des Désertes*, and *L'Homme de Neige*.

The spark of genius, if occasionally dimmed, blazes out ever and anon in bright dazzling flashes which dispel the darkness and light up, with a glory all their own, the name of George Sand.

M.



Alfred Thompson, del.

Pannemaker

THE DAWN OF TRUTH.

THE DAWN OF TRUTH

SWIFT rides the moon o'er tower and deep,
The city, like a child asleep,
 Basks in that tender light;
And o'er steep streets and winding ways,
And o'er the silence of the quays,
 Broods the cool shade of night.

One watcher watcheth with the moon,
Watcher for whom day comes too soon,
 Pale student of the skies;
Who with his compass fain would span—
Defiant of the priesthood's ban—
 Great Nature's mysteries.

Through years of solitude and care,
With that *they* will not credit—prayer—
 Has this man sought to teach
The meaning of that perfect scheme,
Grandeur than Pagan's wildest dream,
 Nor set beyond man's reach.

For He whose hand the stars can bind
Gave man his far-aspiring mind,
 His fever-thirst to know;
Not sweet to Him the bigot's curse
On eyes that read the universe,
 And mark stars come and go.

O, not by Him is set the line
That shall our mental range confine
 Within appointed space;
Not high enough man's soul can soar,
Till all the heav'ns he shall explore,
 And see God face to face.

Each new star tracked by mortal ken,
Each new link in creation's chain,
 Is one step nearer home;
Secure the maze through which we grope,
t bright above our star of hope,
 Our watchword, "Lo, we come!"

THE MUDIE CLASSICS

BY BADINGTON WHITE

AUTHOR OF "CIRCE," ETC.

NO. I.

SIR ALK MEYONN, or the Seven against the Elector.

(Adapted from the "Thebais" and the "Alcmaeonis.")

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

SIR ANDREW M^CMEYONN's wife came to meet him as he crossed the hall, but he passed her by with fixed unseeing eyes.

"Andrew," she pleaded, "will you not forgive me?"

"Nay, madam, you have your jewels; let them stand you instead of my forgiveness, and of me. I am going to bid farewell to my sons."

"Farewell!" echoed the wretched wife.

"Yes, madam, farewell!"

He slowly ascended the winding staircase till he came to an upper turret-chamber, where his two sons spent the greater part of their lives in the care of an old Scottish nurse, more distinguished for a fond and feudal affection to the race of the chief than for wisdom or polish of manner.

The father loved his two sons with a tender devotion; but the numerous duties of a Highland chieftain—head of an important clan, and captain of one of those volunteer companies which had been organised by the English Government since 1715, under the denomination of the Black Watch—left him little leisure in which to instruct or reprove them, and the boys had for the most part run wild among the rough, faithful hangers-on of the castle. The elder, a lad of some twelve years, had but of late begun to accompany his father in those expeditions by sea and land which varied the chief's existence. Between this lad and Sir Andrew there existed an affection as enthusiastic as it was profound.

The boy was tall for his age, and of a manly and noble aspect. The gravity of premature thought overshadowed his somewhat pallid countenance, and in his deep-set eyes there shone a suppressed fire which kindled into flame anon as his father spoke to him.

"Were those strangers who came to the castle within this hour, father?" he asked. "I heard a boat's keel grate upon the beach, and after a space the splash of oars, as of a boat's crew pushing off to the mainland."

"Your ears heard aright, Alk," answered the chieftain. "We—

your mother and I—have had visitors. The lady is the richer for the coming of her guests."

And then, in sharp, brief sentences, Sir Andrew told the story of Charles Edward's coming—the gift of that diamond necklace which had bought the wife and rewarded her perfidy.

The pale cheek of Alk M'Meyonn changed from pale to livid as he heard the story, and his long sinewy fingers groped with an involuntary movement among the folds of his kilt, until they closed with a fierce grip upon the handle of his dirk.

"Alk," said the father earnestly, "I think you know me well enough to believe that I am the last of men to spare the spilling of my heart's blood in a just cause. If I believed in the divine right of that young Prince whose hereditary royalty I am fain to acknowledge, I would give him my life and the lives of my clan as freely as a cup of water from the castle-well; but I cannot approve an expedition which will carry war and ruin into the mother country of the Prince who leads it. Boldly, as I speak to you now, have I spoken to this most mistaken adventurer. 'Surely this is a noble cause,' I said to him—'a work worthy to please the King of kings—a work that will be a byword upon the lips of men, and memorable to the end of time. What! you would bring ruin and desolation to the city in which your forefathers reigned—you would pour your death-dealing cannonade against the temples and shrines of your mother country? launch against London an army of foreign hirelings? since only by the aid of French soldiers can you hope to carry your enterprise across the Scottish border. And if you could succeed in this wicked attempt, which I know you cannot, how could your soul be cleansed from the blood of your fellow-countrymen shed in civil war?—how would your country, delivered to your ambition by the sword of rebellion, learn to submit to your laws, and to fight under your banner?' 'Twas but wasted wisdom, Alk; the Prince is bent upon his own undoing, and he won my promise to follow him. I know that my bones will bleach upon a lowland battle-field, and my flesh find a living sepulchre in a vulture's maw. Let me hope some faint ray of glory may brighten my doom."

"Father!" cried the lad, with a choking sob.

"Nay, Alk, no tears for me. If you must weep, weep for Scotland, and teach yourself how you may avenge her."

The boy's fingers had not slackened their hold of his dirk. He received his father's counsel in silence, but he gave a little nod of assent, more significant than many words.

"You are but a boy, Alk; and you will be matched against those who repay trust with falsehood, confidence with treachery. From your ancestors you inherited the courage of the lion; I would have you learn the wisdom of the serpent. Meet falsehood with falsehood; match cunning with cunning. In a nest of traitors, wear the smooth face of treachery. Wait and watch for the appointed hour of God's wrath

against perjury; and when the hour comes, strike, and strike home, though the blood upon your dirk shall be the same that warms your own heart. Your mother has bartered the best blood of the Highlands for a bauble to hang upon her neck. Sooner or later she must pay the price of her gewgaws, and I would have you see she escapes not the reckoning."

"She shall not," answered the lad in a hoarse whisper; "I will set a circlet upon her neck that shall outwear her diamonds, and yet be less costly. But, father, must you go—must the M^cMeyonns and their following perish in this fatal endeavour?"

"Ay, lad, the word has been spoken—the pledge has been given. I cannot go back from it."

The father opened his arms wide, and the boy leapt upon his breast. Passionate, close was the clasp of that embrace; and both knew that it was the last. They had shared each other's sports; watched side by side breathless, motionless, upon the silent hill-tops as the kingly stag climbed the tall crag from which their guns were doomed to send him headlong to his death; alone in the depths of the forest they had slept beneath the midnight stars, the boy pillowed against his father's brawny shoulder. It was no common love that bound them to each other; it was no common pang which rent their hearts as they tore themselves asunder.

At break of day, while the summer mist yet slept upon the rugged line of the mainland, M^cMeyonn and his followers, amounting to some hundreds, left the isle in their little fleet of open boats; and as the oars dipped into the placid water, mournful as the wail of the banshee rose the cry of the clansmen:

"*Ha til, ha til, ha til, mi tulidh!*"—"We return, we return, we return—no more!"

Sad and prophetic sounded that cry to the ears of the boy Alk, who stood on the beach watching the boats glide landwards, while his mother yet slumbered, with Mary of Modena's necklace under her pillow.

The shrill music of that Gaelic cry pierced her slumbers, and mixed its wailing notes with her dream.

She dreamed that she was dead, and that the clan was singing a dirge above her coffin.

"*Ha til, ha til, ha til, mi tulidh!*"

She woke with a sudden fear, and saw her son standing in the open doorway opposite her bed, looking at her with a strange fixity of gaze.

From that hour she feared the boy, and plotted his banishment from the home of his fathers.

Triumphant was the march of the Chevalier's army southward. From that August afternoon when the young adventurer found himself alone in the valley awaiting the raising of his standard, when, after two hours of watching, he saw the six hundred Cameron men cresting

the brow of the hill, and anon the air was darkened with the bonnets tossed upward, dense as a sudden storm-cloud,—from that day to the victory of Prestonpans all was triumph. The god of battles seemed to smile upon the cause of the Stuarts. Stupidity and irresolution, caution so cautious as to be near akin to cowardice, marked the conduct of the realm's legitimate defenders. Mistake followed mistake; and still the white cockades of the Stuart multiplied in the land, and all that was enthusiastic and loyal in Scotland had sworn allegiance to James the Eighth, and drunk confusion to the White Horse of Hanover.

"What say you now, M'Meyonn?" asked the Prince; "will you confess yourself a false prophet?"

"Would to God the issue of events might prove me one!" answered the chief with desponding accents; "unhappily, I know but too well the end will show me a wise seer."

"What! you still hold by your gloomy forebodings, after the fortune that has attended our steps?"

"Circumstances have been propitious, your highness, but omens have been direful."

"What are the auspices which you deem so sinister? I know you are learned in all manner of divination, whether you seek your augury from the stars of heaven or the bladebone of a newly-slaughtered sheep."

"Your lonely waiting in the valley of Glenfinnan boded no good; but this was not the worst. Your highness must needs remember what happened when we halted to drink in the glen below Corry Arrach?"

"Ay, Sir Andrew, that was a sore misfortune," answered the Prince; "but deeply as I lament the untimely fate of that poor child, I cannot consider so mournful an accident as having any bearing on my own fortunes."

The chief disputed no farther.

"I will play the raven's part no more, sir," he said gravely.

The accident to which M'Meyonn referred had occurred during a halt of the Highland army in a barren glen, where no water was to be found for the thirsty clan, not generally prone to such mild libations, but on this occasion so fevered with the dust and heat of their march as to thirst for some cooler beverage than their favourite Glenlivet.

While they rested in the glen a Highland lassie had descended from one of the hills to look at them, carrying her charge, the infant son of a neighbouring chieftain. Her they accosted; and eager to do them service, she deposited the child upon a grassy knoll at some little distance from the army, where the innocent gambolled happily, and tripped off with a little band of the Highland soldiers to show them a spring.

The distance was of the shortest, the girl swift of foot, the period of her absence but a few minutes; but that small service done to the army of Charles Edward was fatal to the nurse's charge. An adder

stung the infant; and on her return the girl found him screaming in convulsions of agony. She carried him home to die.

The Prince lingered to console the parents of the little one, to exonerate the rustic from the charge of neglect. He stayed even to attend the child's funeral, and the army of sturdy Highlanders followed the little coffin to the grave. The loyal chieftain found some consolation in their wild demonstrations of mourning; and the grandeur of these funeral orgies went well-nigh to reconcile him to the loss of his son.

Upon the mind of Sir Andrew M'Meyonn this one fatal incident had produced a powerful impression, not to be outweighed by the prosperous progress of the Prince.

Brief was the rest which the heir of all the Stuarts enjoyed in the palace of his ancestors, before the battle which was to make him for a time master of Scotland.

On the night of the 18th the long-darkened chambers of Holyrood were illuminated by a phantasmal glory—the phantasmagoric splendour of a court-festival; evoked, like some magical vision, from the ruins of a fallen house. On the 20th the Chevalier's army was afoot, with Charles at its head.

"Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard," he cried; and loud rang the huzzas of chieftain and clan, dunnie wassails and wild Highlandmen. Many were the banners that flouted the autumn breeze. On one the motto of the Clanranald, "GAINSAY WHO DARES;" on another the badge of the M'Gregor, "E'EN DO, AND SPARE NOT." Among the reckless challenge of Athol, "FORTH, FORTUNE, AND FILL THE FETTERS."

The banners of the Prince were two. One showed a centre of white upon a field of crimson, with the two words "TANDEM TRIUMPHANS." The second device was more elaborate. Upon this banner appeared a woman, grand and majestic, leading a warrior by the hand; and beneath the two figures was this inscription, "I AM JUSTICE; I WILL BRING BACK THIS MAN—I WILL RESTORE TO HIM HIS COUNTRY AND THE HERITAGE OF HIS FATHERS."

The banner of M'Meyonn was blank.

On the evening of the 20th the two armies encamped less than a mile apart. The Prince's forces occupied the ridge beyond the little town of Tranent, "with a gentle descent and a deep morass between them and their enemy."

Fain would the chiefs and dunnie wassails have led their men to the encounter on that day; but a careful inspection of the morass showed it to be deep and difficult, not to be passed save at the hazard of utter destruction for the whole army. The idea of an immediate attack was therefore abandoned, to the disgust of the wild Northern warriors, who feared that their foes might sneak away from them as before, at Corry Arrach. They were only to be satisfied by the despatch of Lord Nairn

with a detachment, to prevent the possibility of Sir John Cope's retreat to Edinburgh.

The Prince slept amongst his soldiers in a field of pease, made up into ricks. It was in the dead of the night that he was roused from his bed of pease-straw by Lord George Murray, who came to inform him that Anderson of Whitburgh, a gentleman well acquainted with the neighbouring country, had suddenly bethought him of a winding path leading from the heights where they lay to the plain below, and avoiding in a great measure the morass.

Joyful were these tidings to the heir of the Stuarts. He sent for Lochiel and other chiefs, amongst them M'Meyonn. The night was well-nigh spent; but as yet no glimmer of dawn pierced the eastern sky.

"We will give them speedy battle," cried the Prince gaily; "but who will follow Nairn, and bring him back with his five hundred men? Our army could ill spare so important a detachment."

"With your highness's leave I will go in search of my Lord Nairn," said M'Meyonn.

"And who will command your clan during your absence?"

"Lochiel will doubtless take the command of my men. But I hope to rejoin your highness before the two armies meet. I have my horse to carry me, swift and sure of foot, and there shall be no time lost upon the road."

"Bravely spoken, my dear Sir Andrew!" cried the Prince. "I would not have my prophet-chieftain absent, though his voice is given to prophesying evil."

M'Meyonn rode away through the darkness, armed for the coming contest, and mounted on a noble charger.

Under cover of the same darkness the troops got under arms, and moved away silently and speedily upon the narrow winding path that skirted the morass.

The path was lonely and unguarded; but though the morass was passed with all caution, some of the Highlanders sank knee-deep in the black swamp, and the Prince himself was well-nigh falling.

An evil omen M'Meyonn would perchance have called that stumble; but M'Meyonn was far away in quest of Lord Nairn.

With the first faint glimmer of daybreak the Highland army reached the plain. A frosty mist still veiled them from the sight of their foes; but on this level ground the sound of their tramp betrayed their neighbourhood to the ears of Sir John Cope and his men. Shots were fired; mounted patrols galloped off to give the alarm; all was action, excitement, expectation. The two armies drew themselves up in line of battle; and on the right of the plain where they met, wide, dark, and dangerous, stretched the morass.

"No sign of M'Meyonn!" exclaimed the Prince, after he had ridden to and fro along the line of the army. "I thought he would have rejoined us ere this."

As he spoke, the mists rolled away from the rising sun, and crimson on sea and swamp shone the glory of autumnal dawn.

"Look!" cried Lochiel, laying one hand upon Charles's arm, and pointing across the morass with the other. "Look, your highness; 'tis M'Meyonn! God of heaven! does the man know he is riding to his doom?"

The Prince reined-in his horse, and with the Highland chieftain by his side, looked aghast over that crimson plain which lay between the battle-field and the sea. They had good cause for horror. Across that swampy ground rode M'Meyonn on his heavy-limbed charger, weighted with the splendid caparisons of a war-steed. Already rider and steed had become aware of the deadly danger. Deep was the marshy ground through which the animal galloped, up to his haunches in mire and clay. Loud rang the shout of the enemy, shrill rose the wail of his clan, as the chieftain approached. A small detachment of Colonel Gardiner's dragoons galloped across the plain to intercept him, their drawn swords flashing in the sun.

"He is lost!" cried the Prince and Lochiel simultaneously, as the dragoons bore down upon the chief.

But not by the weapons of a usurper's mercenaries was M'Meyonn to die. Within twenty paces of the enemy the chieftain's ponderous horse, pulled up by a hand of iron, reared with his mighty forefeet in the air, sprang forward with one terrific bound, and then sank head-long, engulfed in that black morass, never to rise again. For one brief instant the marshy ground heaved and swayed with the death-struggles of horse and rider, as with the convulsive throes of an earthquake: then all was still. Neither cry nor groan went up from that fatal marsh.

Sir John Cope's men turned their horses' heads and slunk back to their post, appalled by the horrid spectacle.

Thus, as if by miraculous opening of abysmal chasm in his mother Earth, sank the God-gifted Seer. No human hand assailed him; no weapon of mortal fashioning winged his death-shaft. As if he had been indeed a being too sacred for the common touch of humanity's dread enemy, mother Earth opened her arms and took him to her breast. Unscathed by disease, unscarred by bullet or claymore, in the full vigour of body and meridian splendour of intellect, M'Meyonn, the prophet-chief, went down to his doom.

To his clan it seemed that the god of battles had withdrawn the Seer from the day of defeat; and in the natural phenomena of an unusual accident the ignorant Highlanders beheld a miraculous interposition of Providence.

In after-days, when the swamp near Prestonpans had been drained, a granite sepulchre was elevated upon the spot where Sir Andrew M'Meyonn met his death; and to this day the more superstitious inhabitants of North Britain are ready to affirm that no animal will

graze upon the grass that grows within a certain radius of that sacred sepulchre.

The sun that had shone upon the pathway of Charles Edward and his faithful followers was but too soon overclouded. Other victories he was yet to win after the triumphant day of Gladsmuir or Prestonpans. Nay, indeed, so lukewarm were his foes, so staunch his friends, that his path to the palace of his forefathers seemed smooth and easy; and wise historian and enthusiastic romancer alike believe that, but for the fatal council at Derby, a Stuart king might again have worn the British crown.

But a dark fate was upon that luckless race. Foredoomed and appointed unto sorrow were the children of the martyr-king. It may be that the blood of Darnley cried for vengeance, and it needed the woes of many generations to wipe away the offences of that fatal queen who once had walked in beauty through those chambers of Holyrood where her brave young descendant held his phantasmagoric court.

Ten years had gone by since the battle of Prestonpans, and the chivalrous young leader of those heroic days was fast sinking into an ignoble middle age; though the day never came in which the sound of pibroch or the mention of Highlander failed to awaken a sympathetic chord in the breast of that royal exile. Ten years had passed away since the dreary return from Derby, the brief triumph of Falkirk, the defeat of Culloden, and the dismal wanderings among those wild, faithful creatures—thieves and reprobates some of them—who sheltered with almost maternal tenderness the head which, severed from the worn, wasted body, might have earned them thirty thousand pounds. Ten years, and it seems as if the name of Charles Edward was almost forgotten in the land where mothers had given the blood of their sons "for Charley."

Lady McMeynn was alone in her island home off the coast of Inverness. Her elder son she had contrived to banish long ago to a Jesuit college at Amiens, avowedly for the purposes of education, but really because a secret, silent antagonism had arisen between mother and son, and there was no rest for Ellinor where the lad was. The boy of twelve had been powerless to oppose a mother's will, since his father's untimely end had left her sole mistress of his fate.

"It is for the best, Alk," she said, when she told him her decision. "Scottish education is but poor compared to monastic teaching. The Jesuits are a learned order."

"Ay, mother, and a wily order, as I have heard," replied the boy. "'Tis well that I should learn of them. They will teach me wisdom."

The mother was well satisfied to be rid of the lad. She despatched him with a kinsman of her own, who volunteered his guardianship on the journey. At Amiens the boy remained for ten years; and here he

dropped the Scottish prefix to his surname, and called himself simply Alk Meyonn, by which name he was henceforward known to the world.

The younger boy was but a feeble and sickly child. He died soon after the death of his father; and thus the gay and thoughtless Ellinor was left to lead her own life; a young and handsome widow, possessed of a competent fortune, and of jewels which she might fairly deem priceless.

She did not long consent to bury her beauty and her jewels at Mc'Meyonn Castle; but as soon as the ceremonial period of her widowhood was spent, she removed to Edinburgh, where she was for some years a reigning toast, and where her matchless diamond necklace was the envy of her female acquaintance, and the coveted prize of many a needy adventurer.

Against a second marriage Lady Mc'Meyonn had no objection; but she was ambitious, and her ideas upon this matrimonial question were of the most aspiring. For some six or seven years she enjoyed her little royalty as belle and toast in that pleasant city; but at the end of those years she found herself no nearer a grand alliance, and her mirror showed her the faint indications of an approaching enemy.

For two years more she lingered, repairing the ravages of the stealthy foe with cosmetics and rouges; and then, when the guests at her tea-board waxed thin, and glasses were no longer shattered to her honour, she found that she could no more endure to sit among the ruins of her former greatness; and disappointed, embittered, solitary, she returned to the dreary island and the granite castle, and spent her monotonous days in gloomy reverie and pious meditation.

Of her son she thought with a vague dread. Love for him she had none; but she told herself that the day was near when he must return, and when they two must spend their solitary lives together in that inhospitable abode.

Sometimes, alone in her gloomy chamber, by the dim light of a single wax-taper, she contemplated the bauble for which she had bartered her honour, and she wondered whether, in all the hours that it had blazed upon her neck, she had ever owed to its splendour one moment of real happiness.

One night while she was yet pondering upon her son's inevitable return, she was told that a stranger had come to the castle with a letter. The night was wild and tempestuous; and the messenger, after having delivered his missive, begged a night's lodging.

This favour was willingly granted. In these remote regions an almost oriental hospitality obtains alike in the dwellings of rich and poor.

The letter was from Sir Alk Meyonn. He wrote from an inn at Edinburgh, informing his mother of his arrival in Scotland, and announcing his speedy coming. The letter was cold and formal; the lady read it with a sigh.

"Let me see the messenger," she said.

The man was ushered into her presence—a somewhat rough-looking Lowlander, clad in a frieze coat, and with his face half hidden by long unkempt hair and beard. He looked at the lady somewhat searchingly from beneath his shaggy brows.

She asked him several somewhat frivolous questions about her son, and then gave him a haughty dismissal.

When the household of M^cMeyonn Castle arose next morning the stranger was gone, and the widow of Sir Andrew M^cMeyonn was found murdered in her bed. The massive oaken muniment-chest in which she had kept her jewels had been forced open roughly with the same dirk that had pierced her white throat, and Mary of Modena's necklace was gone. That a stranger should have got wind of the existence of these valuable jewels was no great matter for wonder; but that a stranger should have contrived to leave the castle, unheard, in the dead of the night, and get away from the island in a little boat that had lain hidden and mouldering in a boat-house ever since the boyhood of Alk Meyonn, seemed little short of a miracle.

Loud was the hue and cry that followed the murder of Ellinor M^cMeyonn; but in those days the means of detection and arrest were small, while the remote locality of the crime rendered the task of detection difficult. Had the assassin endeavoured to dispose of his ill-gotten prize, his discovery would have been almost inevitable: but he made no such attempt, nor had gain been the object of his crime.

The murderer of Ellinor M^cMeyonn was no common shedder of blood, nor was the motive that urged him to the deed—darker than those knew who streaked the corse of the murdered woman—a common motive. Under the guise of a stranger, Alk Meyonn had returned to the home of his childhood; and by the hand of her own and sole surviving son had the chieftain's widow perished. Bound by a solemn oath to the dead, the son of Andrew M^cMeyonn had held this fatal sacrificial act the primary duty of his existence. To compass this dark deed he had waited and watched until his age gave him independence of action and power to strike. In the first hour that he was free to return to Scotland, he had turned his face steadily towards the spot which was to behold the fulfilment of his oath. Not until the crime had been committed did he pause to consider its deep iniquity; not until the blood was shed did he ask himself how he was to face the future with *that* blood upon his hands.

While the proclamation of the murder mouldered upon the gates of Inverness Gaol, the murderer wandered barefoot and penniless in the wilder districts of the Highlands. The ancient home which was his heritage was a spot to be for ever shunned by him. Wealth he had none, save the lands belonging to that estate, and the feudal fidelity of the tacksmen or tenants who cultivated those lands. To these he never

could return; and the sole possession that remained to him was the fatal necklace stained with the blood of Scotland and of Ellinor M'Meyonn.

Too swiftly after the footsteps of the matricide followed the dread Nemesis of crime. Alk Meyonn could fly from the actual scene of his iniquity, but from the memory of that deed he could not fly. In those rugged regions he found kindly reception and hospitable entertainment from those on whom he had no claim save the brotherhood of a common birthplace; but neither in tacksman's humble homestead nor in chieftain's castle could Alk Meyonn find rest. A pale phantom pursued him from valley to mountain, from heath to forest; an avenging shade haunted his wanderings by day, and sat beside his pillow at night. For a long time he endured the presence of that dread companion with unbroken spirit; but the sleepless nights, the ghost-haunted days, became at last too terrible for mortal endurance; and within a year of his mother's murder, Alk Meyonn was a maniac, begging his way from hamlet to hamlet, sleeping more often amongst the foxes and badgers than within the walls of human habitation.

His one treasure, the papal necklace, he had sewn into the border of his ragged tartan; and this hidden wealth he protected with the cunning of madness, nor could he ever be persuaded to part company with the tattered plaid.

So he wandered, maniac and forlorn, for several years—an object of compassion to the generous Highlanders, of suspicion to none. And thus he came to the wild hills of Sutherland, where he found a hospitable shelter in the home of a wealthy chieftain, called O'Figgens, happy father of one lovely daughter.

Here, after a residence of some months, Alk Meyonn recovered his reason under the ever-purifying influence of love. He revealed himself to Alexander O'Figgens, not as the murderer of his mother, but as the son and rightful heir of M'Meyonn. This revelation at once secured him the respect of the chieftain. His long abandonment of his birth-right was regarded as a harmless eccentricity; and when he sued for the hand of the lovely Euphemia O'Figgens, the boon was granted. Nor was the elder chieftain ill pleased when his son-in-law produced from the border of his dilapidated plaid, and hung upon the fair neck of his bride, diamonds worth a king's ransom.

For some few months all went well with Sir Alk Meyonn and his young wife, who loved him with a trustful affection, of which the issue proved him undeserving. One cloud only obscured their horizon, and that was caused by Alk's persistent refusal to return to M'Meyonn castle, or to reclaim his abandoned estate. Had it not been for the diamond necklace, O'Figgens would have repented of so bad a bargain.

Too soon had the simple Euphemia cause for sorrow. A gloom, sullen, impenetrable, stole over her husband; and ere long she beheld

him weighed down by a melancholy more terrible than the previous estrangement of his senses. He was not mad, but abandoned to a silent misery more hopeless than insanity. Ghost-like he stalked through the halls of O'Figgeus, and vain were the efforts of his young wife to dispel or relieve his sadness.

One night, when a rude festival was held in the halls of the chieftain, an ancient crone, half witch, half gipsy, came in among the crowd of tenants and retainers, and anon began reading the palms of the assembly.

She came in due course to Sir Alk Meyonn. He at first refused to hear her vaticination; but, fascinated by the piercing gaze which seemed to penetrate his most secret thoughts, he yielded his palm to the clutch of her bony fingers.

"A noble gentleman," she cried, in her Gaelic dialect, "but not a happy one. I would not have so sore a heart for every head of cattle between this and John-o'-Groats."

And then the hag bent forward, until her lips almost touched Alk's unwilling ear, and in the same primitive language she half whispered, half chanted, a verse to the following effect:

"Land whereon looked not the sun
When thy hellish deed was done;
Land that rose not from the sea
When that blood was spilt by thee;
There, assassin, must thou go,—
There alone relief canst know."

When morning dawned on the house of O'Figgeus, M^cMeyonn was missing. Poor Euphemia was broken-hearted; but her father found some consolation in the fact that the papal necklace still remained in her possession.

Once more Alk Meyonn was a wanderer over the face of Scotland. Nor could he hope to find a resting-place speedily. A spot upon which the sun had not shone when his crime was perpetrated—so ran the oracular verse of the ancient woman. To the superstitious mind of M^cMeyonn there was inspiration in the hag's prophecy.

"Little peace have I known since that dark night," Sir Alk said to himself; "better to go in quest of this new land than to perish here, a prey to remorseful memories. Light would seem the labour of a journey to the uttermost ends of the earth if I could escape *her* shadow."

After a weary year spent in passing from place to place, Alk Meyonn descended from the mountains that line the coast of Aberdeenshire, into the city of Aberdeen. The need of decent brogues and a new plaid alone drove him into the haunts of men; but the crowded streets dazed his enfeebled brain, and after making his purchases, he wandered away from the busy part of the town to the quay.

There the salt breath of ocean refreshed his spirits, and he turned his face seawards, with a sense of relief that was new to him.

He had come to the end of the quay. Before him, far out into the ocean, stretched a noble stone pier. A little circular habitation had been built at the extreme end—a habitation lonely as lighthouse on rock. Purposeless and weary, Alk Meyonn paced the long pier to the very end. He found a man sitting on a little bench outside the pier-house, enjoying his pipe of tobacco in the summer sunset.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a spot more desolate, a habitation more remote from the homes of mankind. Before stretched all the expanse of the German Ocean—behind, almost beyond the reach of human sight, faintly glimmered the lights of the town.

The wanderer was very weary; and, with a wistful glance at the man, he seated himself on the stone parapet opposite the bench of the smoker.

"This is a fine pier," he said, by way of conciliating the lonely master of this lonely spot.

"Ay," answered the man, "'tis aboot the finest pier in an' Scotland. It hasna bin beelt seeven years; it cost a power o' siller."

It had not been built seven years! The words burned themselves into the brain of Alk Meyonn. This seemed to be the spot which the hag had told him to seek—a spot that had no existence when his crime was committed.

"And there was no pier before the building of this?" he demanded wildly. "The sea rolled over the spot where we are sitting to-night?"

"Dinna fash yersel', my freen'," replied the man; "there wassna ony pier in auld Aberdeen till they beelt this."

"O, man," cried the wanderer, "take me for your servant, your drudge! I will work for you, slave for you. On this spot can I find peace, and on no other."

The man, after some parley, accepted the services of the Highland baronet, whom he was at first inclined to regard as a harmless innatid, and for some time the two shared the duties of the watch, and went out together, but too often at the peril of their lives, to rescue the crews of ships that came to grief in that wild northern sea. In this life of danger and adventure, toil and privation, Alk Meyonn found repose. The weird woman's prophecy was fulfilled.

But the Nemesis of crime is unrelenting. Even here lasting peace was not to be found for the matricide. The pier-master had a daughter, a lovely girl, who had kept a fish-stall in Aberdeen market, and carried her basket of fresh oysters in the streets of that town, and whom her father, in the playfulness of affection, called Calleroo. Sir Alk saw and loved Calleroo. This man must needs have been deroird of principle and honour. Forgetful of the devoted Euphemia, he wooed the simple fisher-girl, and won her for his wife; and thus to the crime of matricide he added the offence of bigamy.

With Calleroo, in the lonely dwelling at the end of the pier, he spent several happy years. Two sons were born to them. The past was as if it had never been. All was peace; until, in an hour of fatal weakness, Alk Meyonn told his wife the story of the diamond necklace. Vain, though unsophisticated, with Calleroo to hear of this gem was to languish for its possession. Never had she beheld such jewels as her husband described; but this very fact made her only the more desirous to possess them.

It is needless to say that Sir Alk did not tell her the gems were in the custody of a former wife. He gave her somewhat vaguely to understand that he "had left them at home."

Calleroo harped upon the string with feminine persistence. After a futile attempt to resist her wishes, Sir Alk, weak as he had been wicked, yielded to the prayers of the wife with whom he had found happiness, and departed in quest of the diamond necklace.

Euphemia was the most tender and forgiving of wives, and the most devout of Catholics. When her husband gave her a rambling account of his wanderings, she forgave him his desertion, and welcomed him to the home he had abandoned. When he told her that his confessor had advised him to offer the necklace upon the shrine of St. Telphussus of Delphi, she believed him, and gave the gems once more into his blood-stained hands. The traitor kissed her and departed, promising to return speedily.

But the gentle Euphemia's wrongs were not to go unavenged, nor was the son of Sir Andrew M'Meyonn to escape the retribution his crimes deserved. O'Figgeus had heard of Sir Alk's doings on Aberdeen pier, and, accompanied by his two sons, he lay in wait for the wanderer, in a dismal glen near Figgeus Castle, where the matricide perished, after a desperate struggle, pierced with a hundred wounds by the dirks of the wronged father and the exasperated brothers.

Here it is deemed best to end the story of Alk Meyonn. For O'Figgeus also came the hour of retribution. The sons of Caleroo lived to avenge the murder of their father; and that deadly scene in the glen was followed by an expiation as deadly. But with the death of Sir Alk himself closes this brief chronicle of Highland tragedy.

PALETTEVILLE

A Pilgrimage to the Country of "Art for Art"

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

O, WHAT has become of the P.R.B.? Was there ever a real, tangible, palpable P.R.B.? or was the once renowned Præ-Rafaellite Brotherhood merely a myth—a shadowy nonentity existing only in the fervent minds of a few earnest, enthusiastic, mistaken young men? You will think I am needlessly sceptical; but to whom may not be pardoned a little scepticism in this age?—which, for the rest, in matters of believing and unbelieving, is very probably as like as two peas to the ages which have gone before. "Nothing is created, and nothing lost," says Lavoisier; and that which is true in chemistry may be true in the history of humanity. How can I tell whether there was ever anything, when people have such a wondrous knack for rubbing the paint off their faces, and ignoring, at least outwardly, their prior conditions of existence? Why, like the little old woman whose crinoline was so cruelly cut about by the ruthless stoat, I often wonder if the being I feel, and suffer, and sometimes love and sometimes hate, can be ME: myself, yourself, anybody's self. A grave gentleman with a double watch-chain and a double chin was pointed out to me lately, and I was told he had been a Saint-Simonian. Were there ever any Saint-Simonians, and did M. Félicust David and Madame George Sand ever sit at the feet of the Père Enfantin? Can it be possible that the Emperor Napoleon III. could ever have been the middle-aged gentleman in difficulties who lodged on a second-floor in Jermyn-street, and was occasionally backward in the payment of his rent, and who had an interview with M. Louis Blanc in the back-room of a dingy French hostelry hard by "Laicesterre-squarr"? Can the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, First Lord of the Treasury and pillar of Conservatism, ever have been the "wondrous boy wot wrote *Alroy*,"—the author of *Vivian Grey* and the *Revolutionary Epic*,—the ineffable exquisite who used to attend evening parties in black-velvet pantaloons and Valenciennes-lace ruffles? Could—but a truce to the potentialities.

Was there ever a Præ-Rafaellite Brotherhood? "Why, man," I hear an impatient critic urge, "wasn't John Everett Millais a P.R.B.? Didn't he, or Holman Hunt, exhibit pictures in the Academy with 'P.R.B.' in the corner?" Well, I answer, who knows? P.R.B. might have meant "piece of Riga balsam," or "Rich Butter," or "President of the Roaring Buffaloes." Were you ever acquainted with a Buffalo?

I once knew very well : the High Bison and Grand Primo of all England indeed,—from a buffalesque point of view ; and the last time I met him was in the streets of Washington. He had just resigned his lieutenant-colonel's commission in the Confederate army, and was about to accept an engagement for first low comedy at Ford's Theatre. Was there ever a Confederate army? Did Ford's Theatre ever exist? I very much doubt it ; for didn't Horace Greeley go bail, not very long since, for Jefferson Davis?

I admit that, the very while I am asking these questions, I have a dim and shadowy remembrance of having passed, many years since, an evening with the P.R.B. ; or, at least, some members of that æsthetic fraternity, in the flesh. When was it? Where was it? Let me endeavour to collect my scattered thoughts. Was it?—no ; it was not at Medmenham Abbey. The motto over the gate was not Rabelais' *Fais ce que voudras*. Jack Wilkes did not read us a canto from his Essay. Hall Stevenson did not tell us a Crazy Tale ; and the Reverend Lawrence Sterne did not black the faces of the assembled company with burnt cork. Nor did a monkey come down the chimney in the midst of our revels. Our revels! we didn't have any revels ; I think we had strawberries. Was it in an antique panneled saloon near Lincoln's Inn that I met the P.R.B.? Was Dr. Pusey present, and did he intone *Domine, salvam fac*—something, —Mr. Dante Rossetti accompanying him on the barrel-organ, and Mr. Clive Newcome—I mean Mr. Giotto junior—I mean Mr. Valentine Prinsep, performing an obligato on the Pandean pipes, whilst in the adjoining chamber the late William Blake, *pictor ignotus*, was continually opening oysters for Mr. Alexander Munro, and Mr. Algernon Swinburne sang a comic song about the Boatman of the Bosphorus? Stop, stop, stop! It wasn't near Lincoln's Inn at all. It was in the darkened chamber of a gondola in the lagunes of Venice. I remember Mr. Swinburne trying to throw Mr. George Meredith overboard, and the gondolier suddenly informing us that his name was Mr. William Stigant, and under the pretence of reciting Tasso to us, giving a free translation in the Venetian dialect of the first four cantos of "Athenais, or the first Crusade;" whereupon Mr. Whistler (from Wapping), who had eloped with Mr. Watts Phillips's *Woman in Mauve*, rushed to the prow with a wild shriek of rage and despair, and slew Stigant with an etching-needle, even as he spouted.

But, dear me! I am wrong again; I *can't* reduce my thoughts to anything approaching coherence. I had meat yesterday for dinner :—it was beef ; and beef always gets into my head. I strive to disentangle the P.R.B. from a conflicting maze of reminiscences. Was it on the evening that I paid a shilling in Piccadilly to see Mr. Ford Maddox Browne's picture of "Work," and did I offer to fight the Beadle in the Burlington Arcade because he denied that it was a good picture? Did we afterwards adjourn to smoke *haschisch* somewhere ; and what on earth had *haschisch* to do with Mr. Ernest Hart and some of the best

lobster-salad I ever tasted? Stay: I am right at last. I dined one night at the Beef-steak Club, and all the "steaks" were Præ-Rafaellite Brethren. Those three mystic knocks under the table,—what could they mean but P.R.B.? Hush! the mysteries of the "Steaks" are more than Eleusinian. Those who reveal them are liable to be waited upon at midnight by a *gendarme grilleur*, and privately broiled on a gridiron kept for the purpose.

I do remember, about the time that præ-Rafaellitism first began to be talked about—something like twenty years ago—that a bishop's daughter gave me a High-Church novel called *Hawkstone*. No, it must have been more, much more than twenty years since, for I was a boy in a jacket; but I *did* know bishops' daughters in the days ere I grew fat and wicked. Did you ever read *Hawkstone*? To me, at the time, it seemed the most enchanting story I ever met with. I lighted on it the other day in the drawing-room of the Schweizer Hof at Lucerne, and I re-read it from beginning to end, and thought it still delightful. It was published anonymously, but I have heard the author's name and forgotten it. I think they have made *him* a bishop.

In this *Hawkstone*, towards the end of the book, the writer has drawn a graphic, albeit ideal, picture of a group of enthusiastic, deep-thinking young men in holy orders, who, foregathering together, soon establish a common habitation, half collegiate, half monastic, where they work and pray and do as much good as ever they can, feeding their own minds with deep learning, but also feeding the mouths of the poor in their neighbourhood with substantial bread and beef. I am afraid that, in this material year 1868, the enthusiastic, deep-thinking young clergymen, the student monks or monkish students, are somewhat at a discount among the general public. I am afraid they have become confounded with those Ritualists against whom the Protestant Bull is bellowing so loudly. I am afraid that the tom-fooleries of Brother Ignatius have brought into undeserved disrepute a vast number of pious, learned, charitable, and self-denying gentlemen, whose greatest fault seems to be that they desire the ceremonies of the Church to be as handsome and dignified as they were in the days of the wise and gentle boy-king—the English Saint Louis, the English Alexander Severus—who founded Christ's Hospital. But I have nothing to do with Ritualism; I leave it to the Royal Commission, and to the stanch Riddleys and Latimers of the daily papers. Terrible theologians, awful controversialists are these. See Mr. Milton in the *Trumpet* giving it to Mr. Salmasius in the *Kettledrum* over the face and eyes. Listen to Jared Sparks in the *Basoon* exposing the double-dealing of Don Sanchez in the *Flageolet*. There is not a "leader"-writer of the day but is ready to write Thirty-nine Leading Articles on knotty points which aforetime used to puzzle the Council of Trent, to say nothing of the Synod of Dort, and the Assembly of Divines at Westminster.

Now what has all this to do with the novel of *Hawkstone*, the Præ-Rafaellite Brotherhood—I know I haven't spelt it correctly, but the patron's name was, if I mistake not, Rafaele Sanzio d'Urbino—and especially with the title of this paper, *Paletteville*? In a moment you shall see. If the old P.R.B. did really once exist, but has, through the increasing stontness and prosperity of its members, surceased, could not a group of the young painters of the present day set up an artistic fraternity, and have a habitation where, in “a half-collegiate, half-monastic” fashion, they should live and work in common, and do as much good around them as ever they could? Is not Art, after all, a kind of religion? Should not the pursuit of Art, rightly directed, tend the rather to elevate the mind of a man, and to purify and ennoble his life, than to debase and sensualise him? It is a miserable error to think that the young artist must needs have a dash of the *picaresque* about him, and that he is all the better for a season of Bohemianism in his early career. I do not believe that the Bohemian painter often becomes a Webster or a Mulready, as I equally disbelieve that the riotous blackguard species of medical student—the cheap buck who assaults the police or creates disturbances at music-halls—often becomes a Fergusson or a Skey. With much more frequency the Bohemian painter goes utterly to the dogs, or is forced to turn cheap photographer for a livelihood, and the Bohemian medical student sinks into a two-penny-halfpenny druggist in a low neighbourhood, or emigrates and dies of bad whisky, or goes into the police, for bread. Balzac's Horace Bianchon is the medical student who becomes, some day, Fergusson or Skey; Thackeray's “J. J.” is the art-student who becomes of the Academy, and is Webster, or Mulready, or Elmore. The characters drawn by the great English and French romancers hardly belong to fiction. Balzac's Bianchon died only yesterday. He was the illustrious Dr. Tronseau, Commander of the Legion of Honour, and his name was known and honoured in every medical school in Europe. As for “J. J.,” Mr. Thackeray believed so strongly in the corporeal existence of that devoted student, that he proposed to write *The Memoirs of John James Bailey, Esq., R.A.*, and an excellent biography it would have made; but the Master died, to the infinite sorrow of all, ere his good labour could be commenced.

I should wish some serious young painters to form a brotherhood, and live together in “a half-collegiate, half-monastic” fashion, because I doubt whether the young painter should live alone. Now, for the man of letters solitude is good, and often indispensable. Two men cannot read a book together, and if two persons of opposite sexes try lecture by double entry, why 'tis the old story of Francesca over again. Jack falls to hugging Jill, and “that day they read no more.” If you are writing a poem, or an essay, or a story, or a history, you hate the society of Man for the time being as bitterly as Timon hated Apemantus. You may have a wife, or a sister, or a cat perhaps, in the

next room, or in a corner, on whom you may try (as Molière was wont to try on his housekeeper) the effect of your fine passages, and who may steal in now and then (I exclude the cat from this part of the business) to see whether you would like a sandwich, or to make sure that you have not blown your brains out. Beyond this the author must be alone in his work-time. Again, most men of letters compose more or less under the influence of some species of temporary insanity. Schiller used to have four wax candles lit. Goethe used to have his hair frizzed and powdered, and looking-glasses disposed all around his study-table, in order that from time to time he might survey himself, and murmur "Most illustrious of Germans, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe salutes you." Sprout, the great lyric poet, I am given to understand, always writes with a crown of daffodils and young carrots on his head, a cock-roach in each ear, and his feet in lukewarm sixpenny ale. So far as I am concerned, before I begin to write, I paint my moustache and eyebrows a rich sap-green. I then put on a Roman helmet, a Mexican poncho, and a Sharpe's rifle. As I dip my pen into the ink, I sing the Seven Penitential Psalms. I tear my hair at the commencement of every fresh page, and smoke a pipe of cavendish and opium combined when I have come to the middle of my task, and when I have finished it I dance the college hornpipe and sing—

"Go along, Tom,
The Piper's son;
Ain't you very glad
Your day's work's done?"

After that I say grace, and go out for a little walk.

Now, putting all buffooning aside, many men of letters—and I am confident *my* brethren will agree with me—are, relatively, quite as mad as this while they are at work. Mr. Thackeray never began upon less than a quire of letter-paper. Half of this he would cover with comic drawings; a fourth he would tear up into minute pieces; and on two or three slips of the remainder he would do his work; walking about the room at intervals with his hands in his pockets, and with a perturbed and wobegone expression of countenance. Some men bite their nails; others stab the sides of their study-chairs with penknives; others tear the fronts of their shirts; others eat blotting-paper. One of the most erudite bibliographers I ever knew, a Franco-American who wrote a life of Columbus, used to lie flat down on his stomach on the ground, and grovel while he studied, like the Old Serpent. And these are facts, as Miss Edgeworth would say. The "scribblers" must be alone; and if the authoress of *Dead-Sea Fruit* would not snatch up a Toledo rapier, and pink under the fifth rib the rash intruder who entered her study while *she* was at work, all I can say is, that she is not the novelist I took her for.

I hold it to be essential, then, that the poet, the romancer, or the

essayist should not be disturbed while the process of mental incubation is in progress; but the same risk does not hold with regard to the painter, the sculptor, and the engraver, or the draughtsman. They may be, and should be, gregarious. An artist's studio is, in its most prosaic phase, only a work-room, a factory; and in such an atelier—a term which that logical nation the French apply indifferently to a painter's studio and to a carpenter's shop—there may be working together, without impropriety, the master, his foreman, his journeyman, his pupils, and his apprentices. The "school of Rafaele" may be fifty strong. Rubens is attended when he walks abroad by a brilliant band of pupils. In their painting-rooms, the Great Masters, from Apelles to Horace Vernet, from Parrhasius to Reynolds, from Zeuxis to Ingres, have employed numerous auxiliaries. One scholar is a capital hand at backgrounds; another is a dab at draperies; a third imitates the sheen of gold and silver most dexterously; a fourth is almost equal to the master in his treatment of hands and feet. Nor does the rendering of such assistance by expert subordinates in any way detract from the master's claim to applause, or mar the excellence or diminish the unity of the performance. It has been said that the late Clarkson Stanfield painted the scenery for *Acis and Galatea*, with a speaking-trumpet, and from the rearmost bench of the upper gallery of Drury-lane Theatre. This is an exaggeration; for every one of those beautiful productions were full of traces of the power and skill of Stanfield's own right hand; but the exaggeration is only one of an idea having a substantial foundation in fact. In the great picture, for instance, by Horace Vernet, of the *Taking of the Smala of Abd-el-Kader*, probably twenty pair of hands in addition to those of the master were, from first to last, employed; but the *Taking of the Smala* was nevertheless, from beginning to end, in its entirety and in its details the work of Horace Vernet.

I am willing to confess that a scheme for banding a society of artists together with a semi-monastic organisation and under semi-monastic discipline—eating, drinking, studying, and working in common, wearing a common habit, and entering for a time, if not into vows, at least into an engagement of temperance, sobriety, and celibacy—might present many objections on the score of practicability, many of which might be found all but insuperable. The brothers might quarrel among themselves; Brother Francis might hate Friar Lawrence, not with semi-monastic, but with entirely monastic virulence; difficulties, nay scandals, might arise, from the introduction of Sister Perdita, model in ordinary to the brotherhood. Then Brother Sancho might demand a latch-key and refuse to take a denial; and Brother Hilarius, without any latch-key at all, might come home to the monastery at four in the morning, "tight," and singing profane canticles about "Joseph," or "the Captain with the Whiskers." And by what name, too, should the fraternity be known? It might be called the Brotherhood of St. Luke; for, according to tradition, the

Evangelist was the first of Christian portrait-painters ; but, bearing in mind the existence of an admirable asylum for the mentally afflicted in the Old-street-road, the uninitiated public might run away with the notion that the brotherhood of St. Luke were an assembly of raving madmen. My own preference is for the Order of St. Raffaele ; first, because I think that Raffaele was infinitely superior to the masters who either preceded or followed him ; and next, because he had for sponsor the angelic personage who is described by Milton as having been a "sociable spirit,"—who loved to converse with mankind, and deigned to walk with young Tobias, and in the end secured his marriage with the Seven-times-wedded Maid.

Still, I am afraid the monastic scheme must be abandoned. In the minds of most sociable persons there has grown up, and there is growing stronger every day, a conviction that in the middle of the nineteenth century every form of monachism, or of organised asceticism, with a "Rule" and a "Habit," and a Saint who perhaps never existed as a patron, is—all-conscientious and all-praiseworthy as the motives of its promoters may be—more or less of a sham. A monk is an anomaly, an anachronism. Take that brown, grubby friar, prowling about the streets of Rome with an umbrella under his arm, or lurching into the tobacco-shop to beg a halfpennyworth of snuff. Does he belong to the nineteenth century ? or if he do, are his umbrella and his snuff-box of the middle ages ? Take that trim, prim little nun sitting demurely in a corner, as she sits waiting for the train in the Salle d'Attente of a Belgian railway-station. What has a nun to do with express trains, or other prosaic modes of locomotion ? Can you fancy Eloisa waiting for the last 'bus to take her home to the Paraclete after popping a letter to the Rev. Father Abelard into the pillar-post ? Or, on the other hand, why should this trim, pretty little nun, with rosy cheeks and roguish black eyes, be compelled to walk about in a coarse, ill-fitting gaberdine like a coal-sack, and a great starched pillow-case on her head ? The saints and saintesses went about in coal-sacks and pillow-cases because the ages in which they lived were dark and ignorant, and because civilisation had not recovered from the ruinous blows it had received from the barbarian invaders who broke up the empire of old Rome ; and moreover, holy nuns and pious confessors in those days—all pure and pious as were their lives—spoke and wrote quite as coarsely as they dressed. You may read on this head a very curious letter from Eloisa to Abelard touching the proper attire for a nun, and in which the abbess of the Paraclete enters into particulars which, in these days, would be thought very shocking indeed. That trim, prim little nun would never dream of writing as the Reverend Mother Eloisa—in perfect candour and innocence of heart, and in very tolerable, albeit monkish, Latin—wrote to her spiritual director. Why should my trim, prim little sister be doomed to wear the Reverend Mother Eloisa's clothes ? *Why shouldn't she wear a crinoline, and glacé kid-gloves—"small*

sevens"—and gaiter-boots with tassels and military heels, and a pork-pie-hat with a feather in it, if she choose? One illustration will suffice to show the utter absurdity of endeavouring to preserve in 1868 the costume and usages which may have obtained in 1168. A nun non-cloistered, walking abroad, is permitted to carry an umbrella to shield her from the rain; but it would be deemed a most scandalous breach of discipline were she to carry a parasol.

Well, if, all reluctantly as it may be, I abandon the monastic idea for artists, what have I to propose in its stead? I propose Paletteville. If you wish to know what Paletteville should be like, hie you to the *gare* of the Chemin de Fer du Nord in Paris, and take a ticket for a place called Villiers-le-Bel. Thence an omnibus will convey you to the village of Ecouen, about a mile and a half distant. At Ecouen there is one of the noblest educational institutions in the world—the *Maison Impériale de la Légion d'Honneur*, commonly called *La Maison de St. Denis*, and in which are many hundreds of young ladies, the daughters of those who have been decorated with the cross of the famous order of chivalry instituted by Napoleon the Great. But there is another thing to be remarked at Ecouen—a wheel within a wheel, a village within a village, a college within a college—to wit, Paletteville. There from twenty to thirty of the foremost *genre* painters in France lead a peaceful, happy, studious life. They inhabit, in most cases, it is true, separate dwellings; and many of them are married, and some of them have children; but they form nevertheless a compact brotherhood of artists—meeting at each other's houses night after night; dining, breakfasting, reading, conversing, or playing a tranquil game at dominos, turn and turn about, exchanging models or accessories, conferring and comparing notes, and quarrelling never. If you would wish to know who is the patriarch of Paletteville, the *Sachem* of this quiet tribe, the unmitred abbot of this uncowled community, I will tell you. His name is EDOUARD FRERE.

LONDON PALACES

BY WALTER THORNBURY

III. St. James's Palace—Carlton House—Buckingham Palace

ST. JAMES'S PALACE—*concluded.*

JUST a few words before we leave the old brick gateway, and descend the Duke-of-York steps on our way past the site of the Regent's house to Buckingham Palace.

Nothing now remains of the hospital of the fourteen leper sisters; and the gateway facing St. James's-street is the only relic of the palace of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, with the exception of the chimney-piece in the old Presence-chamber, where the initials H. and A. still intertwine. They were cut by some cunning mason, while the King's arm was resting round the slim white neck of his fair wife, and they remained there long after the executioner's brutal axe had fallen. It is said that Queen Mary, the persecuting queen so often mentioned with horror and detestation in our English martyrology, died here. Here also died that hopeful Prince Henry, the son of weak King James I., the Prince Henry who pitied Raleigh, and lamented that his father should keep such a bird in a prison-cage. The poor lad's death was attributed to poison, but probably unjustly. Historical personages who die in critical times are generally reported to have perished by foul means. People said the same of Richard II. and Henry VI., although there is no proof that either monarch died from any but natural causes. Charles II. was born in this palace, in the halcyon days before the great troubles, and an unlucky birthday it was for England; for after Cromwell had kept all Europe in awe, Charles sold himself to France, and allowed Holland to trample us under foot. In the same palace, after Cromwell's death, General Monk took up his quarters, and began to intrigue with the Cavaliers for the restoration of Charles. It was here too that Mary of Modena (the wife of James II.) gave birth to the unhappy son afterwards stigmatised by the Orange party as "the Pretender." The rumour was that the Queen had given birth to no son at all, and that a spurious baby was conveyed to her bed in a warming-pan. Queen Anne, the undutiful daughter of the bigoted and narrow-minded Catholic king, encouraged this report, and declared publicly that the intricate old palace "was much the properest place to act such a deed in." Industrious antiquarians tell us that *a contemporary plan* of the palace is dotted with supposititious lines to

show the way the child was conveyed. The detached range of library, on the site of the garden of Stafford House, and facing the Green Park, was commenced by Caroline, Queen of George II., and finished in 1737; the frontage towards the stable-yard, and facing Cleveland-row, was built for that poor creature Frederick Prince of Wales, at his marriage, on the site of suttlings-houses belonging to the Guards. Before his marriage this frivolous kingling had openly lived in the palace with his mistress, Miss Vane, originally a maid-of-honour. It was at St. James's that in 1737, the year her improvements were completed, Queen Caroline died in her royal and unbending way; and here, in 1762, the misfortunes of England culminated in the birth of George IV. A house in the stable-yard, pulled down to erect Stafford House, which was built for the Duke of York with money advanced for the purpose by the Marquis of Stafford, was the last London residence of that great orator, but unsuccessful statesman, Charles James Fox. In the great council-chamber the odes of the poet-laureates (till later days such a flock of geese!) used to be sung and performed before the monarch whom they flattered and pleased. In James II.'s brief reign, Verrio ("the sprawling painter" whom Pope satirised) was keeper of the palace-gardens. The eastern side of the old palace was in 1809 partly destroyed by a fire which broke out in the Duke of Cambridge's lodgings.

For a few notes on the chapel and palace we are indebted to Mr. Cunningham, one of the best-read of our London antiquarians in the old memoirs of the Georgian era. The entrance to the chapel is between the Colour Court and the Ambassadors' Court, on the right as you enter the great gateway. It is an oblong building, with a flat roof, which is panelled with armorial bearings. Holbein painted an altar-piece for this chapel, the subject "Lazarus rising from the dead;" which has long since passed into old canvas, and its strips may have nailed up fruit-trees in the palace-gardens centuries ago. The obnoxious high pews, now wisely almost abolished, are said to have originated in this royal chapel. That fulsome, time-serving Whig Bishop Burnet, whom Swift so detested, complained to the Princess Anne of the ogling and love-making carried on in the chapel during divine service, and requested leave to have the sides of the pews raised several feet higher; according to a ballad of the day, attributed by Dryden to Mr. Mainwaring or Lord Peterborough:

"The princess, by rude importunity pressed,
Though she laughed at his reasons, allowed his request;
And now Britain's dames, in a Protestant reign,
Are locked up at prayers, like the virgins in Spain."

Queen Caroline (George II.), a woman of excellent sense, once asked Mr. Whiston (another of Swift's detestations) to tell her what the people said about the Court, and what especial fault they found with her especially. Mr. Whiston answered clerically that the fault most complained of was her talking in chapel. She instantly promised

amendment, and then inquired what other fault was objected to in her. Whiston replied, "When your majesty has amended this, I'll tell you of the next."

That dull nonentity Prince George of Denmark (*Est-il possible?* as King James called him) was married in this chapel to the Princess Anne; and here also took place the marriage of Frederick Prince of Wales and the Princess of Saxe Gotha, afterwards so obnoxious to the people. The chapel also was the scene of that ill-starred marriage of George IV. (then Prince of Wales) with his cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick. He had already taken an insuperable dislike to the coarse reckless woman (*ætat.* 27), whom he had only consented to marry in order to free himself of 70,000*l.* of debt. The Prince confessed to the Duke of Bedford (who supported him at the altar) that he had taken several glasses of brandy (several too many) to enable him to endure the detested ceremony. Lastly, it was in this chapel that that auspicious marriage took place over which we have all such reason to rejoice—the union of her present Majesty and Prince Albert, a marriage made in heaven if ever a marriage was, and leading to happiness and peace as unclouded as is ever granted to poor humanity. Mr. Cunningham mentions that the register-book records the marriage of Sir Christopher Wren with his second wife, Madam Jane Fitz-Williams (1676). The chapel communicates by a gallery with the state-apartments; and the royal family used formerly to attend the chapel, till her Majesty had a private chapel constructed in Buckingham Palace. The service there is chanted by the boys of the Chapel Royal. There is also a German chapel attached to the palace. The Duke of Wellington used to be a regular attendant at the morning service in St. James's Chapel.

CARLTON HOUSE.

Carlton House, the palace allotted to George IV. (then Prince of Wales) in 1783, stood in front of where the Duke of York's Column now stands. The mansion was built in 1709 by Lord Carlton on a portion of "the wilderness" of the gardens of St. James's Palace, by permission of Queen Anne. Lord Carlton's successor, his nephew, Lord Burlington, sold it to Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. The gardens, laid out by Kent in imitation of Pope's garden at Twickenham, extended as far west as the house of the Duchess-dowager of Marlborough. Holland the architect added to the house, when beautified for the Prince, a screen of Ionic pillars and a Corinthian portico. The pillars of the portico were taken down in 1827, and used for the front of that hideous and mean building the National Gallery. Some of the Ionic pillars are still, we believe, in Queen Charlotte's favourite gardens at Kew. The Duke of York then lived at Melbourn House, Whitehall, a house remarkable for its circular *front court*; and when old Lord North (then blind) was told what the *new Carlton House* was like, he said: "Ah, then, I see the Duke of

York has been sent to the round-house, while the Prince of Wales is put into the pillory."

Two years after his brilliant commencement of life in the new house, the selfish and wilful Prince was 160,000*l.* in debt, and, thanks to his reckless friend Sheridan, bound fast in the hands of the Jews. He used to declare that his father had hated him ever since he was seven years old. He wished to go to Holland or to some petty German Court, and live there *incog.* as the Earl of Chester. The year before, the King had promised to pay all his debts, but had angrily returned the accounts because the Prince refused to disclose the creditor for one item of 25,000*l.*, supposed to be owing to the infamous Duke of Orleans. The King was severe and exacting, the Prince heartless and fretful. The Prince is said to have finally extorted the money to pay his debts and finish Carlton House by threatening to disclose state-secrets. The Prince had already won the love of poor Perdita Robinson, and then cast her from him, and meanly coaxed her out of a bond, in which he had promised her 20,000*l.* on his coming of age. In 1785 he secretly married Mrs. Fitzherbert—a marriage which he denied to his friend Charles James Fox, and basely allowed him to contradict in the House of Commons.

So much abuse has been heaped on George IV., his effigy has been so riddled by the arrows of satirists, so mauled by the tomahawks of Cobbett and his rough comrades, that no whole part is left untarnished—not even a finger's breadth of gilding. Let us, then, try and search out a few good actions for the opposite page of the ledger. It will be refreshing to hear any good of George IV., and we shall be glad if we can only cast two or three green leaves on his desecrated grave between "heartless Henry and headless Charles." We can muster up a few stories, but, alas! even they have some alloy. The Prince was a considerate and indulgent master. He once forgave a groom-boy who had been found stealing oats, and warned him (save the mark!) to avoid evil company. A maid-servant at Carlton House was found crying because the Prince was going to turn economical, and discharge her with many others. He once is said to have *borrowed* 800*l.* to relieve the distress of an impoverished officer, whom his creditors were forcing to sell his commission. Like most voluptuaries, he shunned everything that gave rise to disagreeable associations, and is said to have been reluctant to sign death-warrants; yet the same man could thank the yeomanry for the Peterloo Massacre; and send the Cato-street Conspirators to the gallows without mercy. He sent money, though rather tardily, it is now ascertained, to his old boon companion, Sheridan, on his deathbed.

But then we must allow that, however hard and coarse his face became, till he grew so stout that it took four Life-guardsmen to lift him on horseback, in youth the Prince was handsome, well-shaped, and graceful in bearing; and even Byron acknowledged the fascination of his bow. His manner of pretending to take snuff (Prince's mix-

ture), for which he did not care, is said to have been a most accomplished piece of dandyism. In dress Brummel alone surpassed him; and probably scarcely less than a third of his life was spent in the society of tailors. He invented a shoe-buckle, he composed a snuff, and he built the Brighton Pavilion. Poor man!

George IV. had a few accomplishments. He played the violoncello respectably, and he could join in a glee. He was a tolerable convivial speech-maker, and he could make second-rate puns, to the delight of his toadies. He patronised the drama; that is to say, he went to the theatre whenever he cared to select that amusement, and he made Mrs. Crouch his mistress. He is said to have had a turn for mechanics; and Mr. Weiss, the celebrated surgical-instrument maker, was sagacious enough to submit to him every new improvement, and to take the Prince's advice (like Michael Angelo with the marble-dust) upon the size of a screw or the colour of a handle. One thing at least the Prince did reasonably well: he drove nearly as smartly as a stage-coachman, and once worked a four-in-hand from Brighton to Carlton House (fifty-six miles) in four hours and a half.

It cannot in all candour but be allowed that the Prince, with all his falseness and folly, was thought an incomparable gentleman by many good judges, men who, moreover, knew him well. Yet even in these witnesses to character there is generally some mental fraud, some mote in the eye, that lessens the value of their otherwise irreproachable testimony. Let us call up three witnesses: Sir Walter Scott, his guest; Mr. Raikes, his admirer; and Colonel Hanger, his equerry.

Sir Walter, the kindest and most chivalrous of men, had a superstitious veneration for the mere accident of royal birth. A vivid imagination blinded him to all the faults of even a bad and corrupt king. He dined twice at Carlton House, where the Regent called him "Walter," and tried to cap his fine old Border stories. The Prince sang him a song or two, and presented him with a gold snuff-box set in brilliants. Although the Prince pressed Mr. Scott (not then Sir Walter) rudely on the Waverley question, everything he said or did seemed divine to the infatuated son of the Edinburgh lawyer. When afterwards asked about the Regent's abilities, Scott, however, generally waived the question, as Dr. Johnson used to do when asked about his celebrated interview with George I. at Buckingham House. Scott used to say the Regent was the first English gentleman of the day; but "as to his abilities, spoken of as distinct from his charming manners, how could anyone form a fair judgment of that man who introduced whatever subject he chose, discussed it just as long as he chose, and dismissed it when he chose?" When the listeners were obliged to follow the will of their host, and waited eagerly for his merest whisper, this seems no great compliment after all.

Colonel Hanger's testimony is more singular. The shameless and reckless colonel, who squandered his last shilling, and had to turn

coal-merchant and cabman till Fortune again smiled on her unworthy choice and made him Lord Coleraine, had seen a great deal of the King, and had had trouble enough to sour him, and to open his eyes to the severest truth; and yet he speaks warmly of the Prince, whom he had known for sixteen years, well and ill, in convivial and in serious hours. He says, writing in 1801, "In affluence, in poverty, at liberty, and when in prison, his kindness has never varied. When I was calumniated and in disgrace, he nobly came forward, pledging himself to the falsehood of the assertion, and stemmed the tide of public calumny until justice and the law of the land proved the baseness of the assertion, and turned my enemies into shame. I speak not of him as King, but as Prince of Wales. Were I a poor ensign on half-pay, or a clergyman serving three churches for forty pounds a year—two situations the most deplorable and the least to be envied in life—I would select him above all mankind for a companion and friend, and by his judgment I would be guided in the most weighty and intricate concerns. His enemies even acknowledge him to be the most accomplished and best-bred gentleman of the age, a master of languages, and an elegant classical scholar,—three distinguished qualities rarely to be met with in one man."

This is strong testimony, had the praise of such a man been worth having, and had not Hanger's gratitude been well defined as "the vivid anticipation of future favours."

On the turf, till the affair of Escape happened, and the Jockey Club denounced Chifney for his misfortune rather than his fault, the Prince seems really to have been in his element, and to have been remarkable for a certain dignified and graceful *bonhomie*, which long practice in courts had enabled him to prevent ever degenerating into familiarity. That agreeable writer "the Druid" informs us that the Regent used to walk with Chifney for hours on the Steyne, and would beckon him to come and sit by his side in his carriage. He liked to get high-caste sportsmen around him. Horses were his idols, and he had a fine eye for them. His favourite pet at the royal lodge was a little dun Norwegian pony, which used to run about the rooms and sleep on the rug before the fire. He was never tired of trying hacks and hunters; and after anxious hours of consultation with his tailors, would spend hours more in the stable-yard of Carlton House with audacious Mat Milton the dealer, and Jack Retford, his factotum groom.

It was not easy for a mountain of fat weighing twenty-three stone to mount a horse at all; but he sometimes honoured his hacks, Tiger and Tobacco-stopper, with the precious load, which must have made the nags hopeless Radicals for life. He was lavish of money if he wanted a racer; he gave 1,100 guineas for Pucelle; he offered Sir Fowell Buxton 1,000*l.* in vain for his park-horse John Bull; and he gave 2,000 guineas to Sir Matthew White Ridley for Fleur-de-lis. He once offered Colonel King 3,000 guineas for Bessy Bedlam; and he gave 4,000 guineas for the Colonel, which was beaten by Lord Chesterfield's Zinganee.

Mr. Raikes has left us a sketch of Brighton on a race-morning during the Regency : when Lord Foley and Colonel Mellish, surrounded by the "legs" and sporting-men, had begun their betting on the Steyne, the Prince would appear, with his high-bred manner, in the crowd, wearing a green jacket and white hat, light-nankeen pantaloons, and shoes. He was generally accompanied by the Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummel, M. Day, Churchill, and the little old Jew Travis (a money-lender ?). Soon after this the Prince's German barouche drawn by six black-legged bays, and driven by Sir John Lade (the spendthrift whose coming-of-age follies Dr. Johnson ridiculed in sarcastic verse), would glide out of the gates of the Pavilion, and take the Prince up the green slope to the Grand Stand.

We have already exhausted almost all that can be said for this evil man, this heartless betrayer of loving women, this faithless friend, this foolish, this deceitful king, who drank, gambled, ran into debt, and encouraged half the noblemen of his day to do the same. He could drink six bottles of claret at a sitting; he could spend 10,000*l.* a-year on clothes. All his life he gave way to hysterical fits of sentiment, especially when trying to win a new mistress to his harem. Canning had an interview once with him and won him over, when he had taken to his bed, and was blubbering and being let blood in a dark room, because the Marchioness of Conyngham had shown some symptoms of affection for a former lover who had returned from abroad. Canning, with consummate tact, won the King for ever by sending off the intrusive lover to some distant and very unhealthy foreign station. When Mrs. Fitzherbert first went abroad and left him, the Prince went down to the Foxes, at St. Ann's, cried by the hour, rolled on the floor, beat his head, tore his curly light hair, fell into hysterics, and swore he would forego the crown, sell his jewels, and fly with Mrs. Fitzherbert to America.

When his father's mind began to fail, and he was delirious one day at dinner, the Prince is said to have burst into tears; but not many weeks after, he was seen listening at the King's bedroom-door, collecting proofs of his insanity. At the public service in 1789, when the King went to St. Paul's to return thanks to God for his recovery, his son's conduct in the cathedral shocked and disgusted all who witnessed it: and on the return of the procession, when the Guards had fired a *feu-de-joie* opposite Buckingham House, the Prince tried to lead off part of the mob. He constantly insulted the Queen, of whose power he was jealous, and kept away all persons over whom he had any influence from the congratulatory balls at which she was present.

It is no place here to detail the cruel wrongs the heartless and cunning husband heaped on the coarse-minded, high-spirited, reckless, and latterly, we fear, abandoned woman, whom he married in order to pay his debts.

When that unhappy lady arrived, the Prince was already married

to Mrs. Fitzherbert ; and his mistress, Lady Jersey, who resided in the palace, was sent to meet his bride-elect. We need not here recapitulate with what cruel malignity he and his spies pursued her, exaggerating every action, and driving her to despair. There is at least one satisfaction to be derived from the miserable affair, and that is that the Queen and her factious party worried and tormented George for many years, and proved to him his unpopularity. He too, at least, had one satisfaction—that the repulse of the Queen from the doors of Westminster Abbey, on the day of the coronation, by Jackson's band of prize-fighters, caused her death ten or twelve days afterwards.

The King scarcely ever forgot an injury. In spite of the Jockey-Club's apology, he never ran his horses again at Newmarket after the Escape escapade. He never liked Prince Leopold after his visiting Queen Caroline. He kept back Brougham and Denman as long as he could, because they had defended an injured and unfortunate woman. He never honoured the City with a visit after being hissed and threatened on his way to the Guildhall with the Allies in 1814. He never liked Rossini or his music after that clever composer declined to repeat a piece of his music at a court-concert. In fact, he was all his life a great, selfish, spoilt child—too narrow-minded and obstinate to forgive or forget even a small injury. Once when Sir Thomas Lawrence politely and tacitly refused to give him an original sketch of the unfortunate Duke of Reichstadt, by presenting the King with a careful copy, the King petulantly scratched and tore it, in a passion as irrational as it was unbecoming.

Let us show this miserable monarch at two periods of his life. At the first court-ball, we see the handsome well-formed youth dressed in a pink-silk coat with white cuffs, a white waistcoat embroidered with coloured foil and French paste. His hat, cocked in the military way, was decorated with five thousand beads, and a steel button and cross. At the close of his life we see the King living with the seclusion of an Eastern tyrant. The Windsor cottage was surrounded with trees, and no one was allowed to trespass on his thirty miles of drives. If he ever crossed the Frogmore road, some of the suite were sent forward to observe if anyone was passing ; and if there was anyone near, the King instantly altered his course.

The year the Prince went to live at Carlton House, the state-room was hung with figured lemon-coloured satin, and the ceiling ornamented with allegorical paintings. Later, the armoury, which occupied four rooms, was adorned by the golden throne of the King of Candy. The plate-room (containing the remains of King Charles's plate) held the finest collection in Europe. The conservatory was sham Gothic, in imitation of Henry VII.'s Chapel, to which even many enlightened people of the beginning of this century infinitely preferred it. Carlton House the Prince at one time intended to form part of a great architectural design, of which Regent-street and Regent's Park were parts.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Buckingham Palace was originally Buckingham House, built by a Fleming for that Duke of Buckingham who patronised Dryden. It was rebuilt in 1703 (Queen Anne). Defoe describes it with great unction, as having a delicious prospect. In the centre of the courtyard was a fountain, in the basin of which stood figures of Neptune and the Tritons. On the park-front was this inscription:

"Sic siti lætantur Lærae."

On the garden-front:

"Rus in urbe."

The Duke himself has left a pleasant account of his palace. He describes the terrace, leading to a large entrance-hall covered with pictures of the Raphael school. Under the windows of his study, he says, "there is a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales. The trees, though planted by myself, already require lopping, to prevent their hindering the view of that fine canal in the park. After all this," he says, writing to the Duke of Shrewsbury, "to a friend I'll expose my weakness as an instance of the mind's unquietness under the most pleasing enjoyments. I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down than pleased with a salon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all manner of respects."

The Duke died in 1721, and in 1723 the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards George II. and Queen Caroline) were in treaty with his widow for the purchase of the country-house of the poor Duke. The Duchess, a proud, violent, half-crazed woman, fought for her bargain bravely. She wanted 60,000*l.* for it, or 3,000*l.* a-year for the house ready-furnished.

This was the Duchess who, on the anniversary of her grandfather's (Charles I.) execution, received Lord Hervey in her great drawing-room, seated in a chair of state, and in deep mourning, attended by her women (also in black), out of respect to the "royal martyr." She finally left the house to Lord Hervey (the "Sporus" of Pope), who did not, however, live to take possession of it. In 1761 it was bought of Sir Charles Sheffield by George III. for 21,000*l.*, and in 1775 settled on Queen Charlotte, instead of Somerset House, by act of parliament. It then became known as the "Queen's House," and was the King's town-residence, and here all his children, except George IV., were born.



Thomas Cooper, del.

ILL. TIDINGS.

W. L. Thomas

ILL TIDINGS

SCARCE three months since her lover sailed :
Sudden the severing message came ;
But love was strength ; his soul ne'er failed :
He thought of her, and thought of fame.
He left with youth upon his brow,
And courage master of his heart :
Love well would guide his good ship's prow,
And hope could soothe e'en parting's smart !

And she,—ah, blessed thought !—why fear ?
There close beside her quiet home
The great sea rolled for ever near,
O'er which her lover's barque would roam !
And oft along the sounding shore,
When waves ran high and day grew dim,
She listened to the ocean's roar,
That seemed to tell her soul of him.

One night she heard the storm come down,
As by the ocean's marge she stood :
Far out the crested breakers thrown,
Whitened with wrath the angry flood.
And to her sadd'ning heart seemed borne
Strange murmurs from the wind above ;
“Great God,” she said, “from night till morn
O guard him safe, my love, my love !”

Days passed : there lingered still behind
The shadow of that fearful night ;
She dared no longer trust the wind,
The sea grew deathlike to her sight.
Then came the news—her fears were true ;
Her love,—he slept eternally
a fathoms deep : that night, she knew,
Death's note had sounded in the sea !

T. H. S. E.

LÉON FAUCHER, STATESMAN AND JOURNALIST

On the 14th December 1854, a remarkable man died at Marseilles. This man was Léon Faucher, who had long held a distinguished position in political life and literature, and whose history offers a rare and interesting example of unswerving perseverance, fortitude, and principle in its moral aspect, while it illustrates the genius whose remembrance attaches to his name. The publication, after the lapse of so much time, of Léon Faucher's life and correspondence is due to the undying affection and admiration of his widow, who has fulfilled her pious task of biographer with much skill, candour, and simplicity.

This "great citizen" was trained to the struggle in which the years of his political life were passed, by the unrivalled master whose name is Adversity. Life was never other than a serious thing to him; and if his previsions concerning the political destiny of France *en gros*, and liberty of the press and of opinion *en détail*, were habitually sombre, as appears from his correspondence,—especially that voluminous and interesting portion addressed to Mr. Henry Reeve,—they have received the justification of experience, they have been amply realised. In these days of 'finality' in France, when the *mot d'ordre* is that there is no history but Bonapartism, that all which went before—except a few of the sentimentalisms of the period of the great Revolution, summing up the remembrance of the dynasty of St. Louis in a day of commemoration and 'ravishing' mourning costume—is to be forgotten, and nothing but the end of the world, if, with the permission of the *savans*, one may venture to mention that possibility, is ever on any account to come after the Empire,—this book is doubly instructive and interesting. The long delay in its publication has its full value; is, in fact, necessary to the just appreciation of the power and perspicacity of Léon Faucher's political insight.

His parliamentary career, which did not commence till 1846, when he was in his forty-third year, was destined to be brief and brilliant; but he had been a hard worker in the field of politics for many years, and though he had devoted himself chiefly to educational, financial, and administrative questions, such as the treatment of criminals, prison systems, &c., his eager pursuit of knowledge, and immense industry, led him to investigate and to write upon innumerable other topics of public interest. One of his works best known in England is his *Etudes sur l'Angleterre*, in which he traces with impartial lucidity the causes and the progress of liberty and prosperity in England. He deeply regretted the rupture of the alliance between France and England, which he had striven hard to repair, after the events of 1840; and

when that rupture took place he wrote a brilliant pamphlet on Eastern affairs, in which he accurately foretold the Russian policy which was fully developed in 1854.

"The future statesman," says the Memoir, "was indicated in this pamphlet. Theoretically developing the sentiment of authority which he put into consistent action later, he said in reference to the relations between MM. Thiers and Guizot, 'the head of the government shields all his agents, but is not shielded by anyone. The faults of an ambassador are also those of the minister: but his successes belong to himself alone. This is the glory of the initiative; but it is also its peril.'"

Up to the time when, after many candidatures and many failures, he was elected as the representative of Reims, upon a public requisition addressed to him under the most flattering circumstances, he was powerful in journalism and as a leader of public opinion. A glance at the early story of the deputy for Reims will show how valuable to such a man was his success, and an assured platform for the promulgation with authority of his opinions, which were what we should call "liberal-conservative." The culminating interest of his life lies in his parliamentary career; in his share in the storms which overthrew the government and throne of Louis Philippe; in his appointment, under the Republic, to the important office of Minister of the Interior; the laborious fulfilment of all his official duties, and of many self-imposed; and the final rupture which placed him in open opposition to Louis Napoleon, and led to his retirement—a deeply-regretted misfortune for the country, but entirely honourable to himself. In all the convulsions and opportunities of a time when self-interest and venality were unusually rampant, successful, and safe, we find the following remarkable testimony to the manner in which this man, who had had a hard fight with pitiless poverty and a career of ceaseless labour, had discharged his functions. "In laying down power," says the Memoir, "he hastened to send in an exact account of his administration. The moderate use which he had made of the secret-service money astonished the Mountain. They did not fail to examine his statement with scrupulous minuteness; and said, in the bitterness of their disappointment, *Ce coquin là est bien honnête.*"

Privation began for this honest man when he was in his cradle. He was one of twin children, born at Limoges in 1803, and was put out to nurse, under which trying ordeal he did not thrive; but his mother could not afford to have a nurse in the house for him, and it was not until she had ocular proof that her child was suckled by a goat, while the mother's milk for which she paid was reserved for the nurse's own offspring, that she made up her mind she had better subject him to a little want of comfort at home than to a great deal of hardship away from herself. The delicate puny child thenceforth became the mother's favourite, and well he repaid the maternal love. His filial virtues were among the most striking of those which distinguished him. Imagina-

tiveness, seriousness, indefatigable application, a clear and strong sense of duty, and deep religious conviction, early characterised the child, and found their expression under painful circumstances.

His father—a slight mention of whom as clever but unsteady in his occupations gives one an unfavourable notion of the man—evidently treated both mother and son very ill; and when a separation took place between him and his wife, great poverty fell upon the little household, then settled at Toulouse. The boy was early habituated to privation and labour, and his ardently religious mind did not recoil from or revolt against them.

"He early accustomed his body to be the servant of his mind—of that noble mind which never shrunk from any sacrifice, and which knew, after God, no higher worship than that of duty. He was soon called to the first severe trial of his energies, in coming to his mother's aid."

A student by predilection, the boy carried off all the prizes at his school, and yet found time to indulge in the pursuit of verse-making. His father, who maintained his authority over him, was merciless to this young ambition. He burned the verses, and obliged the juvenile poet to turn to other branches of study; but he did not succeed in inducing him to take to commercial pursuits. Science and art shared his heart between them; and yet he contrived, while cramming the utmost possible amount of study into the limited time which his father permitted him to dispose of before adopting a career, to assist his mother in the industry by which she chiefly lived. The future statesman and financier drew designs for embroidery and trimmings, by which he earned three francs a-day; and in order to do so, he used to secrete candle-ends, which his mother would not give him, lest he should study and so deprive himself of sleep.

Thus, from the age of fourteen he was learning and earning at once. Well may his wife say, "the school of suffering in which he was trained was cruel, but profitable." He was beloved by his teachers, and popular with his schoolfellows; and the intimate relations formed in his boyhood were never relaxed or broken during his life. The fixity of the man's nature was very remarkable; his tenacity of principle and of feeling, his power of belief, the entire absence of cynicism—rare qualities in a Frenchman endowed with vivid intellect, and exposed to all the contagious influences of public life in revolutionary eras.

When he was nineteen he went to Paris, having contrived, by a miracle of economy, to amass the small sum necessary to live there after his modest and self-denying fashion. He had no aid but the firm will which sustained him all through his career, and his fixed determination to watch over his mother and over himself, and to resist the temptations of the capital. Soon he procured some pupils; and in teaching others, learned. He was also happily brought in contact with *several distinguished men*. He studied literature, political economy,

law; and did not just then think about a career, but only how he might gain a livelihood. In 1824 he became tutor to the sons of General Delaitre, and for the first time emerged from the surroundings of poverty, and breathed an atmosphere of ease and refinement.

The letters exchanged between the mother and the son on this occasion are most touching. She congratulates him; all their friends have congratulated her; but of course her Léon must succeed. Is he not "*un génie de science*"? At the same time she tells him the last twelve francs are nearly exhausted. He sends her money; she works for him; the tie of mutual aid is unbroken.

The Delaitre family removed to the country. Léon Faucher could not make up his mind to leave Paris. He obtained the post of tutor in the Dailly family, and added to his usual reading and his duties as tutor the study of antiquity. The Academy of Lyons offered a prize for "the best discourse in favour of the Greeks," who were then fighting for their independence. Léon utilised his historical learning, wrote a brilliant essay, and got the prize. He was then twenty-three, and he sought a public professorship, and competed for that of philosophy. He took a first place, but he would not leave Paris; and when two of his competitors obtained chairs in Paris he was discouraged, and renounced the professor's career. No sooner had he finished one course of study than he commenced another, so imperious was his love of work. An excellent Greek scholar, he undertook the translation of *Télémaque* into Greek, and published the first two books in 1829; and he had arranged with a publisher for a translation of the complete works of Aristotle, when the Revolution of 1830 opened a new era in his life.

Léon Faucher threw himself into the political crisis, not with wild enthusiasm, but with unhesitating bravery. He regarded the revolution not as the overthrow of law, but as the forcible restoration of its violated authority; he applauded its success, on condition that success should not produce anarchy. He learned later, but effectually, in the words of his biographer, "that all revolution, even the most just, opens the way to injustice, to abuses, to evil passions; and that personal ambition turns it from its purpose to the working of evil."

In this, the first opportunity which had offered itself in his life, he displayed that moderation which made him at once so useful and so exceptional in his political career. "He desired to use the resources which he was conscious of possessing to temper the impetuosity of the impatient, and to lend his aid in establishing a durable government, instead of destroying the progress already made by precipitation." A difficult task in any country, and at all times; how onerous in France its written history can hardly enable us adequately to understand.

Some of the leading men then engaged in journalism having been called to political office, others were required to replace them. Léon Faucher undertook the editorship of the *Temps*. Polemics were henceforth to furnish him with a field of battle on which his moral courage

was to be exposed to much ruder trials than the physical bravery which had been stimulated by excitement and danger. The daily labour which this post—held, as he held it, unaided—imposed upon him, was tremendous; but he made light of fatigue. During the three years of his editorship of the *Temps* (*apropos* of which M. Michelet wrote to him, "What! you are doing it all yourself! It's suicide. In the name of the future, which I believe will be a bright one, don't kill yourself on the threshold of your career. Have pity on yourself and your friends"), besides the daily *résumé* and discussion of public affairs, he wrote all the articles of serious moment, moral, statistical, and literary; and in the vacations visited the Departments, where he studied thoroughly provincial life in all its aspects, and wrote essays upon the condition of all the important towns. At this time he was a corresponding member of the Archaeological Institute, and an active contributor to its literature.

His taste for art was keen, and his knowledge extensive. He loved the beautiful in all things; but above all the beautiful in morals. Père Enfantin tried hard to convert him to Saint-Simonianism; but though he thoroughly examined the system with his characteristic impartiality, he was not led away by it. "The mirage of liberty, which was only license in disguise, did not deceive him. His keen and clear judgment detected the falsehood and the danger of these doctrines. Nevertheless, as soon as the society was persecuted, it found in him a defender. Persecution, in whatever shape, was utterly odious to him. He held that liberty of discussion is the indispensable apanage of a great nation." He relinquished the direction of the *Temps* because the proprietor desired to restrict the expression of his opinions; and he abandoned, a few months later, the direction of the *Constitutionnel*, because he felt an irresistible desire to devote himself to the political education of the lower classes, who were just then supplied with very injurious journalistic literature.

From this moment his laborious life is explained and illustrated by his letters; chiefly by those addressed to Mr. Henry Reeve,* which are most full and confidential. The earliest is dated 14th May 1835. It presents a marvellous picture of the number and variety of the writer's occupations; indicates his interest in educational systems, later destined to bear such good fruit; sketches the plan of his projected *History of the Restoration*; and concludes with these words:

"The political situation grows worse day by day through the deplorable nullity of those who govern us, and through the folly of the *extreme parties*. I know a few men in a corner who would like to bring about better things. Will they have strength to do it? Room will not be wanting."

Before the date at which the correspondence commences, Léon Faucher undertook, "for his misfortune," a journal called *Le Bien*

* The editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Public, in order to have an organ not too expensive for the purses of those whose minds he desired to reach. It was the interest of the Opposition to support this journal; but they did not do so, and heavy loss was entailed upon him. How heavy, no one knew; he bore it quite alone, and without complaint; only redoubling his activity, tasking his brain and his strength to the extreme verge of endurance, in order to secure the shareholders in the abortive undertaking from loss. The days did not suffice for the work he imposed upon himself; he wrote always till late at night, articles for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue de Législation*, and the *Minerve*. These writings bear no trace of haste, or forced and wearied thought. They unite freshness of idea with maturity of judgment. They rapidly made an impression, and by their means Léon Faucher was brought into intimate relations with the most eminent men of the time in his own country and others.

In 1836 he commenced his *History of the Restoration*; and in the same year published a work on prisons, which was most favourably received. He took much interest in young persons discharged from prison, and generally had two or three confided to his care; so that when the time came for his giving his views publicity, they were sanctioned by his practical experience.

In 1837 his marriage took place. That the union was a most happy one, there is internal evidence in the Memoir. The marriage is thus briefly but expressively mentioned: "Loneliness was oppressive to this expansive nature, to this loving heart wounded by many disappointments, and less fortified against the deceptions of friendship than against the reverses of fortune. He desired a home in which he should be understood, and he was."

In 1834 he had begun to edit the *Courrier Français*; in 1837 he was almost master of that journal. The perpetual combats of that time and several succeeding years, during which he fought the Republican journals and the organs of his own party, and resisted every kind of attempt at corruption, forms an interesting portion of this great and good man's story. His unswerving rectitude, his incorruptibility, his entire singleness of purpose, and unhesitating promptitude of action at any personal cost, when his independence was threatened or misinterpretation was possible, are dwelt on by his wife with pride which is more than pardonable; and all she says is amply confirmed by the correspondence, which is indeed a picture of just such an intellect, conscience, and disposition as she describes. He wounded many susceptibilities, he "came down" unsparingly on anybody or anything which he disapproved. He was of so transparent a nature, so straightforward in action, that double-dealing, interested motives, or indecision of thought and opinion, were almost as incomprehensible to him as they were intolerable; and once convinced that anything was right to be done, he could not brook the least hesitation or delay in the doing of it.

Léon Faucher was rather too persistent for popularity in his rôle of mentor and prophet; but he commanded the esteem of those who differed from him most widely, and whom he opposed most vigorously. When, after the death of M. Aguado, the *Courrier* passed into other hands, he resolved to terminate his connection with it, though he was offered a salary of 30,000 francs, and urgently entreated to remain. He foresaw that obstacles would be thrown in the way of his independence, and he determined at once, and "for good," to be done with journalism. He had never been rich; now he was about deliberately to make himself poorer. "We are going to institute reforms," he said; "to lessen our rent, reduce our style of living, and limit ourselves to the strictly necessary: we shall be none the less happy." He did all this, and they were all the happier. Then, at once, he began to study and advocate the doctrines of free trade. He had spoken in public on this question previously, and displayed considerable powers as a speaker; and now he wielded his pen in its interests, and made common cause with Bastiat, Michel Chevalier, Wolowski, Reybaud, and Horace Say. He also occupied himself with financial questions, and first with railroads, visiting England and studying that subject there, as well as others which supplied the material for his *Etudes*—notably the English prison-system, in investigating which he was largely assisted by Mr. Henry Reeve. Henceforth his far-reaching and many-sided intellect gets full scope, and the influence of Léon Faucher is marked upon the men and the events of his time.

There were some hard tussles and heavy falls between him and his triumphant election at Reims; but the day, unhappily destined to be brief, dawned on him at last. He had given up the idea of candidature, and was deep in his *Etudes*, when the requisition of the "parti conservateur" reached him. He obeyed, but he was beaten by M. Chaix-d'Est-Ange; and it was not until two years later, when he was again called before the electors, and surprised even those who knew him best by producing an absolutely identical programme, that he was elected deputy for Reims, an important seat of commerce and industry, "the city of Saint Remi and of Colbert." The popular enthusiasm was unbounded, and the relations between the deputy and his constituents were strengthened afterwards by his fidelity, zeal, and prudence in advancing their interests, which he strove for as steadily, as industriously, as if his efforts had no wider range, his political views no more extended horizon.

From the comparatively peaceful question of railways and railway finance, which claimed his attention at the commencement of his parliamentary career; from the advocacy of free trade and liberal education, Léon Faucher—who, if he opposed the ministers whom he believed to be compromising the monarchy, was none the less faithful to the monarchy—was too soon diverted by the pressing and menacing condition of affairs in Paris. The lamentable death of the Duke of Orleans,

in whom the hopes of "men of progress" centred, lent a fatal impetus to the already rapidly increasing discontent. The "banquet" affair came on, and the turn of Reims arrived. The honoured and respected deputy agreed with the president of the banquet that the health of the King should be drunk first. Order and moderation prevailed there; but, unhappily, no such counsels swayed the turbulent capital.

Here is a terrible history in a page: "Seizing upon the interdiction of the banquet as a pretext, the people became unruly. The *émeute* increased rapidly, visibly, encouraged by the inertness of the authorities and the feeble resistance offered. Léon Faucher, newly come into the Chamber, had not sufficient influence to wring from it a resolution suitable to the gravity of the occasion, but at least his presence of mind aided in maintaining the dignity of the Assembly. The noise of the firing accompanied him to the tribune, but did not silence him. Calmly he continued to discuss the proposed law concerning the Bank of Bordeaux. This was on the 22d February. On the 24th, before the Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris entered the Chamber, Léon Faucher entreated General Bedeau, who occupied the Place de la Concorde with some regiments, to order up a battalion to guard the gates of the Palais Bourbon. The general required a written order from the president. Accompanied by M. de Corcelles, Léon Faucher approached the chair and demanded the order. Unfortunately, M. Sauzet refused to take upon himself a responsibility which the gravity of the circumstances certainly imposed upon him.

"On this proceeding the salvation of France perhaps depended; but it was written that on that fatal day no one should use the means which still remained to save her, and that the audacity of the weak should triumph over the hesitation of the strong." A little later and the Assembly was invaded; the well-known deplorable scenes took place. Once more a woman and a child were exposed to the ordeal of terror in the midst of those who should have saved them. The Duchess of Orleans and her son showed France once more what true and royal hearts may beat in fragile forms, and how utter defeat may be borne with supreme dignity. Then the Revolution had its way, became an accomplished fact, and Léon Faucher sought his home, overwhelmed with the agony of hopes routed and broken, fears fulfilled, and the realisation of a great public calamity. The next morning at dawn he was in the barricaded streets, going from door to door, striving frantically to collect a rallying party against the rushing ruin. All in vain. The Republic was accepted, and proclaimed by republicans incapable of sustaining it. Léon Faucher, once more a simple citizen, enrolled himself in the National Guard, and aided in its reorganisation. The provisional government was formed, and Léon Faucher boldly opposed the plan for taking possession of the railroads, and other acts of spoliation, and denounced the anarchical tendencies of the improvised government, "so ready, by a stroke of the pen, to

efface the past, and sacrifice the future to expediency." Utterly regardless of personal danger, he daringly opposed the revolutionary tide, brought forward sound financial schemes (the speeches are most interesting even now), and effectually protected the interests of the railroads. He turned his energetic pen against M. Louis Blanc, and thus "overthrew the system of demoralisation and organised idleness" proposed by him, by a pamphlet entitled *Le Droit au Travail*. "Each of his writings, each of his acts, was a deed of courage—not of reckless, useless courage, but calculated to arrest or prevent an immense evil; and at this crisis the effect followed the effort rapidly." The elections were drawing near. Léon Faucher called on all the former deputies to become candidates again, though his friends remonstrated with him unavailingly on the risk he was incurring. The event justified him. On the 23d April, the cause of order triumphed in great measure; 78,000 votes sent Léon Faucher to the Assembly. Placed at the head of the list in his department, he felt himself strong in the approbation of the opinion which he had not only not courted, but had almost braved in the face of danger.

Perhaps, on the whole, this was the most triumphant, the most completely satisfactory occurrence, the hardest and truest victory, of Léon Faucher's life. The scenes in the Assembly were very tumultuous, and he flung himself into the strife on the side of order and religion, fighting desperately against socialism and the national workshops. In the terrible days of June he took an active part, and escaped unhurt, but almost dead with fatigue. The Revolution was put down, and Europe congratulated France. In the restored order of things Faucher took a share, after his usual indefatigable fashion. He took an active part in the labours of the principal committees; he was elected in Rossi's place by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; and he soon found himself, on the promulgation of the Constitution, called upon to take an important part in the choice of a President of the Republic.

The first meeting between Léon Faucher and Louis Napoleon was a remarkable one. "On the day when the Prince, after his election in September, made his first appearance in the Assembly, Léon Faucher, absorbed as usual in his business, was aroused by a simultaneous movement of curiosity. He guessed the cause, and asked his neighbour, 'But where is he? Where is this Louis Napoleon?' The Prince—seated just below him—turned round, and answered the question by a bow. Very timid and awkward, Louis Napoleon repeated with great difficulty a written speech. Incessantly attacked by his adversaries, he seemed touched by the ready support of Faucher—whom oppression of every kind exasperated—and made several advances to him, talking about his work, evidently desiring to establish an intimacy. But these casual relations were not sufficient to procure oblivion for a past which was only too well known." The choice lay between the Prince,

ine, and General Cavaignac. Into the intrigues which decided the fate of the Prince, Faucher did not deign to enter. He thought the nomination of a President would secure the stability of the government and advance all the interests dear to his ardent, unselfish heart. Days before the election of the 10th December, when the fresh energy of the government and the evident prestige of the Prince's nomination rendered the nomination of "the nephew of his uncle" certain, the portfolio of the Minister of Public Works was offered to Léon Faucher. He had no desire to accept it—he knew the weight of the office, and hesitated to bind it on his shoulders; but his sense of duty prevailed. The labour of his new post was immense, and the position delicate—that of preserving the Republic, consolidating it, and ensuring respect for the Constitution which had been voted—was exceptionally onerous and difficult; especially as the Prince-president announced distinctly his intention of governing by himself, and ordered despatches and reports to be addressed directly to him. When he went so far as to command M. Léon de Malleville, Minister of the Interior, to send to the Elysée all the documents connected with the affairs of Boulogne and Strasbourg, the minister replied by sending in resignation. The Prince endeavoured to soothe him by concessions, but Malleville was firm; he persisted in resigning, and all the efforts joined him in entreating Léon Faucher to take his place—difficult and peril. He hesitated; then, on the 28th April, consented, but on the 29th again hesitated, and asked, at two o'clock in the evening, permission to reflect. "It is too late," wrote M. O. Barrot, Keeper of the Seals, "your nomination is counter-signed. Your resignation, when no other man is possible, would be a bad action." As, then, the poor tutor, the working journalist, the laborious man, holds a great place in the ephemeral Republic, to which he is loyal, in all singleness of heart, while everything around is unreal, and insincere. The magnitude of his labours, their conscientious discharge, the continual strife in which he was engaged, bearing the burden of his own discontent and apprehension for his beloved country, and the brunt of all the anger excited by the present, present an extraordinary picture. The volcano, of which the 18th of July was to be the grand eruption, was smouldering; mean-while conspiracies, small outbursts of revolution, kept the country in a state of ministers in perpetual disquiet. Léon Faucher worked away, without notice of the passions which raged around him. Entirely devoted to his duties, he forgot himself. The record of his parliamentary career, contained in the second volume of these Memoirs, is a monument to his industry and self-devotion, of large-minded appreciation, of science and extensive sympathies, which could have few equals, and no rival.

Happily for France, she was not destined to keep her faithful servant long; and the pitiful intrigue which overthrew him,

after the debate on the French expedition to Rome, was not more contemptible than the pusillanimity of the 400 members who abstained from voting on the vote of censure passed upon him on the trumped-up charge of *lèse-conscience*, because, in order to tranquillise the departments, he had preceded the *Moniteur* by a telegraphic despatch, denying that fighting was going on in the streets of Paris. The vote was carried by 519 to 5, and Faucher resigned. Paris and the Departments protested, but he persevered. He treated the outrages of his opponents with disdain; but he never ceased to grieve over the treachery of his own party. His health had suffered much from his labours, but he refused to seek the repose and change recommended by his physicians, until he should have vindicated himself in the presence of a more competent and calm tribunal. This he did triumphantly before the Legislative Assembly, and then set out for the Pyrenees. He was received everywhere with enthusiasm, and at Bordeaux was voted a gold medal, which was conveyed to him a month later, at Caunterets, by a deputation. Far or near, he did not cease to work for his country. Even at Martres, where he visited the Bellecour family, friends of his obscure youth, he sedulously pursued his labours. He visited Limoges, and attacked the socialist principles beginning to prevail there.

On his return to Paris he again applied himself to finance, and carried several valuable and progressive measures. He was named vice-president of the Assembly in 1850, and always reelected, until he again became a minister; and his history is but a catalogue of enterprise, work, and strife, with but few distractions.

Once more he was induced to undertake the office of Minister of the Interior; and although he felt the instability of everything, and perhaps even foresaw the perfidy in preparation in the *coup d'état*, he effected an immense deal of good.

Through the political portion of the Memoir one follows this Titan with ever-growing admiration, to the concluding sentence. In 1851, "Léon Faucher definitively quitted power. His task was fulfilled. He retired after having repressed numerous plots without bloodshed, and taken measures to prevent their renewal. He left behind him a well-disciplined administration, an organisation established with sufficient solidity to confront without peril any eventualities however menacing."

On the night of the *coup d'état*, Léon Faucher, deep in statistics, knew and heard nothing of what was passing. "It was reserved for republicans to inform him of the fate of the Republic." One incident more, worthy of this honourable, laborious, noble life, and we have done.

The following is the letter which Léon Faucher wrote to Louis Napoleon when his name was inscribed, without his consent, upon the list of the "Commission Consultative," whose deliberations were to justify the deeds and indorse the doctrines of the 2d December:

"It is with painful astonishment that I have learned that my name

among those of the members of a consultative commission which was just instituted. I did not think I had given you the right to do me so great an injury. The services which I have rendered you, and which I rendered them to my country, authorised me, I think, to expect another kind of gratitude from you. In any case, my character deserved more respect. You know that during an already long life I have no more belied my liberal principles than my devotion to duty. I have never participated, directly or indirectly, in the violation of the laws; and, in order to decline the post which you, without my consent, confer on me, I have only to recall that which I received from my people, and which I retain."

It was impossible to give publicity to this letter; so the Prince-Regent did the only thing he could—he tore it up, and said nothing to the public. But he pursued Léon Faucher thenceforth with unrelenting severity, which could not, however, prevent his gaining the *sobriquet* of *le me de la lettre*, and being respected everywhere in that capacity. He worked very hard and travelled a good deal after he had thus, for the fifth time, broken his career; and he gave a splendid proof of his patriotism in supporting with his pen and counsel the man who had wronged him, when, on the rising of the Eastern complications, he saved the interest and the honour of France to be concerned in the success of Louis Napoleon's arms and diplomacy. Till the last he laboured in a variety of ways for the benefit, the instruction, the future of his country. But the end was not far off. The *mal insaisissable* devoured him, though he had no organic disease, was, no doubt, what we should call exhaustion. He had lived too much to live long, and suffered too much. So he died, not full of years, but full of honours; and his life and its lessons are best summed up in his wife's simple phrase: "In his public as in his private life he was a good man; and in whatever position he might have been placed he would have found means to serve his country and his fellow-men."

DIANA GAY

J. Hobbs

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

Book the Second

CHAPTER III. THE CANDIDATES.

THE whole district was presently astir with the coming conflict. The pot-wallopers of Calthorpe, as they were irreverently termed, were in great excitement. These gentlemen, it was well known, were scarcely "pure," and many of them were said substantially to help out their other means of livelihood by these elections, which happily recurred pretty often. A boon too for the *Mercury*—the candidates' addresses being kept in standing type, and charged for at election prices; the leaders, "accounts of the canvassing," "our own reporter," and what not. The *Mercury* had cast in its lot with the rising young man and brilliant *altera spes Britannia*, Mr. Robert Bligh, perhaps quickened by the recollection of the old Gay-Court hospitalities or the sense of future favours from one "who was deservedly esteemed in ancestral halls." The *Mercury* was incessant—it sat up night and day; it travelled about express; it "stopped press" every now and again; it flourished exceedingly. Until one morning, "a wretched rag of a paper,"—that bought, as the *Mercury* told us all, three pages of its matter ready-printed from London, and filled up its remaining fourth with "advertisements begged, borrowed, or stolen,"—which only came out once a-week, suddenly woke up into notice, became bi-weekly, active, alive, vigorous. This rag, whose more decorous name was *The Calthorpe Observer and General Remembrancer*, took the side of Mr. Richard Lugard—the *gentlemen's candidate*—and advocated his claims with something like scurrility. A Mr. Maganlay, well known on the London press as being able to "devil" a political article as you would "devil a kidney," came down specially, sent or lent, it was said, by the FLYING BANNER, the London Conservative organ. This officer certainly did good service. The great club, it was whispered, had lodged 500*l.* to Mr. Lugard's credit in the branch office of the Universal Bank; the sinews of war were thus in plenty. On the other hand, it was known that Mr. Bullock, "the eminent Q.C." as he was called in the *Mercury*, was actually staying at Ironston with his lovely and accomplished daughter and heiress, and was ready, it was said, with "sinews" on the other side.

Diana was secretly delighted with all this excitement; but she saw that the eyes of the county were on her, and was feeling her sense of responsibility more and more every day. She subscribed both to the *Mercury* and to the *Observer*, and certainly laughed and looked grave alternately over the dreadful language that was applied in the latter journal to her friend Robert. Mr. Bligh's opinions were of rather an advanced sort. The *Observer* denounced him as "a howling Radical, that would bring fire and sword into the country, and parcel out the land" among his fellows. Mr. Lugard was an unflinching Conservative, one that stood by his own—what God and his forefathers had bequeathed to him—but at the same time would watch over the friendless and fatherless, the maid and the wife, the widow and the orphan.

Richard himself laughed loudly over the opinions imputed to him.

"As for watching over the widow and orphan, I decline it altogether. I have quite enough to do as it is." And his handsome eyes fell on the ground, and a deep sigh came from his breast.

Diana's soft eyes were turned on the ground also. She knew what he alluded to. Poor Richard! he often now spoke to her gloomily of what he called his shipwrecked hearth; and Diana felt too much sympathy to notice the confusion of the metaphor.

A great coldness had sprung up between the two gentlemen. Lugard treated Bligh civilly, as they sometimes met at Diana's house.

"My opponent," he said, "is a Radical of the worst dye. I merely quote the *Observer*, the paper that does me the honour of giving me its support. I know nothing about it. There is a fellow called Macaulay, or Magaulay, who writes these things, but I have not the honour of his acquaintance."

"I am glad to hear it," said Robert coldly, "for his language passes even the bounds of a county-town paper."

"You'd better not say that openly," laughed Lugard, "or you'll alienate your friend Cox of the *Mercury*;—*you know him*."

"I do," said Bligh coldly; "but not much—very slightly."

"Not much—and very slightly! What a casuist! I hope you don't inspire him with those slaughtering attacks on me. By the way, how is Mr. Bullock? I met him two days ago in Calthorpe, walking with his charming daughter, who, I suppose, has come to *electioneer*. 'Pon my word, our friend here won't miss a chance."

Again Diana looked curiously at Bligh, who made no answer. Something was rising in her little mind, to the effect that Mr. Robert Bligh was really so very clever—made everything serve his game—had half-a-dozen strings to his bow at once—and, in short, was rather too knowing in his manœuvres. She had made inquiries as to this apparition of "the famous Q.C.," and what the *Mercury* oddly spoke of as "the Q.C.'s lovely daughter," and discovered that they came very often to Calthorpe. She was seized with an eagerness to know or see them, and asked Mr. Lugard very often about them.

"She canvasses for him, I suppose," said Richard, laughing; "a very nice girl indeed! And the father—I am having him watched; and if I catch him dropping any of his guineas, as they say he is, I'll expose him. Nice work, isn't it? Our virtuous friend Robert, so grave in his principles, descending to such dirty work! But let him expect no quarter from me. This is too serious altogether."

Within a week, when Diana was in her little pony-carriage and pair, which she drove herself—and a pretty picture it was to see her and her ponies, and the little "tiger" behind—she actually obtained the opportunity she desired; for there, coming out of M'Williams' drapery-shop, was an elderly legal-looking man, with a tall young girl on his arm. She knew at once this was the Q.C. and his daughter. Certainly a handsome girl, into whose mind came the same instinct, and who looked at Diana with a hard, cold, and bold stare, which rather scared her. Miss Ada Bullock was a handsome girl, and deservedly admired by many a gay "stuff-gown" and opulent "sucking" solicitor, who, according to the old-fashioned phrase, sighed for her. These suitors she treated with infinite disdain; and it was known that she and her "governor" had their eye on that dry chip of Nisi Prius, Robert Bligh. The look the two girls gave each other was curious indeed; and Diana owned to herself, as she drove her ponies back, that Miss Bullock was fine-looking and showy. They were now stopping in the neighbourhood with friends.

The news of our Diana having emerged from the dark caves of grief and mourning to the pleasant sunlight was not long in travelling to Lady Margaret and her family, who were up in town. That lady could generously condone the past, as indeed she always could do on every occasion through her life when the interest of her family required it. Before long she was down at Bowman, and in a still shorter time was flapping and rustling in on Diana, folding that tender little figure in all her mass of silks and laces—even entangling various loose gold-chains and appendages in our Diana's soft hair. She was delighted to see this child again. Canning was away, but would be delighted too when he heard of it all. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Brenners to him. He was always there; that is, they were always asking him there.

"But, my dear, Canning seems so insensible; another young man would be so flattered, you know. Poniatowski, of the Austrian Legation, has proposed twice, and been mysteriously refused.—Yes, dear; we have come here for this dreadful election. Poor Bowman! He says it is expected that none of the county families shall be away from their posts. That fine young fellow Lugard, I hope he'll get in; we're all to support him. I'm told they call the other *the schoolmaster*. Ha, ha! funny, isn't it?"

Diana was very young and very untrained; and the reader will see

that it was only natural these unfortunate assaults on our leading hero should gradually be weakening that actual *romantic* respect with which a young girl should regard a young man whom she is to admire. No more unfortunate term than that of "*the schoolmaster*" could have been applied to forward this end; for the associations connected with that calling—a priggish air, the birch, &c.—are most difficult to struggle against. It came back very often on Diana's mind.

It was a slight exaggeration of Lady Margaret's—not to use a harsher word—this saying she had come down for the election, unless indeed she was thinking of the election of her cherished son into a seat that had more charms for her than any in the schedule. We may pass by as quite harmless the introduction of poor Mr. Bowman's quoted views about county families being at their post, there being daily so many opinions laid to that worthy gentleman's account as would certainly amaze and confound him, had he not been also trained to express no surprise. Part of Lady Margaret's views, which she now pressed very warmly upon Diana, was a proposal that that charming young girl should come with her to town, "and see a little of the world."

"My dear," she said, "we can't leave you shut up in this way. A girl of your prospects and fortune is obliged to go out; it becomes a duty. And really, with such responsibilities on you, darling—a *splendid* estate and this noble house—you should look about you, and see and get someone to help. There might be someone you'd like; there are charming young men going about town."

"O, Lady Margaret," said Diana, "I am not thinking of such a thing."

"O, but you know it is a duty, dear; many and many's the time your dear father spoke to me about it, while a cloud came on his open brow."

They were just opposite the hunting-picture, now beginning to soften a little; and Diana, looking towards it, and noting how the stiff face was turned towards her, saw in it a sweetness and a love, and an appeal, and a whole train of emotions of which the artist had certainly never dreamed. Every hour that picture was growing more precious.

CHAPTER IV.

A CHANGE.

ONE evening Lugard came in. There was a look of triumph in his eye. He had a newspaper in his hand.

"What did I tell you?" he said; "a case of the cloven hoof indeed! Not that I think he has anything to do with it." He pointed with his finger to a passage. "It seems unkind to show you this; but it is a duty. I have a deep interest in you; and now that you are in a responsible situation, you should know all these things."

A little agitated, Diana took hold of the paper. It was our old

friend the *Mercury*; but there were new proprietors. There were four lines, entitled

SADNESS AND SUNSHINE.

Ah, why does the Goddess of Hunting thus sigh?
 Ah, tell me the reason, I pray.
 For *her* will her fate do admire-a-Bligh;
 Soon will she cease to be *Gay*.

Diana coloured, and her lips were compressed. This was the first time her name had ever been dragged before the public.

"It is shocking; a gross lampoon," said Lugard. "Yet I acquit him; of course I do. But he might have prevented it; and he is morally accountable all the same. Is it not astonishing how these ruffians, the scum of the earth, can go such lengths? To attack a harmless girl, and drag her into their wretched politics! And now, if I may advise on this matter, you will let it rest, Diana. Leave it as it is. I know my opponent Bligh will fly off to have contradictions and apologies; but people always ask, 'What is this that is contradicted?' I must get it.' And they will be paying half-a-crown a piece for the old copies."

That sank deep into our Diana's mind. It was like a misfortune. Bligh himself came later; and his behaviour unhappily added to the effect.

"What has happened?" he said, smiling, as he saw her tragedy air, which he was often merry with.

"You have not seen it, then, or heard—?"

"No," said Bligh. "O, the lines! But you don't mind them. They are below contempt; only to be laughed at."

"Only to be laughed at!" repeated Diana, greatly hurt. "O, surely not. It has sunk into my heart. To drag a poor girl in this way before the public! It is shocking, monstrous! O, I shall not recover it for a long, long time! But I did not think that *you* would treat it so lightly."

"But I do not," said he; "the fact was, I thought you would have laughed, as you used to do at Mr. Pratt's hunting narratives. But I'll walk down and have an apology inserted at once."

"I *beg*, I implore," said Diana with dignity, "that you will not do such a thing. It will only make it more talked about. People that have not seen it will be looking for the old copies."

She remembered Lugard's words. Bligh was accustomed to weaknesses. He smiled.

"I see. I suppose it was Richard, my *friend*, that brought this here?"

"It makes no matter now," said Diana. "I am sure I am greatly to be pitied, and it is most distressing and miserable; and if my poor darling was alive—"

The lines made a deep impression in the county. They were con-

sidered "so good," the funniest, drollest things; and certainly Richard Lugard was so far right, that the old copies were sought for with avidity. Lady Margaret, who came over very often now, dwelt much on it.

"I am an old woman that has seen life, and knows a little more than *you* suspect, or *could* know; and so I can speak freely. You see this shows you it won't do; it can't. A pretty, charming girl like you, with a great house and estate like this to manage—all that on these little shoulders! You have no idea of the malice of the creatures. As Bowman says, the way the men talk at the clubs! Not that you haven't obligations to these Blighs; and I am sure they have the best intentions,—that is, *he* has; for I know very little of *her*,—but it cannot do. Bowman prophesied this; I must do him that justice. If you could look out some nice friend whom you liked and respected, and who has the advantages of society and position, and get her to chaperone you—I assure you, my darling child, I am only speaking for your good; and it's what Bowman says, and what Canning says, and what we all say. And at nights I am very much disturbed about it, and lie awake thinking over it."

These counsels sank deep in the heart of our Diana. They were well meant, though they were not a little artful. From that affair of the lines and from its associations Diana's eyes turned away with a sort of horror. Her name "dragged through the mire,"—an expression of Lugard's!—it scared and terrified her.

All this time the canvassing was going on briskly. The principles of the two candidates were before the country. If we took them broadly, it must be said that Lugard's were Conservative or Tory; and Bligh's Radical. But the latter would not accept that designation; he was "an advanced Liberal." To Prosser, the Radical saddler, he was of course a Radical. Richard Lugard described him scornfully.

"I don't pretend to understand such refinements—I don't indeed. 'Advanced' rubbish, and casuistry of that kind—it's not at all in my way. I am one thing or the other. There are only two honest colours in politics—black and white. The fellows he's asking to put him in, want to cut up your land and mine, and divide it into equal portions. I respect them; I respect Prosser, who says so openly. The proof of it is, I have got many a saddle from him. He knows, perhaps as well as I do, that he will never live to see his principles in force, and that his grandchildren will never see them either. But he sticks to them honestly, and says so honestly. But, hang it! to have a man refining, and half one thing, half another—afraid to say he is that or t'other—to be a Radical in talk and essays, but to go no farther—'pon my word, of the two I prefer the saddler. Now, here am I—plain and straightforward—a Conservative Liberal, if you like—willing to live and let live, and all that. But none of your half-and-halves—Liberal or advanced Conservative, and all that."

All this time, too, Robert was looking on patiently—making good his ground, up betimes, and at nights coming to Gay Court to settle the papers in the study. He had an object in this; he had begun to see the change in Diana; he was determined to wind up his stewardship, finish honourably what he had undertaken, and then call to his aid all his old training and discipline, and with an effort tear that pleasant and delightful image from his heart. As he sat below in Mr. Gay's study, surrounded with papers, he felt dismal enough.

"It was all her dream, poor soul," he said to himself, thinking of his mother; "and a comfort to her, but a wild folly. I should never have listened to it a moment; I said so, and thought so, all through. It will be a trial and suffering, but I must do it, and do it at once. I have no business with such luxuries as love, or with darlings like her. I always saw that manner in her to me. I was too sober and grave; far too *wise*. Girls have a contempt for the wise. And if I had read at all, or knew anything, I might have found that out."

That night's post brought him as usual a mail of letters, one in a hand which was familiar, and the sight of which agitated him a little. It was from Lord Bellman, and ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—I shall find myself in England, after all, about the time of our election. I regret very much I shall not be able to give you the support I hoped. To speak frankly, I am disappointed in your platform, as the Americans say, of principles. From what I have heard, I could not give my vote to one who talks so mistily—forgive me for saying so—of the relations of landlord and tenant. I quite understand that you are more of the *doctrinaire*, and do not go the lengths of that fellow Prosser; but still, when you are put forward by such people, and when we have a good thorough-going Conservative candidate, conscience steps in. Mr. Richard Lugard called on me yesterday, and did me the honour of explaining at length his political creed. I must say, after that, I could hesitate no longer. You will recollect I gave no distinct promise; though I feel that I should like to show how much I am indebted for the useful legal advice you gave, which the event quite justified. But once principle or conscience interposes, the sense of private obligation must give way.—I am yours, &c.

BELLMAN."

This letter was a shock. He had always counted on Lord Bellman, who was indeed what is called a Liberal. He had some influence in Calthorpe; but his name and the credit of his support would go for a great deal. It was well known that his lordship was "building" on his new estate. "Middle-aged Jenkinson," his lordship's architect, had been down choosing a site. Here was the prospect of employment, orders to the shopkeepers, &c. The registered voters of Calthorpe were only two hundred and fifty or so.

Mr. Bligh, then, proceeded with his labours with a greater zeal, now

that he had finally come to this determination. The papers were in sad disorder. There were abundant law-documents, for the Gay family had always been fond of litigation, even the late amiable owner. But his proceedings were always taken about favourite or public-spirited subjects; and Bligh smiled as he took up the papers. "Injunction in the case of the Warrenhurst Watercourse," "Right of way through the Bashley Meadows,—Gay v. Wether." They were mostly for the public good—for the neighbours, or the hounds, or the hunt, or for sport. Here, too, were the letters of a century back—yellow, torn, and in bundles, and mixed with old accounts and inventories. He had been careful to obtain from Diana the most precise instructions, and the fullest permission to read these papers—"those musty old things," the very air of which frightened her, and on which indeed she had gravely consulted him as to the propriety of a wholesale burning. But when he assured her gravely that this was a *duty*, that every family took a pride in their papers, and that Mr. Gay had often talked to him of "building a muniment-room," Diana grew quite eager. There were all sorts of letters—home and from abroad; one little bundle from a "George Gay," who he knew was the young officer in the drawing-room, Mr. Gay's elder brother, who had rather disgraced him. Here were all his letters, written when he was "under a cloud" at Boulogne—some penitent, some defiant and obdurate, some pleasant and in high spirits, describing life and manners. These were curious, and he put them aside. He stayed very late that night, and walked home about midnight. Diana was then fast asleep. When he entered his own house, he found a light burning, and his mother sitting up.

"There are letters for you," she said. "One from Lord Bellman to me. You have lost him. That is some more of that Lugard's intrigues."

"He is working hard," said Robert gloomily. "But why are you sitting up in this way, mother?"

"I can't go to sleep so early," she said. "Do you know, Robert, I begin to be afraid. If anything should happen, I shall know to whose account to put it."

"After all, mother, it is all fair competition on *his* side."

"I am not talking of *him*. But of that *false, wicked* girl—"

"Who, mother?" repeated Bligh, astonished; "not Diana, surely?"

"Who else? False, cruel, ungrateful girl! Let her take care what she is about, and not trifle with *me*. A contemptible child like that to attempt—to *dare* to try a game of that sort against me!"

"My dear mother," said he, alarmed at her manner, "you must recollect she is a child."

"You call her a child; you don't think it. Is she such a child as you would take home?—that you love, and have loved in your heart of hearts since you were a boy? No, Robert, you don't think her a child."

"Well, I do not. And I *do* love her—and did. But, my dear, I have found out long since that was *all* a dream, born of your good nature and interest in me. And only this very night I have come to the resolution of finally giving all up, and going back to my true and proper love—my old mouldy profession. It is all I am fit for. I have seen a great change in her, which perhaps *you* did not. She wants to look about, to be independent, to know her power, to see the young and the handsome, and I think she is right."

"I have seen all this too," she said sadly. "O, my poor Robert, yes. She has listened to our enemies, and ungratefully. But I say, Robert, I shall take care of you. I shall not let you be outraged and mortified by anyone like her. Tell me what kept you so late. Never mind," said Mrs. Bligh, growing more and more excited; "she little dreams what she owes to us, or what a helpless creature I could make her. Her head is turned by a position she is not fit for."

"She is so young," said Bligh.

"That is nothing. And if she is base enough to be ungrateful, let her take care. I say no more."

"As usual," he said with alacrity, wishing to change the subject, "I was duly settling the papers;—such strange documents, old letters, and some that seemed so interesting. To-night I came on a whole bundle from that George Gay—from abroad."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bligh scornfully, "she has no reason to be proud of that. I could tell some stories, if I chose—"

"Now, my dear mother," said Bligh, taking her hand kindly, "I am sorry to see you so hostile; it is all quite premature. Poor Diana has done nothing as yet. When the time comes she will do everything that is right and kind."

"Poor Robert!" said Mrs. Bligh, "always hopeful, and too passive. You do not see what I see. However, let us do nothing in a hurry."

Yet Robert went to his room that night not a little troubled and dissipated.

CHAPTER V.

THE ELECTION-DAY.

THE election-time had at last come round, and the nomination-day. The Calthorpe court-house had been filled. There was infinite excitement, for few remembered a contest which promised to be so closely run. The corrupt Calthorpe voters roared and bellowed in the street. The rival mobs, well filled with drink, meat, and money, proclaimed their favourite, and fought each other in the usual way. It was known that they were very evenly divided, each being sure of about a hundred and ten voters; and it was known that there was a balance of some thirty or forty hesitating or conscientious men, who could not, would not, decide until the last moment.

There was a ladies' gallery in the court-house; and there was seen

the young mistress of Gay Court, sitting beside her friend Lady Margaret. She was in great excitement, and could hardly restrain herself, laughing or smiling when the speech-making began; and if anyone looked at her, she smiled at them. It was indeed exciting. The two candidates excited much interest; Bligh, so grave and thoughtful, with a bright clear brow, watching everything warily. But the good-looking, bold, defiant Lagard, with an air of triumphant good-humour in his eyes, was certainly the more popular of the two. Thought, wisdom, and all that, is very well; but under those gifts is a suggestion of selfishness. They are treasures for the owner's use and advancement. Good looks, good-humour, and cheerfulness we have all a direct interest in, and like rather better. Indeed, everything seemed to go well with Richard, for here was Lord Bellman rising to propose his friend.

("I am no diplomatist," said Dick in his off-hand way, "and cannot do clever letters or demurrers, and that line of business; but the idea just occurred to me one night, and off I set in the morning; was in town by the afternoon; called on his lordship, and asked him plump. Here he is now.")

Lord Bellman made a very pleasant speech, in which there was a good deal more about himself and about his son ("who he hoped, please God, would soon be able to come among them and take them by the hand"), and about the ladies. He dwelt a good deal on what he called the "old principles;" about his hoping to be allowed to transmit the lands he had received from Providence to his children; and that in the times in which they lived it behoved every man to range himself on the side of order and loyalty. He knew both candidates; and that placed him in rather an embarrassing position: he could wish both success from his heart. Both were clever, both good-looking; *but the ladies were judges of that*; and it was only a sense of duty and *conscience*—he was old-fashioned enough to keep that article still—that made him stand by his principles.

Bligh was proposed by an influential Calthorpeian, not nearly so distinguished as Lord Bellman, but an employer, and who commanded some twenty votes at least: no speaker, and who merely said a few words. He was heartily groaned at; for Dick's mob were the noisiest, and had most drink.

There was a lady sitting on the other side of Diana, whom Bligh remembered as the former gay and "dashing" Kitty Crowder. She was now utterly changed: silent, melancholy, and pensive, with an air of suffering. The Calthorpe gossips had noticed this at once, and drew the usual charitable conclusion. "It had not turned out well; poor soul, she had a sad life with *him*; they knew *he* would tame her awful temper." Tamed she certainly had been; and having now been brought down for this exciting day, she had come to stay with her old friend Diana at Gay Court. There our heroine treated her with infinite sympathy and kindness; *not that* she accepted the gossips' stories,

but she saw, *and had always seen*, that her nature would *never suit* one like Richard's. Surely, too, there is always an interest in an affair of this sort,—to see what has been offered to you, how another deals with it. It is the foundation of a very dramatic sympathy. So Diana was really glad to have back her old friend, whose case she commiserated; and Kitty told her all her trials; though Diana did not accept *her* over-coloured account, but made due allowance for poor Kitty's incompatibility.

As a matter of course Richard Lugard came over very often to see his wife, and was very sarcastic and satirical on her and her former life—sometimes rough and rude, to Diana's great pain. Once or twice, indeed, the unhappy girl had turned on him, and there was a very unpleasant scene, which gave Diana quite a shock—took away all power of speech, especially as the husband and wife kept on attacking each other regardless of her presence, with fiery cheeks and no less fiery eyes. Poor Kitty, she had made a mistake indeed!

At last the two candidates had to make their speeches. Richard first, which was quite characteristic of himself—off-hand, bold, cheerful, and a little sarcastic on Robert. He had, he knew, his own defects—no one better. As regarded his friend there, he could not hold a candle to him—whatever that meant; but all he could say was, if he had one of his friend Hocker's—whom he saw on his right—good candles in his hand, he'd hold it to royalty itself, and not be ashamed. Hocker's candles they might all be proud of, and their light would show the defects or merits of anyone. This capital local allusion got Richard two votes on the spot. He himself was the hare, his friend Mr. Bligh the tortoise. He knew that, commercially, the tortoise was a more valuable animal; but he always remembered that the hare had been beaten through its own fault. He had no notion of stopping on the road to take a nap, or commit any such folly. For the last fortnight he had had hardly time to eat, drink, or sleep; so, if not a fleet hare, he was at least a very industrious one. He then, with a little wonder, said he was surprised at his friend coming there at all. A man who was in such practice at the Bar, so engrossed with his briefs, could not spare time to canvass—certainly not to attend to the duties of his membership. What interest could he have in their concerns, unless to use them—which every lawyer did, and he did not blame them—as a stepping-stone for promotion? His friend had no stake in the county; and he had told him, with the utmost frankness and goodwill, for they were old friends and schoolfellows, that he had no business to come there. He (Lugard) owed him a lesson, in return for a very old one when they had been schoolboys, and when his friend gave him as good a thrashing in the Latin grammar as ever he got in his life. Now he intended to give him a good thrashing in return. A great shout.

Then came Robert's turn. He was accustomed to speaking, but he felt anything but eloquent as he rose. The sympathies of the crowd

he knew had gone with the last speaker; and when they saw his thoughtful face and wise air, they seemed to anticipate they were in for a lecture and learned exposition. They were not very far out; for Bligh had felt it necessary to give an exposition of his *principles*, which had been so cruelly vilified in that hireling print the *Observer*, and which should be carried on the wings of the *Mercury* over the length and breadth of the country. He wished to explain how far he would go. He spoke very well, very carefully rounding his sentences, and with a certain legal eloquence; but it sounded a little heavy after the rattling, off-hand periods of the soldier. He felt dry and uneloquent. He certainly did set out his principles, proved logically that he was no Radical, and made a sound, practical, and even, towards the end, a spirited speech. The applause was loud at the close, and the "show of hands" was declared to be for Richard Lugard.

These were exciting days; for the following one, Richard Lugard roused himself indeed, and spent them, as he said, "in the open air." His fresh, open face—and it never looked more handsome—was seen everywhere; his gay voice was heard in every voter's house. The off-hand officer described pleasantly to Diana how many children, and old virgins sometimes, he had to kiss; though he passed over some of these favours, which he had distributed to more suitable objects.

Diana indeed caught the whole spirit and excitement of the situation. She felt an irresistible sympathy for this gay, bold *militaire*, and not nearly so much for Robert Bligh, who, now gloomy, and a prey to a sort of depression, rarely showed himself, and then spoke little. With a careful avoidance, he never alluded to the subject of "*her influence*," which indeed she was not so sorry for. Lugard always said, "You know I have your solemn word and promise, Diana;" at which she laughed.

At last here was the day itself. For the candidate, how unpleasant such excitement—too prolonged, almost wearying. It is like the dice-box kept down for an hour before being raised—the cast on which your fortune has been staked. The weeks and months, the sums of money, the hosts of agents, the long days of "dirty work," the degrading leek that has to be swallowed again and again, until the heart is sick—all is under the dice-box during that day. Now and again the corner is just raised, and he thinks he sees the glorious "sixes," as reports come in, always hopeful, invariably full of comfort. If he is behindhand at the beginning, the adversary "polls his best at first;" and if he is ahead himself, that speaks for itself, and is at least no discouragement. Think of the moment when the clock has struck, and the books are closed, and the last "totting" is going on. So it was with our two candidates at Calthorpe. They were "neck and neck" all day. When Lugard was 100, Bligh was 102; when, towards three o'clock, Lugard was 120, Bligh was 118. It was hot—too hot to be pleasant.

Diana was at home, in a perfect fever. She could not sit down, or work, or even go out. Now again came an express from one or other of her two friends, telling of their progress. Dick's were always in *his own hand*—full, and good-natured. He had great tact, after all, or knowledge of the world. Bligh, either from pride, or perhaps not thinking it of importance, let his agents do this little office. By such trifles, however, are the grand achievements of life carried out.

Towards three she was at the window; Kitty, far more indifferent, sitting at the fire, gazing into the coals. Suddenly they heard the sound of horse's hoofs. What was that—another express? It seemed to betoken something; and in a moment the door was opened, and Richard, flushed, eager, and handsome, rushed in.

"O, Richard, Richard! what news?"

"The worst," said Richard hurriedly. "Unless you come to my aid, it is all over. We have polled our last fellow, and so has he also."

"Well?" said Diana, breathless.

Kitty was looking round from the fire coldly.

"But what is to be done?" went on Diana eagerly. "How can I save you?"

Poor Robert! she had forgotten him for the moment.

"What's to be done? Ah! you won't do it; you won't help me. And yet the precious moments are flying."

"But what *can* we do? Tell me, dear Richard."

"This. There are three or four fellows there who say they know you want them to support Mr. Robert, and will be angry if they should not. This is only more of the precious stories he or his agents have sent about. 'Pon my word, they have electioneered with your name well!"

Diana looked haughtily round. This *was* indeed too much, after all she had suffered from reports.

"To drag your sacred name into these wretched conflicts! I would have scorned it. Mr. Bligh seems to think he will not only sit for Calthorpe, but for—"

"O, it is cruel, unkind, unmanly. What can I do, though? I must put down these unkind reports."

"Well, it is only justice to yourself. O heavens! to think of the prize just within my grasp. All my money—which God knows how I shall ever pay back—all lost. I shall be ruined indeed now, and care little what becomes of me."

Enter now Mr. Lugard senior—excited for him—and Lady Margaret, much excited. Mr. Lugard says,

"Miss Diana, you can save the day yet for your poor old friend Dick. I have ridden out from Calthorpe, and spent an hour with these pig-headed rascals; but it's no use."

"Diana darling, you mustn't really," said Lady Margaret. "I am told it is really shocking the way they are using your name. 'Miss

y wishes that; Miss Gay wishes this.' A young girl like you! it is y, very unfair."

"Unfair!" said Mr. Lugard senior; "it is scandalous. Mr. Bligh ms to reckon on being the master here; ordering in the tenants, nppose."

Diana thought for a moment of Robert's wistful face; but the nions of these artful people of the world—she, a young, inexperienced girl—the sense of her wrongs, of her being so fatally compromised—the sense of the pressing danger, and necessity of doing something promptly to dispel these fatal reports—quite took away all son. She was frightened—in their hands. The crowd in the room, indignant; the certain ruin to come on poor Dick.

"What must be done?" she asked.

"Just a letter," said Dick; "a few lines which can be shown. n't tell them they are not to vote for him. I don't want *that*. It uldn't be fair; and let us be fair to him."

"Yes; simply write," said Lugard senior, "that you have no interest in either; and you *request*, and order, so far as you have any fluence, that they will vote for the candidate *they like best*. You owe is to yourself, Miss Diana. What could be fairer?"

Diana went over to her little desk and wrote. Poor Robert! Dick d his father interchanged glances. It was written, and put into ck's hand. In a moment he was on his horse.

"This will do for you, Master Robert," he said.

At four o'clock, when the polling ceased, Richard Lugard, Esq., was own in Calthorpe to be duly elected by a majority of SIX VOTES.

CHAPTER VI.

A WARNING.

WHEN Diana had taken that step, and Richard had ridden away, reaction came. The image of her other friend—the hard-working, honest, true Robert Bligh—rose before her. It scarcely seemed a *kind* return for all that he had done. His steady, unwearying kindness; his simple, unobtrusive devotion; his honest, generous heart, which she knew, though he had never told her, was all hers. She was a little ndignant with herself. But he *might* win; and then, poor, handsome Richard, whose life had been so sacrificed, was he to lose in everything? Robert, tortoise-like, was sure to get on eventually; and really it was roking that they should be so free with her name.

Such fluctuations were in the mind of our Diana. She was very ung, it must be recollected. When Lady Margaret burst in joy-ly with the news of Richard's victory, it was for Diana a sort of ck. But the noisy congratulations of the lady; the excitement; e details of the closeness of the contest; the unbounded happiness Richard, who was now indeed saved, and actually posting along the

high-road to bear her the news himself and express his gratitude, took off all her thoughts. It was a festival. She was in agitation, and could not help being glad when the hero came in, and almost cast himself at her feet, in a tumult of joy, gratitude, and triumph.

"I owe it all to you," he said, "Diana. *You* have made me M.P., and I shall never forget it. A new life opens before me,—new hopes, new ideas, ambition, getting on,—something far above mere cantering and soldiering. Diana, you shall see what I can do. I am *your* representative, and feel I have great responsibility. As for Robert Bligh, he will console himself, and I will do what I can for him. He will get on in some other way, never fear. He knows how to fall on his legs."

Then that exciting, cunning Lady Margaret began to talk seriously of plans and prospects.

"Now that we have got over this odious election, dear," she said, "we must think what is to be done. Now you can *not* go on staying here in this way. See the little difficulty you were in this very morning, darling; and you may be *sure* those odious papers will not stop here. After this business they will set to work afresh. I've a letter from Canning, who says this is going to be a great season. The Brenners, he says, are to give two balls, with tableaux and charades. She, Caroline Brenner, who admires *him*, you know, to be Judith, and — all that," added Lady Margaret, not being able to recollect the name of any new character. "Town never was to be so gay. I have got Bowman at last to take a house in Portman-square. We pay an *awful* price for it, dear; but still, dear, the Muley Moloch of fashion requires all this cost. Now, dear, you must come to us. Indeed, it is a duty. I assure you the dear darling that is gone often and often talked to me over this, and so anxiously. 'She has no one,' he would say, 'unless you and Bowman, to look after her.' And of course I promised him I would."

Diana was greatly struck—almost, in fact, taken by storm—by the intrepid Lady Margaret, who had determined indeed to carry this little weak citadel at once and by escalade. Before she left, she got a promise from Diana that she would go.

That night about eight o'clock Diana had another more serious interview. She saw a figure standing before her, a pale face. And she heard a voice that spoke to her calmly and without emotion.

"I have come to see you, Miss Gay, for the last time. I am going away in the morning."

"Going away!" said she, the old feeling coming back in a torrent on her. "O Robert, what must you have thought of me? But I did it for the best; I mean, I was taken by surprise, and poor Richard—"

"I have not come to bring you to an account," he said. "You were quite entitled to do what you did. But it has been a great shock to me; and you will forgive me if I say I think it was unkind and cruel."

he cold Robert—that *felt* nothing, nothing—was speaking with great warmth and agitation now. “Cruel and ungenerous. What have I done to you? All my life long, since I was a child, I looked to you, Diana—confess it; thought of no one else. All my life I have turned to you, worked for you, dreamed of you—*like a fool, as I was*. This last step should never have undertaken, but for you—*like a fool, as I was*.”

“O Robert, indeed, *indeed* I did not mean it. But they all came round me, and crowded in here, and I forgot, and lost my foolish head;—and it *was* ungrateful.”

“No, I do not say that; I do not complain. But you *deceived* me; rather, indeed, my own old folly and infatuation. But now I shall be differently; I shall live for something else. I do not care to tell you that I loved you—loved you, O, so much!—loved you in spite of everything—of suspicions; in spite of your behaviour to me, which at all times has been doubtful, and ought to have opened the eyes of any man with sense. But that is all over. I have sense enough left to have will and power to tear your image from my heart, where it has been so long.”

“O Robert, you speak so unkindly. What *shall* I do, if you leave me in this way?”

“I do not complain; nor have I any anger. And indeed, Diana,” he added more softly, “I acquit you. But I cannot afford to get any more of these rude lessons. They cost too much in suffering. I can now go back to the old routine, which I should never have abandoned, and never shall again. But I have discharged my part. You will find everything in order, papers—all. That lawsuit which you were afraid of is happily settled. I had not time to tell you, I was so busy with this—and other things. And let me say that if ever the new friends begin to fail you, and you want *real* help, a letter will bring me to you, and I will do my best, as of old. There, good-bye, Diana, if I may call you so; and good-bye also to an old and dear dream.”

Who would think that this was the dry, wise Robert, so cold and sober? It was indeed a warm, passionate Robert. Diana—our foolish, irresolute Diana—was deeply touched, and even shocked, at her own behaviour. She could only utter faintly that she meant nothing, and that she indeed liked Robert always, and that he was very unkind to go off in that way.

“Good-bye, Diana,” he said; “I go back to my trusty friends—those dear books, who never desert me or treat me unkindly—never, I trust, to leave them again. Do not forget what I said; if you are ever in a difficulty, call on, send for me. I can be of use still, and will do my best for the sake of some old happy days.”

Diana tried to make a faint protest. When she saw him going, she called out faintly:

“O Robert, you won’t leave me in that way?”

But he was gone.

Diana, left to herself, was at first not a little pettish at her commands being disobeyed, and her little *amende* not being accepted; but soon a sense of her own behaviour came back upon her. She felt that she had behaved with some cruelty and ingratitude. She was inclined to cry, but then she thought she would write a sweet, pretty little note, begging forgiveness, asking him to make it up. This child of nature did not see that this could hardly make up for the positive injury her waywardness had done her old friend. But her note was written, and sent over that night.

There was no answer. The next day she drove over herself in her little carriage. She was told Mr. Robert had left. She wondered that Mrs. Bligh had not come to her. She went in, not without a little awe of that lady.

Mrs. Bligh was sitting at her desk, cold and stony.

"So Robert has gone away? I am afraid he is angry with me; and I sent a letter, and I wished to explain: for I am afraid I behaved very unkindly—at least, it *seemed* so. But I never meant—"

And then the fluttering Diana stopped, and could say no more; for the hard, stern, and hostile gaze with which the mother was measuring her, filled her with terror.

"All this comes too late, Miss Gay; too late for him, and too late for me. No repentance can make up to him now for that injury."

"But I was worked on; people came in and persuaded me," said Diana.

"Yes; but you were not persuaded by him who had the first claim on you. No, you waited coldly and cruelly to the last moment to give him that stab. He may forgive you, and I daresay will; but I give you fair notice, Diana Gay, I never can."

"You never can!" repeated Diana, stepping back.

"I never can," repeated Mrs. Bligh. "You have wrecked his happiness in every way. He had set his whole heart on this, his whole purse. For years, too, one thought had buoyed him up, which he had set his heart on—that you had *some* regard for him. O, if you knew how that thought cheered and led him forward; how, in all his weary studies, he had that one thought before him—a dream, certainly, as he knew himself, but out of which it was heartless to awake him. His whole life will be coloured by it. And do not think for a moment that I shall forget it. Expect nothing from me but hostility—nothing but *punishment*."

Diana started and looked round frightened.

"Punishment! O Mrs. Bligh!"

"Yes; retribution. You must bitterly atone for this. You made him suffer, and shall be made to suffer yourself. You little know the peril you stand in, you, you weak, cruel child—for you are no more. You should have kept the only two friends you had in the world, for you have no friends. At this moment you are helpless, for you have *lost us*. Now you will go into the world, and you will be amused and

dazzled for a time. But you will find difficulties and embarrassments gathering about you, and you will have no one to call on. Richard Lugard, you will say; Lady Margaret;—fine friends indeed! *They* will help you. You will call on him—on Robert; but he will not come to you. Even at this moment you know not what is preparing—what is impending. There is nothing more between you and us, Diana Gay; and you may take it as a last act of grace that I give you this final warning to prepare for what you should have had prudence—if not common gratitude—to avert. Now, on your own head be it!”

Diana, quite terror-struck at this ominous denunciation, could not answer. Never had such terrible words been spoken to her before. A chill came to her heart; and before she could collect herself she was alone. It all came back on her very often, and she drove home very sad and grave and humiliated; for it then occurred to her that she actually had no friends—no one she could consult, that loved her, that she could fly to. And above all, there was that strange indistinct menace, which sent the chill to her heart.

She arrived at home very serious. But there were Lady Margaret and “Mr. Richard Lugard, M.P.,” waiting for her, full of hope and spirits and plans. Lady Margaret had come to absorb her—to fix a day. The House was ready. Richard was going to town also to take his seat. What fun they should have, what parties, what a new life for Diana! Anticipation colours everything; it lays on the gold and silver richly. Insensibly Diana got into spirits again. Surely here were true friends, more cheerful certainly than that solemn and austere woman who had so threatened her—her, poor little harmless Diana!

Gradually all the uncomfortable feeling was talked away in a most delightful and vivacious night. Richard exalted himself, spoke even kindly and generously, as it seemed to Diana, of his old rival. A pity, he said, that he was so morbid. He would never do in the House—a little too much of the schoolmaster. They wanted something there of a more rattling sort. He was very indulgent, Richard, and legislator-like, and could be now above the mists and clouds which overhang the low marshes of disappointment.

Before the night was over, the grave air had passed from Diana. No young girl can resist a gay panorama of the joys of youth thus spread out; and a not unadroit remark of Richard’s, that this “terrorism,” which “my old friend Bob” and his mamma had wished to set up, had been now abolished, had excellent effect.

Such was the issue of the Calthorpe election, long talked of in the borough. Soon the *Mercury* made two very remarkable announcements: one that Robert Bligh had left Calthorpe for London, “to make arrangements for presenting a petition” against the newly-retained member; and within a week more that “Mr. and Lady Margaret Bowman, with Miss Gay and suite, had proceeded to London for a lengthened sojourn at their mansion in Portman-square.”

LAND IN SIGHT! HOME AT LAST!

I.

THE laughing sea rolls blue and free,
And on every face there is joy and glee;
For the west wind harps, in the rigging, soft,
And the broad white canvas, that's spread aloft,
Strains fuller now to the homeward wind;
And even the sea-bird's left behind,
As the ship cleaves faster the crimson wave,
In the sunset red as a warrior's grave.

II.

"Land in sight!" and "Home at last!"
That is the cry that spreads so fast;
And they fancy already they hear the bells
Ringing from distant Cornish dells.
Soon, soon the granite cliffs will rise
To cheer the longing and straining eyes;
Once past yon burning sunset line,
They'll see the English headlands shine.

III.

The sea grows greener every hour,
The deep keel ploughs with a keener power;
The dusk is spreading its shroud of gloom,
And night, like the lid of a pond'rous tomb,
Falls slow; but the laugh and the song rise up
As the bubbles spring in a champagne-cup;
For there in the east the magnet star
Of a lighthouse is welcoming them from far.

IV.

Sleep, brave men, sleep, for home is near;
Sleep, mothers, sleep, without dream of fear;
Sleep, children, sleep, for the sea's at rest,
Rocking you all to its fost'ring breast:



P. Feitch, del.

J. D. Cooper, sc.

THE SINKING OF THE "MEXICO" IN 1847

9

1

The ship so staunch and true and strong,
With the tyrant sea has battled long.
In an hour the loud cry, "Shell and sand!"
Will tell the advent of the land.

V.

Night spreads its canopy of stars
High o'er the good ship's swaying spars—
Halcyon night, with its balm to all;
Soft, sweet night with its drowsy pall.
Already the scent of the new-mown hay
Breathes from the meadow-land far away;
And Hope brings dreams of happier time,
Of changeless joy, and a sunnier clime.

VI.

The land's in sight—that glimpse of the moon
Disclosed the nearest headland; soon
The church-tower on the cliff will show—
When yon dark cloud away shall blow.
Plough faster, ship; they pine for rest;
Hadst thou a heart within thy breast,
Swifter, O, swifter thy homeward flight,
To that long low line of glimmering white.

VII.

What scream was that?—that anguish starts
From bleeding and from breaking hearts.
A blue smoke oozes from the hold,
And cheeks grow pale, and hearts grow cold;
Broad flames from all the port-holes leap,
Keen flames along the cordage creep—
Soon the tall masts are lapped in fire,
Fanned by the winds the flames mount higher.

VIII.

Red flows the sea as the fierce flame blows,
The inky cloud all crimson grows.
Loud ring their shrieks, as the only boat
With half-crazed women is set afloat;

LAND IN SIGHT! HOME AT LAST!

And now swift jets of smoke and fire
From the blazing vessel the winds waft higher;
And the wreck floats on o'er the glowing wave,
Of all within her the burning grave.

IX.

Men on the cliffs, looking out to sea—
A pale and shuddering company—
See, as the wind shifts to the west,
A floating light on the ocean-crest;
And then a frame with thick ribs charred—
A chaldron vast, with timbers barred;
And within this floating basket-cage
A fierce fire white with a quenchless rage.

X.

To leeward a cloud of crimson spread,
Far over the dying and the dead,
A cloud that's starred with sparks that fast
From the wreck in burning showers are cast.
Slowly again night's pitying pall
Spreads o'er the sea and the high cliff wall;
And those who are saved from the fire and waves
Kneel and pray to the God who saves.

W. T.

“BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER”

WHAT are we to say about the propriety of painting the skin? The subject is one that would soon lead the inquiring mind into troubled waters; or, if the figure of speech be thought unfitting, would lead it to troublous issues. A lady about to paint, or varnish, or enamel herself, has first, if she be wise, to consider the matter from a hygienic or health-disposing point of view. She has to consider what the skin is, what it has to do, and how the interior economy may resent any violation done to this delicate expansion. Having decided to rouge upon a white ground, she has to consider what the white ground shall be, and what the pink to be laid upon it. Ah, ladies, you do not think of these matters—you never *will* think of these matters! The perfumer, then, must do it for you, as he does for the most part conscientiously. The white pigments used for skin-purposes at the present time are commonly harmless; time was when a verdict so favourable could not have been given. As for rouge, the best is a preparation, by a treatment unnecessary to state here, from the *coccus cacti*, or cochineal insect; an inferior sort is got from safflower, the petals of a flower used in dyeing. White skin-pigments usually go under the name of “pearl-powder;” though the composition of none of them has anything to do with pearls, and though—so-called—pearl-powders differ extremely in their nature. I shall treat of their composition by and by; pausing now to note the troubled waters, or troublous issues, as may seem the trope most fitting, to which I adverted. If skin-powder cosmetics are indeed harmless, as those now used mostly are, then what troubles are we to encounter? Moral troubles—conscience troubles, ladies fair. You know what opinions some people hold in respect to what they call vanity. You know how sinful it is in the estimation of some people to tint the skin. Would you wish me—a man liking peace and quiet—to pronounce opinions on this point, to state whether I approve of skin-painting, regarded from a moral point of view, or disapprove of it? Goodness, no! I hate argument. The morality of the thing, ladies, pray settle among yourselves. Still, perhaps some people may accede to a few general propositions; the first being that any lady whose complexion is good already had better let well alone. It is not within the competence of any art to give the delicate tints which mantle upon a really beautiful female skin. My advice to ladies having delicate complexions, and valuing the gift, would be to keep their complexions good by observance of certain points of discipline. Early hours, not too much

dancing, distilled water for the toilet, and low alkalised soap; if soap for the face, any alkali will do much. If asked to specify the greatest enemy to the duration of a lady's complexion, I would state the London season; recurring again and again, with all its hard work, its mental anxieties and general rigour. Yet there will be London seasons many, despite my vaticinations; and belles must disport themselves in hot drawing-rooms, and eat ices after the ball's warm glow; and turn night into day. They must do all this and more; all not conducive to good health, and hence not to the maintenance of the highest ideal of skin-beauty. Wherefore, after a certain age, I suppose skin-pigments there must be, as there always have been.

There was a time when the chemical nature of things was not so well known as to-day; when the creamy whiteness of flake-white—none other than superior white-lead—entered into the composition of pearl-powders. I need not pause to reprobate the awful danger of employing this material for such a purpose, seeing that the employment is abandoned. Subsequently to the going out of white-lead as face or pearl-powder, another metallic preparation—the trisnitrate of bismuth—came in. It is not so decidedly poisonous as a lead compound, but it is poisonous enough to prove injurious to the skin; indeed, I know not of any metallic pigment so innocent that it can be laid on the skin continuously without incurring serious damage. Such pigments mar the beauty of the skin at least, perhaps lead to evil constitutional effects through absorption. Even if white-lead and trisnitrate of bismuth were not injurious to the skin and poisonous generally, their use as skin-pigments would be attended with a great disadvantage. They both turn black under the influence of sulphuretted hydrogen—a gas which in small quantities exists pretty largely diffused. The effect of bringing concentrated sulphuretted hydrogen in contact with skin whitened by a lead or bismuth preparation would be to turn the skin suddenly black. Under the usual circumstances of society, no such extreme issue as utter blackness need be contemplated; but a certain darkening of colour would rapidly ensue, destroying the harmony of the work of art perfected with so much care—dissipating the illusion of a beautiful complexion. The tale is recorded in books of a certain lady who had been whitening her skin with trisnitrate of bismuth—magistery of bismuth our grandmamas and grandpapas called it—and who chanced to bathe whilst whitened thus in the Harrogate waters. Harrogate is celebrated for its sulphurous springs. The water of these springs holds sulphuretted hydrogen dissolved. If it be a fact that the lady in question went into a Harrogate bath of sulphurous water whilst skin-painted with bismuth magistery, then it must have come true what the tale records, viz. that she in one instant turned as black, wherever the pigment was laid on, as any Ethiop. Pearl-powders, as now used, are variously made. Some are nothing else than powdered *talc* or *French chalk*; others a mixture of the same with common chalk;

a third order contains starch-grains mingled with the preceding one, or both. By starch-grains I would be meant to signify the preparation known as "violet-powder," which really has no more to do with violets than it has with cabbages or cucumbers; being really nothing else than starch-grains odourised by orris-root—*iris florentina*, sweet-smelling iris—a root that smells not unlike violets. Much discrimination is used by perfumers in selecting a proper sort of starch-grain. Whencesoever starch comes, it has the general characteristic of being in grains. These are readily made manifest under microscopic examination, and are then found to be different, not merely as to size, but as to shape. Hence it is that the investigator can tell whether one kind of starch be mingled or adulterated with another. For example, arrowroot—genuine arrowroot—is starch obtained from the *Maranta arundinacea*. It happens to have an agreeable taste, and hence is so valuable for dietetic uses. It is more expensive than the starch of wheat or of potatoes; than starch indeed generally, and hence it is often contaminated. Now the grains of wheaten starch happen to be large and coarse; hence the material, although it will do very well for hair-powder, is not satisfactory when used as a complexion-powder; the grains are too staring. Horse-chestnut starch has been much employed for this purpose; so in like manner the starch of ordinary chestnuts; in short, perfumers have, or pretend to have, each a speciality. Nothing whatever can be alleged against the use of any starch pure and simple when used for toilet purposes; on the contrary, it imparts a softness and a freshness both salutary and delightful. Violet-powder so called, indeed, hardly comes under the definition of a cosmetic. When made up with other ingredients to constitute the so-called pearl-powder, is it injurious then? That will depend on the character of the materials with which it is compounded. On white-lead we have already pronounced. It may well be called fatal; not only to beauty, but in certain cases to life also, and to health in all cases.

In ordinary domestic usage, thus to write, in the ordinary employment of skin-cosmetics by ladies themselves, violet-powder, the so-called pearl-powder, and rouge, usually complete the list. When female charms have so much waned that higher artistic resources are needed, or thought to be needed, then the case is one for out-of-door practice. Then come the operations of enamelling and blue-veining,—operations that are kept a secret, but in performing which the chemist, if he so pleased, could beat the professed artists who make ladies "beautiful for ever" out of the field. I have already adverted to collodion as being a material that may be used to give the appearance of artificial skin, and I have indicated some limitations to its employment. As then stated, I have no doubt that a human individual, man or woman, might be killed by the laying on of an investiture of collodion all over the body. Death would be induced by occluding the cutaneous pores, checking exhalation, perspiration, and skin-respiration. It does not

thence follow, however, that a layer of collodion may not be deposited over limited surfaces of the skin with impunity, nay in some cases with advantage. Suppose, for instance, that a finger has been cut or scalded, and the cuticle removed. The immediate injury may not be grave, but it becomes irritating through collateral circumstances. Not only does the part look ugly—something to be regarded in a pretty hand—but every touch of salt, vinegar, soap, and a thousand other things that might be mentioned, and that we are obliged to touch, induce and keep up a troublesome irritation. The wound thus perpetually worried, so to speak, gets worse and worse, and all for want of covering. In such a case, collodion is a real boon. I mean true collodion, or solution of gun-cotton in ether. There is a spurious collodion, which is made by dissolving gutta-percha, the effect of which is by no means so good.

The use that might be made of collodion for cosmetic purposes happened to be brought under my notice casually during my medical attendance on a case in my own practice. A blister having been applied to the chest of a girl whilst in the condition known to physicians as that of anemia, or deficient blood, the blistered part, instead of healing kindly, as it should have done, mortified. The patient being supported by administration of stimulants, the mortified part in time came away, leaving a frightful wound extending all over the chest, and up into the visible part of the neck. At a certain stage of treatment collodion was had recourse to, for encroaching on this wound around the edges,—imparting a ring of artificial skin, in point of fact. The practice had no reference to beauty at that time, but I could not fail to be struck with the beauty of the work in addition to its surgical efficacy. Wherever the collodion had deposited and dried, there was not only a protective surface, but a very satisfactory-looking skin,—a little too white and glazed for nature, but yet satisfactory. When my patient got better, and wished to appear in society, the suggestion came from her that I would perform the office of Madame Rachel,—that I would enamel her neck, and make it presentable. I did my best, and, for one who took up extemporaneously a new art, the success was encouraging. With the artificial skin to begin upon, touched up with now a rub, now a stipple, of rouge and pearl-powder, and finished off with violet-powder, I turned out a work of art beautiful to look at from afar, and not contemptible on nearer scrutiny. Having no intention to devote myself to this branch of practice for my own immediate emolument, and as little intending to patent the process, whereby I might acquire wealth in an indirect way, it would be a useless and a churlish thing for me to hide my knowledge under a bushel. I throw it open for the benefit of science, of beauty, and Madame Rachel. To one conclusion I have come, *videlicet*, the real artistic want I felt was the absence of those short downy hairs which, *growing all over the skin*, impart a look of such delicacy and softness.

The absence of this down is very conspicuous on a waxwork presentment of the human face divine. Anybody with true artistic eye, having gazed on a waxwork, even the most admirably finished, must have been struck with a certain ghastly unreality; he perhaps knows not what or why. It may seem strange that it should be, yet so it is. The defect can hardly be due to that merely explicable on the assumption of imperfect colouring; it must be referred to a deeper source. It comes of this, namely, the wax surface is wholly devoid of *those* small hairs—of *that* soft down; hence the unreality. Now to the point. Whenever—if ever, and perhaps it will be sooner than I think—whenever some artist in female-charm rejuvenation, commencing where I left off, takes up this collodionising treatment of the fair, I counsel him or her to devise some means of imparting the much-desiderated downy finish. I think it could be effected in the same way that the manufacture of plush-enamelled paper is effected. This, however, is a point to be investigated by anyone who, profiting by the indications herein set down, may think proper to work out the process to his or her own profit.

Consideration of the skin naturally leads on to the hair and nails, between both which and the cuticle there is a close similarity. The hair claims priority in a cosmetic sense. What can be more beautiful than it, when copious, soft, and delicately tended? what more hateful, more destructive of the charm of loveliness, when allowed to degenerate into savagery by some inappropriate treatment? A hair consists of three parts—the root, which is fixed in the skin, the shaft or stem, and the point. The usual shape of the stem is a cylinder; it may be flattened, or even grooved. Hair, we all know, varies extremely as to size. What a difference, for example, between the whiskers of a cat and the hairs of the sleek coat of her tiny victim! Even for one and the same species, and one and the same part of growth, there may be much variety as to the fineness of hair, as the human head exemplifies. As to the further structure of hairs, it is more complex than those people may imagine who abuse it by hair-dye so remorselessly. The stem of each hair is covered with a coating of scales overlapping each other like those on the skin of a fish. Hence comes the property of felting, which only consists in beating a layer of hairs, laid upon a flat surface, sharply until they interlace and hold tight one to the other, held by their rough external surfaces. Inside this scaly covering comes a fibrous substance, making up the chief part of the stem; and in the very middle of it, running like a streak of elder-pith along a branch, is often a sort of marrow. This central pith, however, does not exist in all hairs. It is wanting in the fine hairs over the general surface of the body, and is not commonly met with in those of the head. The special pigment that constitutes the difference of colour between different hairs resides in *this pith* when present, also in the fibrous matter. *We now come to the hair-root.* It is lighter in colour and

softer than the stem, swelling out at its lower end into a bulbous knot lying in a special recess called the hair-follicle, which may reach down to the subadjacent fat. It is known that women more rarely grow bald than men, and it is accounted for by the circumstance that women have more fat underneath their head-skin, thus furnishing a richer soil, so to speak, for the feminine tresses to spring from. Usually hair is wholly devoid of sensation, else it would go hard with us when we submit to hair-cutting. There is a certain disease, however, not unusual in Poland, and known as the *plica polonica*, the characteristic of which is that the hair grows sensitive, and when cut bleeds even dangerously. Some physiologists have entertained the belief, that from the insertion of each hair-filament to its extremity a fluid passes, and thence back again. The reality of this circulation, however, has not been demonstrated. The diverse colour of various heads of hair is referable, as we have seen, to the presence of special colouring-matters. Hence it follows that if such colouring-matters be absent, the remaining hair is white. Narrations abound of the hair having turned white suddenly after some shock, or fright, or other violent mental emotion. No satisfactory explanation of this has ever been offered, and some physiologists deny the fact wholly. Among the number of these must be mentioned Dr. Davy, who, some years ago (1861), read a paper on the subject at the British Association. It is his opinion that hair never turns gray save under the influence of impaired health, or of age. Much study is popularly considered to turn the hair gray, and long-continued anxiety. The imputation is doubtless true; but then the immediate cause of grayness may still be the impaired health. Haller, in his *Elementa Physiologia*, discusses the evidence for and against the sudden change of hair to gray exhaustively. He refers to eight authorities for proof of such a change, but, finally summing-up the evidence on behalf of himself, he comes to the same conclusion as Dr. Davy. Those who adopt the popular opinion fortify their argument by referring to the colour-mutations certain animals and birds undergo with change of season. Mountain-hares and ermines, *ex. gr.*, acquire white fur towards winter. In like manner so do lemmings. Mr. Blyth the naturalist examined a lemming that was just undergoing this change, and satisfied himself that the whiteness was referable to special new hairs, not to defect in colouring-matter of the hairs previously growing. For my own part, I confess to a leaning towards the popular belief. If the sudden change of hair from dark to gray be not a fact, I am at a loss to account for the belief to the contrary, which is almost universal, having found expression in the traditions and the poetry of so many nations. Of far higher value than any expression of credence on my part is the testimony of the celebrated skin and hair physiologist and practitioner, Mr. Erasmus Wilson, who has no hesitation in giving credence to the popular belief.

Still, doubtless many of the instances of such change that have

found their way into history and narrative are otherwise explicable. Thus, for example, history attests the sudden change of Marie Antoinette's hair from black to gray after her imprisonment. As to this, there now exists little doubt, I believe, that the unfortunate queen's hair had become gray before her imprisonment, but that she darkened it assiduously by some sort of hair-dye. When imprisoned she could no longer obtain this hair-dye: hence the natural gray colour of her tresses became apparent. The same explanation awaits the conspirator Orsini, who was executed at Paris some years ago. When he went to the scaffold his hair and beard were gray; when he went into prison they were black. It is well established that Orsini had been in the habit of using hair-dyes. Were it not thus made out, his would be cited amongst the instances corroborative of the popular opinion.

Though the hair be wholly devoid of feeling, it is not devoid of life, and soon resents any discipline founded on the treatment of it as mere dead filaments. It cannot be pinched with hot irons, or crinkled in and out a waver, without causing speedy deterioration; as many ladies have, when too late, discovered to their cost. No style of hair-dressing is so congenial to its well-being as that of arranging it in plain bands. Curling, in whatever way conducted, is injurious; curling by hot irons most injurious of all. Far more prejudicial, however, are some of these crinkling and waving operations, which unfortunately have become fashionable. They are only second in evil to certain operations of dyeing, and, still worse, bleaching, which will be noticed further on. English curls—*boucles Anglaises*—have acquired a civilised-world-wide celebrity. The former predilection of English ladies for ringlets is not to be considered a matter of taste alone, this style of hair-dressing being peculiarly appropriate to English hair and the English climate. Our fair sex are not celebrated for the profusion of their hair,—in that respect there is hardly a peasant-girl of France, Italy, Spain, or Germany that would not have the advantage; but English ladies' hair is usually of admirable quality—soft and silky,—a condition indispensable to the formation and maintenance of pleasing ringlets. Hair may be easily too long for this style of adornment: foreign women's hair is usually too long. Moreover, the moisture of the English climate promotes just that degree of rigidity in the helix twist which is indispensable to beauty. Mostly, when a continental lady emulates the *boucles Anglaises*, the result is not satisfactory. The ringlets are prone to assume a certain corkscrew aspect,—hard, and the reverse of pleasing.

Coming now to the discipline of the hair, the method or methods of keeping it in order, I believe the more it feels the touch of the atmospheric air the better for its condition. The magnificent masses of hair to be seen on the heads of foreign peasant-girls, who never wear bonnets or other head-covering, is a standing proof of the soundness of this doctrine. Conversely, again, who can have failed to remark the tendency to baldness which any persistent covering of the head in-

duces? Look at barristers—men whom precedent and tradition compel to smother their pericranium in an investiture of powdered horsehair—see how bald they tend to be, or how bald they mostly are. I would advise a barrister entering his profession with a good head of hair, to have it powdered and got up horsehair-wig fashion. Is there any cure for baldness when it has become confirmed? Are those elixirs, those balms of Gilead, those rosemary essences, and other things of which hairdressers talk to one about in such bland persuasive tones,—are they a fact or a delusion? And what shall we say about bear's-grease, that was once held in such repute, and the hair-producing character of which still lingers, as did the odour of flowers to Tommy Moore's broken vase? Delusions all, I fear, or at any rate mostly. Consideration of the structure and anatomy of individual hairs will prompt to this conclusion, and experience, I think, confirm it. Each hair, as I have already explained, springs from a bulb, and each hair-bulb is naturally bedded in its own socket. The arrangement is one very comparable to that of a tooth in its jaw-socket and membranous investiture. If a hair be broken off, or if, growing weak from one of many causes, it withers down, leaving the root behind, then doubtless much may be done to effect restoration by proper treatment; but if the bulb has wholly gone, and the skin once closed up, then one might as well expect to grow a new tooth from the gap whence a tooth had been extracted, as to evolve from that particular bulb-socket a new hair. The only effectual way I know of whereby to impart a new head of hair to a pericranium upon which the blight of actual alopecia has fallen, is that of transplantation. It is a perfectly established fact that hairs can be transplanted from one head to another, and that when thus transplanted they will grow. I say nothing about the pain such an operation would cause—that is a matter to be reflected on by the patient. In like manner, feathers and teeth will grow if similarly transplanted. The experiment was tried, and succeeded, of transplanting a tooth to the comb of a cock. These physiological facts are suggestive of much cranial artistic beauty, whenever fashion may prompt individuals to incur the pain of its infliction. One can readily imagine the imposing beauty that would come of adorning human heads with birds' feathers. It would be some sort of triumph for a lady to boast that she grew her own ostrich-plumes; and it would not be difficult for men of the law to set off their naturally bald pates with such a resemblance of the conventional horsehair-wig idealised as might satisfy the punctilio of the most exacting judge. I have dealt with the proposition, seeing that it comes naturally developed out of the postulate hereinbefore set down. As this thesis is intended to be practical,—intended for the present, moreover, not for posterity,—it would be hardly worth while to bestow more thought on an expedient that, whatever its demonstrable feasibility, is one for the adoption of which people are not yet prepared.

When hairs have withered away down to their respective bulbs, their

growth can be promoted by certain applications. Among these, cantharides, or Spanish flies, have acquired a celebrity which upon the whole may be pronounced merited. Cantharidine, however, in all its various states, is so powerful an agent that the employment of it should never be trusted to the discretion of a hairdresser. Pernitrate of mercury is another agent that has grown into repute for the same purpose. This also, however, is dangerous when used too strong, and its degree of concentration can only be judged of in respect to each particular case. The repute acquired by bear's-grease for strengthening the hair, and even overcoming alopecia, is wholly unfounded. Bear's-grease first came into vogue through application of what is called the doctrine of signatures, whereby it was, in one stage of medical belief, inferred that each particular agent used, or capable of being used, gave evidence by external sign of inward potentiality. Thus inasmuch as bears were seen to grow a strong coat of hair, the signature was adopted as foundation for the belief that any scalp to which bear's-grease might be applied should forthwith produce hair in true ursine fashion.

Very conducive to the well-being of hair is assiduous removal of the small cutaneous scales that invest every inch of the skin it grows upon. Brushing accomplishes this well, and the mild friction of the brush is also advantageous by stimulating a proper supply of blood towards the hair-roots. Let no one be led away by the notion that so-called magnetic brushes are of especial use. Magnetic brushes are like any ordinary brushes, in effect neither better nor worse. True, indeed, each of these magnetic brushes has a magnet fixed into its reverse; but any person acquainted with magnetism will feel assured that the conditions of arrangement are altogether incompatible with the exercise of any magnetic influence.

Beyond combing and brushing, what are the best expedients for hair-cleaning? In man there is nothing so good as soap-and-water lather; but the plan cannot be recommended for ladies. The alkali of soap is not congenial to the gloss and beauty of human hair; moreover, to some extent, alkaline contact affects the colouring-matter, and changes its tint. Men are above or beside these considerations, but they should be taken heed of by ladies. Glycerine and lime-juice so called is not glycerine and lime-juice at all. It is merely scented oil and lime-water. Glycerine and rose-water is much better. The advantage of glycerine is, that it imparts to the hair a soft, silky brilliancy; the so-called brilliantine, in point of fact, which gentlemen—vain young ones—use for their whiskers and moustaches is only glycerine scented. For bandoline, nothing is better—perhaps nothing so good—as a very small fragment of gum-tragacanth dissolved in water and perfumed. The fragment must be *very* small, otherwise the solution will turn the *accroche-cœur* into a veritable horn, as uncomfortable to wear as ungraceful to look at. People who use pomades should be *very* careful that they do not apply injurious colouring-matters to the

hair. The fashion these some years past has come in of using yellow or straw-coloured pomades. They are elegant to look at, and so long as the yellow tint is imparted by palm-oil, as it should be, they are, sanitarily considered, unobjectionable. I fear, however, that in many instances the peculiar tint of yellow so much desiderated is given by incorporation with some injurious metallic compound. Roseate pomades are never, on account of their colouring-matter, objectionable, the tint being always imparted by alkanet root, which is wholly innocuous. In respect to the oleaginous composition of pomades, that varies greatly, Spermaceti, and almost any animal oil or fat—except mutton-fat—may be employed in their composition. I believe the very best oleaginous hair-application consists of a mixture of castor-oil and alcohol, two parts by measure of the former to one of the latter, the whole perfumed according to taste. The circumstance should here be mentioned that castor-oil is the only oil admitting of this treatment; if, for example, it were attempted to combine olive-oil with alcohol, the operator would soon find he had taken trouble in vain. Between the two no union would ensue; and the same remark applies to every oil, with the exception of castor-oil.

The hair of human beings, as well as of animals, holds sulphur in its composition, and retains this element obstinately. Thus, if a scrap of flannel a thousand times, or even ten thousand times, washed be taken and analysed for sulphur, this element will invariably be found. As will be seen hereafter, the theory of the action of a certain class of hair-dyes turns upon this sulphurous presence. It is a property of sulphur—and more especially of a certain sulphur containing gas—to turn several metallic combinations black. Lead is one of the metals in this category, and accordingly lead has formed the basis of more than one hair-dye. Bismuth is another of these metals, and silver another; the blackening function of silver salts, however, when used as hair-dyes, is not wholly referable to this sulphurous reaction. The practice of hair-bleaching and hair-dyeing will, however, receive careful and systematic treatment upon an early occasion.

J. SCOFFERN, M.B.

JANE EYRE'S SCHOOL

It is now some five-and-twenty years since, a slight and rather delicate-looking girl of seventeen, I entered on my first engagement as drawing-teacher at the School for Clergymen's Daughters at Caserton, and thus became one of the Company of Deserted Sisters, as we jocularly termed ourselves, from the often-seen initials "C. D. S." Not that we felt ourselves particularly deserted. A secluded life it certainly was, as regarded general society; dull it could not be, with a hundred young girls around us to whom we owed very serious duties. So far as I can recollect now, those duties were conscientiously fulfilled by all the eight teachers—eight, I believe, was the number, besides the much-loved and respected Superintendent, Miss H—. And the pupils appreciated it. Being one day near two of the younger girls, I heard one say to the other, the remark being evidently meant to catch my ear, "What a pity it is we have no teacher we can laugh at this half!" I need not add that the speaker was one of those whose management required some tact: she was a special favourite with one of the ladies (now the wife of an Indian missionary), who liked naughty girls the best;—she thought they had more character than others. In some instances, no doubt this is true, but I have met with many exceptions, and still hold to my partiality for the good and easily-guided ones.

I never heard a word of discontent from any of the teachers,—nor, I may add, from any of the girls; and had the latter felt it, it is more than probable that to one younger than many of themselves they would have confided it. From one especially I might have expected full confidence, namely, the girl I selected, as the custom was, to perform for me some slight services, and whom I always treated as a friend and companion, not allowing the word "maid," which was the name usually given by the other ladies. Some of the girls, who could not be educated for governesses, did, I believe, take places as maids; but as long as they were at school they were in the position of ladies, and I did not think it fair to give them the name of servants,—and that, perhaps, by those who were much inferior to them in social standing. There were seven classes, the seventh being the youngest. To this, as the youngest teacher, I was appointed, to take the general superintendence and to give the

Bible lesson; other lessons were given by the other teachers according to their acquirements. We took it in turn to be "teachers of the week;" that was, two ladies were to be in the two school-rooms a little before the children (seven o'clock, I think, was the hour); and to enforce order and silence whilst they were taking their seats; when all were ready, the other teachers came in. The same thing had to be done at meals and evening prayers, the dining-room teacher having the whole number to attend to with regard to the former, and the school-room one to the latter. This of course required considerable quickness of attention and power of command; if a warning was unattended to, and a second admonition disregarded, the offender's name was marked in the teacher's little book, in which every girl's name was down, with small blank squares opposite to it. The remarks were transferred to a large book belonging to the Superintendent, and were read aloud at the close of the week: "So-and-so reported three, four, five times for talking, insubordination," &c. Generally these were followed by the words, "expresses sorrow;" the little culprits used to come before the week was out to the lady who had reported them and apologise. The punishments were not heavy, and consisted chiefly in writing repeatedly, perhaps forty times, "I am to try to be obedient," "I am to be silent when taking my seat," "I am to be more tidy for the future." These writings of course curtailed the play-hours; these, as well as the lesson-times, were about the same as in most schools. The Bible-lesson was, I think, three-quarters of an hour,—partly repetition, and partly reading, with questions and explanations; then followed prayers and breakfast. At nine the general business of the school began, and continued till twelve, at which time we walked; the teachers of the week going with the girls, while the others could walk or not as they liked. The country around Casterton is very beautiful, and the lovely grounds of the Hall were always open to the teachers, who had also another free hour in the week during lesson-time, and of course the evenings. Dinner at one; and then lessons again until five, when tea came, and was followed, after an interval, by some preparatory work for the next day. There was not for the younger ones much learning by heart, and they were taught in so amusing a manner that I used to say it was like going from one game of play to another. Perhaps I had a better opportunity of seeing this than the other teachers, as my mind was less occupied; and as I walked from one end of the drawing-class to the other, I could both see and hear what was taking place at the next table, which was where the sixth and seventh classes "most did congregate."

My own position was not the best adapted for a still growing girl, standing or leaning over a desk (still standing) for five hours a day; during one hour of five days in the week I took some other lesson, and one day I had my "free hour." This continual standing told upon *me*, and produced a weakness in one leg, for which I had medical

assistance; and when I left, at the end of seven months, I was so weak that the journey from Casterton to Ambleside (twenty miles) quite knocked me up.

A pleasant journey still it was, performed in the well-cushioned covered van of the establishment, under the guidance of the respectable *factotum* "John," whose agricultural propensities would not allow him to admire the fine, bold, but certainly rather unproductive country through which we passed; and when my admiration could not be restrained, he very coldly assented, adding, "It is verra bleak too, Miss;" and "It's na so verra good for the kyes." Doubtless it was looking bleak, for the snow lay on the ground on an early Ash-Wednesday. But at what time of the year is not the lake scenery interesting, if not beautiful? Perhaps, also, the change from arduous duties to the leisure of a friend's house might have cast a roseate hue over the route. Certainly the rest, and more generous living, soon produced a good effect on my health. Not, however, that I had ever had occasion to complain of the living at Casterton; plain, of course, it was, but good and abundant, and the girls were the picture of health. It really strikes one as curious that a child kept chiefly on potatoes at home, as Charlotte Brontë was, should have found fault with the food at Cowan Bridge; for, although this was before my time, I cannot suppose that, under the direction of the large-hearted founder of the institution, things would ever have been on so parsimonious a scale as she describes. The elder girls were especially satisfied with their lot. One, who had a sister in the Brighton School, used to draw a lively comparison between the two establishments, greatly favourable to the Casterton school.

Elder and younger girls were much attached to Mr. Wilson, and used to allude to his name of Carus as expressing a general feeling in regard to him. It was pleasant to see the bright looks with which he was welcomed; any sternness which might be seen in his manner was so evidently assumed, that my impression of his face is rather that of restrained fun. I remember one day Miss H—, after repeated efforts to keep the beautiful grass terrace free from the depredations of the juveniles, requested Mr. Wilson to speak to them. He went to the play-ground and called out in his powerful, sonorous voice, "Sixth and seventh classes, come here!" All followed him wonderingly. "Look there!" he exclaimed, pointing to the unsightly muddy path which their little feet had made on the smooth grass; and then, unable any longer to retain his gravity, he burst out a-laughing, which laughter of course was echoed by the young delinquents, as they rushed back to the play-ground.

I leave it to be imagined whether a man of this nature would be likely to reproach with their position the poor children to whom he devoted so much of his thought, time, and money. Equally incapable of so ungenerous an action were his gentle wife and daughters. A lady of the old school in politeness was dear Mrs. Wilson; if perchance, on

coming to the school, she met one of the teachers unexpectedly, so as not to have time to remove her glove, she would apologise for it, asking in the kindest way after our health. Dressed herself as plainly as possible, her daughters, then grown-up, were nearly as economical—the gayest thing I remember to have seen on them out of doors was a dark merino, with coloured embroidered spots. So well was Mrs. W.'s love for simple attire known, that within the last two or three years of her life I heard a lady say who was going to visit her, "I always take the oldest things I have to Mrs. Wilson's." They were a simple-minded and most affectionate family: a great treat, indeed, it was for the teachers to go, as they did two together, to spend two days at the Hall, at Christmas—more were not asked on account of the state of mental health of Mr. Wilson's venerable father; this used to be made the subject of a short petition, introduced into the "Prayer for all Sorts and Conditions of Men"—"At evening time let there be light," his loving son would say—and "it was so." Also in the evening of her days it was my privilege again to meet Mrs. Wilson; so much reduced by illness as to be confined almost entirely to the sofa, and so deaf as to be obliged to use a speaking trumpet, she yet had a heart full of love for anyone connected, however remotely, with the dear object of her solicitude—the Casterton school. "Is it possible it is dear —?" she exclaimed, holding out her arms to embrace me. My visits were always welcome: every plan, every poem of mine, was interesting to her. My pupils had a reflective interest in her eyes, and must be introduced to her. And so occasionally, from that time till her death, I corresponded with her, and have many of her sweet affectionate notes as a mournful treasure now. During this time it was that she sent me a copy of a Review of Charlotte Brontë's Life, which, I suppose, she had had printed on a separate paper for distribution amongst friends. A note at the end says, "The substance of this Review, in the shape of a letter, has appeared in the *Times*, *Morning Herald*, *Daily News*, *Record*, and other papers." Amongst other passages, this Review contains the following: "We are in a position to state, that, when *Jane Eyre* came out, many old pupils and teachers, who were at Cowan Bridge when Miss Brontë was there, wrote to Mr. Wilson's family denying and grieving over her statements as to 'bad diet and treatment,' &c.; and the lady who was the superintendent of that institution in 1824 (whose husband now heads a college in America) wrote, in 1855, a long and complete answer to all the assertions in *Jane Eyre*, and her able letter appeared in a Review. We wish we could have inserted all this important letter, but we have only space for the following extract. She says: 'The columns of the leading papers have been for some time past much occupied with obituary notices of the late Miss Brontë, and many conveying the impression that her treatment at the Clergy Daughters' School, when at Cowan Bridge, was of a character not only to affect her health, but to darken her prospects in after life. Now, as I have

it in my power entirely to refute these charges, I should consider myself guilty in a measure concerning them, did I not make known to the world the truth of the case, and thereby exonerate an excellent and eminently useful clergyman from the imputations cast on him in *Jane Eyre*, as well as to vindicate an institution which has been to the poverty-stricken clergy a blessing of inestimable value.' She then goes on to say, 'In July 1824, the Rev. Mr. Brontë arrived at Cowan Bridge with two of his daughters, Maria and Elizabeth. The children were so delicate that there were doubts whether they could be admitted into the school. They were received, and went on so well that their father brought, in September, two more, Charlotte and Emily. During both these visits Mr. Brontë stayed at the school, sat at the table with the pupils, and saw the whole routine of the establishment. The little Brontës all inherited consumption from their mother, and were taken home; none of them, as has been stated, had any attack of fever, or died at the school. I can truly say that none of the pupils were denied a sufficient quantity of good food; they were never limited; meat, vegetables, and puddings daily in abundance: any statement to the contrary is most false. Charlotte was a bright, clever, happy little girl, never in disgrace,—in size remarkably diminutive; and if, as has been asserted, she never grew an inch after leaving the school, she must have been a literal dwarf. . . . Let us hope that in caricaturing an institution which has been such a blessing to the daughters of her own church, she had no injurious motives, but—misled by a vivid imagination, and a dim recollection of thirty years, when she was but a child—she published in an unguarded moment, unmindful of the consequences, mis-statements the tendency of which has been to calumniate a most excellent institution, and to bring disgrace on religion. When it is known that I have been absent twelve years from my native land, and ten years previously had withdrawn, from conscientious motives, from the Church of England, I think I need not fear being considered a partisan; my only object is to do justice, and to state to the public things as they have been and are.'" The Review proceeds, "The whole of this letter Mrs. Gaskell must have seen, as she quotes one sentence out of it word for word, but has carefully suppressed all in it that bears so favourably on the school. She allows 'it is a subject she approaches with the greatest difficulty;' and, admitting an improvement in the school, seems greatly puzzled how to do this, and yet defend her friend's assertions in *Jane Eyre*. With the above we would take the testimony of hundreds of pupils, who, with their parents, have gratefully acknowledged the advantages they received at these institutions, rather than the account of one, however talented, who when but a child of nine left the establishment, and has so ungenerously cast an odium upon him who first planned such a help to our poorer clergy. We read further in the *Life*, that Mr. Brontë was an austere and peculiar man, denying his children animal

food, &c., and that they were all naturally very delicate. It is hardly fair then to trace, as is done, all Miss Brontë's after-sufferings to Cowan Bridge. The statement too is false, that 'fever decimated the pupils yearly;' there have been but two attacks since the schools were established, which only carried off six pupils. Mrs. Gaskell says that Miss Brontë often regretted her remarks in *Jane Eyre* about the school, as she never thought it would have been so identified. Why, then, should Mrs. Gaskell have continued them in the *Life*? Would it not have been fairer to have given a fuller and more favourable account of the schools?—for in her visit to Cowan Bridge, so close to Casterton, she most probably would have visited them and witnessed their flourishing condition under the able management of a committee, during Mr. Wilson's long absence from ill health."

Thus far the Review. During the time just spoken of, Mrs. Wilson offered me the post of Superintendent, which I declined, considering myself too young for responsibilities so heavy. My connection with Casterton has now ceased, and my correspondence with the family of the Wilsons closed with the kind presentation by the Rev. C. C. Wilson of a copy of the Memoir of his revered father. I am, therefore, entirely unbiassed in thus writing in defence of the school; my only wish being, like that of Mrs. —, to do justice. Prejudiced against Miss Brontë by the reviews of *Jane Eyre* I certainly was; and, strange as it may seem to my readers, I had refused to read either her life or her works until a year or two ago; then, chiefly with a view to writing on the subject, in order to judge more accurately, I read *Jane Eyre*. Like most people, I was fascinated by it,—perhaps, as a governess, more so than many others, perhaps still more by points of close resemblance to things in my own experience. I think the book not worthy of the strong reprobation it has met with as regards its moral tendency: the example of female virtue in one loving as Jane Eyre loved is worthy of sincere admiration, and in my opinion much more calculated to do good, as well as far more agreeable to dwell upon, than many books which serious-minded people allow their young daughters to read. It is seldom I read novels of any kind, or I could probably bring forward numerous contrasts. What I have said will, perhaps, still further exonerate me from the charge of partiality. If it be asked, Why now revive this controversy? I would reply, because the school at Casterton continues to exist, and *Jane Eyre* continues to be read, whilst the ephemeral publications in which the vindication appeared have been long forgotten. It seems to me that it would be but fair to print with each edition of the novel the passage from the Review which I have quoted above; but if this should not be done, I shall be thankful if, through the pages of this Magazine, what I have said should be the means of setting the matter in its true light.

F. A. GARLAND.

[The following extracts, from a private letter, written in answer to an inquiry made by us on the controverted subject of the above sketch, deserve, we think, to be placed on record.—ED. BELGRAVIA.

" I think that we may refer to the old precedent of the gold and silver shield, and say that each writer is right from her own point of view. My experience of the 'C. D. S.' at Cowan Bridge is two years later than that of 'Jane Eyre,' and began in 1827. I have a feeling of the strongest respect and gratitude towards my old school, both for the principles instilled, and for the thorough conscientious teaching which we received in all branches of our education. The food was abundant, good, and well-prepared. But there were traditions of things having been very differently managed under former superintendence and service; and to that time 'Jane Eyre's' experiences, coloured by her vivid imagination, may refer. Numerous as we were, a somewhat Spartan discipline was perhaps necessary, and a Spartan tone was cultivated by the girls themselves. Any tendency to 'softness,' in the north-country depreciatory phrase, was avoided by us. Girls would protest that they were well, and faint as the words were uttered. To young delicate children, peculiarly reared and peculiarly constituted, as 'Jane' and her sisters were—and I may say to *any* invalids—the 'C. D. S.' was scarcely fitted. The general feeling towards Mr. Carus Wilson was one of the deepest reverence—I may say, of a more unquestioning and implicit reverence than might have been expected in so *very* Protestant a school. His colossal statue doubtless *told* in the impression he effected amongst us. . . . All justice, by showing the other side of the shield, is due to a school which has benefited so many hundreds directly, and through them so many more."]

CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

EXPLANATION.—The story of "Birds of Prey" having grown upon the Author, as intimated in page 459, vol. iii. of this Magazine, it was found impossible to adhere to the original design for that Tale, and to complete it within the limits assigned for a novel in the pages of BELGRAVIA. Under these circumstances Miss Braddon took the only course which appeared open when the agreed limits were reached, and she then announced the intention of writing the further history of Charlotte Halliday under the distinctive title of "Charlotte's Inheritance." It was thought, at the time, that the wishes of readers of BELGRAVIA would be best consulted by producing an entirely new Story, with fresh scenes, fresh characters, plot, and incidents, instead of continuing the development of "Birds of Prey." Accordingly, an entirely original Novel, "Dead-Sea Fruit," was introduced to fill the space which would otherwise have been available for "Charlotte's Inheritance," and another new Novel, previously arranged for, was simultaneously announced, and commenced shortly afterwards. Considerable disappointment has been felt, however, at the course pursued,—not without much thought and a due consideration for the interests of readers,—and it is now found that many subscribers claim "Charlotte's Inheritance" as a portion of "Birds of Prey," and they ask for its publication in BELGRAVIA. To comply with this request will entail both loss and embarrassment upon the Proprietor and the Conductor, by necessitating an important addition to the already liberal allowance of paper and print hitherto given as the Monthly Part of BELGRAVIA. But as the satisfaction of the greater number must always be the Editor's object, the disadvantages referred to will not deter her from yielding a cheerful assent to the demand. Therefore, in the present issue of BELGRAVIA the novel of "Charlotte's Inheritance" is commenced, and thirty-two pages extra are provided for its accommodation. At the same time, all the characteristics which have won for BELGRAVIA its recognition as "the best Shilling Magazine that England possesses" are preserved in their fullest integrity. The BELGRAVIA thus affords the greatest quantity of printed matter ever offered in any Monthly Magazine, however high its price; and it is hoped that the quality of its literature will sustain the critical opinion—"Briskest of all the Magazines is BELGRAVIA."

Book the First.

DE PROFUNDIS.

CHAPTER I. LENOBLE OF BEAUBOCAGE.

IN the days when the Bourbon reigned over Gaul, before the "simple, sensuous, passionate" verse of Alfred de Musset had succeeded the *débonnaire* Muse of Béranger in the affections of young France,—in days when the site of the Trocadero was a remote and undiscovered country, and the word "exposition" unknown in the Academic dictionary, and the Gallic Augustus destined to rebuild the city yet an

exile,—a young law-student boarded, in common with other students, in a big dreary-looking house at the corner of the Rue Grande-Mademoiselle, abutting on the Place Lauzun, and within some ten minutes' walk of the Luxembourg. It was a very dingy quarter, though noble gentlemen and lovely ladies had once occupied the great ghastly mansions, and disported themselves in the gruesome gardens. But the young students were in nowise oppressed by the ghastliness of their abode. They sang their *Béranger*, and they pledged each other in cheap *Bordeaux*, and clinked their glasses noisily in their boisterous good-fellowship, and ate the messes compounded for them in a darksome cupboard, known as the kitchen, by old Nanon the cook, purblind, stone-deaf, and all but imbecile, and popularly supposed to be the venerable mother of Madame Magnotte. The youngsters grumbled to each other about the messes when they were unusually mysterious; and it must be owned that there were *vol-au-vents* and *fricandeaux* consumed in that establishment which were awful and wonderful in their nature; but they ventured on no complaint to the mistress of the mansion. She was a grim and terrible personage. Her terms were low, and she treated her boarders *de haute en bas*. If they were not content with her viands, they might go and find more agreeable viands elsewhere.

Madame Magnotte was altogether mysterious and inscrutable. Some people said that she was a countess, and that the wealth and lands of her family had been confiscated by the committee of public unsafety in '93. Others declared that she had been a popular actress in a small theatre in the days of Napoleon. She was tall and thin,—nay, of an exceptional leanness,—and her complexion was of a more agreeable yellow than the butter that appeared on her hospitable board; but she had flashing black eyes, and a certain stateliness of gait and grandeur of manner that impressed those young Bohemians, her boarders, with a kind of awe. They talked of her as the "countess," and by that name she was known to all inmates of the mansion; but in all their dealings with her they treated her with unfailing respect.

One of the quietest among the young men who enjoyed the privileges of Madame Magnotte's abode was a certain Gustave Lenoble, a law-student, the only son of a very excellent couple who lived on their own estate, near an obscure village in Normandy. The estate was of the smallest: a dilapidated old house, known in the immediate neighbourhood as "the Château," and very dear to those who resided therein; a garden, in which everything seemed to have run to seed; and about forty acres of the poorest land in Normandy. These possessions constituted the patrimonial estate of François Lenoble, *propriétaire*, of Beaubocage, near Vevinord, in the Department of Eure.

The people amongst whom the good man lived his simple life, called him M. Lenoble de Beaubocage, but he did not insist upon this distinction; and on sending out his only son to begin the battle of life in the great world of Paris, he recommended the young man to call himself *Lenoble, tout court*.

The young man had never cherished any other design. He was of all creatures the least presuming or pretentious. The father was Legitimist to the very marrow; the son half Buonapartist, half republican. The father and son had quarrelled about these differences of opinion sometimes in a pleasantly disputatious manner; but no political disagreement could lessen the love between these two. Gustave loved his parents as only a Frenchman can venture to love his father and mother,—with a devotion for the gentleman that bordered on enthusiasm, with a fond reverence for the lady that was the very essence of chivalry. There was a sister, who regarded her brother Gustave as the embodiment of all that is perfect in youthful mankind; and there were a couple of old house-servants, a very stupid clumsy lad in the stables, and half-a-dozen old mongrel dogs, born and bred on the premises, who seemed to share the young lady's opinions.

There was not a little discussion upon the subject of Gustave Lenoble's future career; and it was not without difficulty that the father could be persuaded to approve the choice of a profession which the young man had made. The seigneur of Beaubocage cherished an exaggerated pride of race little suspected by those who saw his simple life, and were pleased by his kindly unaffected manners. The house of Lenoble, at some remote and almost mythical period of history, had distinguished itself in divers ways; and those bygone grandeurs, vague and shadowy in the minds of all others, seemed very real to Monsieur Lenoble. He assured his son that no Lenoble had ever been a lawyer. They had been always lords of the soil, living on their own lands, which had once stretched wide and far in that Norman province; a fact proved by certain maps in M. Lenoble's possession, the paper whereof was worn and yellow with age. They had stooped to no profession save that of arms. One seigneur of Beaubocage had fought under Bayard himself; another had fallen at Pavia, on that great day when all was lost *hormis l'honneur*; another had followed the white plume of the Bernais; another—but was there any need to tell of the glories of that house upon which Gustave was so eager to inflict the disgrace of a learned profession?

Thus argued the father; but the mother had spent her girlhood amidst the clamour of the Buonapartist campaigns, and the thought of war was very terrible to her. The memory of the retreat from Russia was not yet twenty years old. There were men alive to tell the story, to depict those days and nights of horror, that mighty march of death. It was she and her daughter Cydalise who had helped to persuade Gustave that he was born to distinguish himself in the law. They wanted him to study in Paris,—the young man himself had a wild desire to enjoy the delights of that wondrous capital,—and to return in a few years to set up for himself as *avocat* at the town of Vevinord, some half-dozen leagues from the patrimonial estate. He was created to *plead for the innocent, to denounce the guilty, to be grand and brave and fiery-hot with enthusiasm in defence of virtuous peasants charged unjustly with the stealing of sheep, or firing of corn-ricks. It never*

struck these simple souls that he might sometimes be called upon to defend the guilty, or to denounce the innocent.

It was all settled at last. Gustave was to go to Paris, and enter himself as a student of law. There were plenty of boarding-houses in the neighbourhood of the Ecole de Droit, where a young man might find a home; and to one of these Gustave was recommended by a friend of his family. It was the Pension Magnotte to which they had sent him, the big dreary house, *entre cour et jardin*, which had once been so grand and noble. A printer now occupied the lower chambers, and a hand painted on the wall pointed to the *Pension Magnotte, au premier. Tirez le cordon, s.v.p.*

Gustave was twenty-one years of age when he came to Paris; tall, stalwart, broad of shoulders and deep of chest, with a fair frank face, an auburn moustache, candid, kind blue eyes—a physiognomy rather Saxon than Celtic. He was a man who made friends quickly, and was soon at home among the students, roaring their favourite songs, and dancing their favourite dances at the dancing-places of that day, joining with a pleasant heartiness in all their innocent dissipations. For guilty dissipation the young provincial had no taste. Did he not carry the images of two kind and pure women about with him, wherever he went, like two attendant angels ever protecting his steps; and could he leave them sorrowing on thresholds they could not pass? Ah, no! He was loud and boisterous and wild of spirits in those early days, but incapable of meanness or vice.

"It is a brave heart," Madame Magnotte said of him, "though for the breaking of glasses a scourge—*un fléau*."

The ladies of the Pension Magnotte were for the most part of mature age and unattractive appearance—two or three lonely spinsters, eking out their pitiful little incomes as best they might, by the surreptitious sale of delicate embroideries, confectioned in their dismal leisure; and a fat elderly widow, popularly supposed to be enormously rich, but of miserly propensities. "It is the widow of Harpagon himself," Madame Magnotte told her gossips—an old woman with two furiously ugly daughters, who for the last fifteen years had lived a nomadic life in divers boarding-houses, fondly clinging to the hope that, amongst so many strange bachelors, husbands for these two solitary ones must at last be found.

These, with a pale young lady who gave music-lessons in the quarter, were all the feminine inmates of the mansion; and amongst these Gustave Lenoble was chief favourite. His tender courtesy for these lonely women seemed in some manner an evidence of that good old blood whereof the young man's father boasted. Francis the First, who listened with bent knee and bare head to his mother's discourse, was not more reverential to that noble Savoyarde than was Gustave to the shabby-genteel maiden ladies of the Pension Magnotte. In truth, this young man had a heart pitiful and tender as the heart of woman. To be unfortunate was to possess a sure claim upon his pity and regard;

to be poor and friendless was the best appeal to his kindness. He spent his evenings sometimes in the great dreary desert of a salon, and listened respectfully while Mademoiselle Servin, the young music-teacher, played dismal sonatas of Gluck or Grétry on a cracked old piano that had been one of the earliest made of those instruments, and was now attenuated and feeble as the very ghost of music. He listened to Madame Magnotte's stories of departed splendour. To him she opened her heart as she never had opened it to those other young men.

"They mock themselves of everything—even the religion!" she exclaimed with horror. "They are Diderots and Holbachs in the bud, less the talent. But you do not come of that gutter in which they were born. You are of the old blood of France, M. Lenoble, and I can trust myself to you as I cannot to them. I, who speak to you,—I, too, come of a good old race, and there is sympathy between we others."

And then, after babbling to him of her lost station, the lady would entertain him with some dainty little supper with which she was wont to indulge herself and her lady boarders, when the students—who were treated something after the manner of schoolboys—were out of doors.

For four years the law-student had enjoyed his Parisian life,—not altogether idle, but not altogether industrious,—amusing himself a great deal, and learning very little; moderate in his expenditure, when compared with his fellow-students, but no small drain upon the funds of the little family at home. In sooth, this good old Norman family had in a pecuniary sense sunk very low. There was real poverty in the tumble-down house at Beaubocage, though it was poverty that wore a cheerful face, and took things pleasantly. A very humble English farmer would have despised the income which supported M. Lenoble's household; and it was only the economy and skill of the matron and her daughter which sustained the dignity of the small establishment.

There was one great hope cherished alike by the proud simple-minded old father, the fond mother, the devoted sister, and that was the hope in the grand things to be done, in the dim future, by Gustave, the son, the heir, the pole-star of the household.

Out of poverty, out of obscurity, into the broad light of honour and riches, was the house of Lenoble to be lifted by this young law-student. On the broad shoulders of this modern Atlas the Lenoble world was to be sustained. To him they looked, of him they thought, in the long dreary winter evenings during which the mother nodded over her knitting, the father slept in his capacious easy-chair, the sister toiled at her needlework by her little table of *palissandre*.

He had paid them more than one visit during his two years of study, bringing with him life and light and gladness, as it seemed to the two women who adored him; and now, in the winter of 1828, they expected another visit. He was to be with them on the first day of the new year. He was to stay with them till his mother's fête—the 17th of January.

The father looked to this special visit with an unusual anxiety. The mother too was more than ever anxious. The sister, if she who

loved her brother with a somewhat morbid intensity could be more anxious than usual, was more so now. A dreadful plot, a dire conspiracy, of which Gustave was to be the subject and victim, had been concocted beneath that innocent-seeming roof. Father, mother, and sister, seated round the family hearth, fatal as some domestic Paræ, had hatched their horrid scheme, while the helpless lad amused himself yonder in the great city, happily unconscious of the web that was being woven to enmesh him.

The cord which monsieur unwound, the mesh which madame held, the needle which dexterous mademoiselle wielded, were employed in the fabrication of a matrimonial net. These unsophisticated conspirators were bent upon bringing about the marriage of their victim, a marriage which should at once elevate and enrich the Lenobles of Beaubocage, in the person of Gustave.

François Lenoble's best friend and nearest neighbour was a certain Baron Frehlter, of Germanic origin, but for some generations past naturalised to the Gallic soil. The Baron was proprietor of an estate which could show ten acres for one of the lands of Beaubocage. The Baron boasted a family tree which derived its root from a ramification of the Hohenzollern pedigree; but, less proud and more prudent than the Lenobles, the Frehlters had not scorned to intermingle their Prussian blue blood with less pure streams of commercial France. The *épiciers* element had prevailed in the fair brides of the house of Frehlter for the last three or four generations, and the house of Frehlter had considerably enriched itself by this sacrifice of its family pride.

The present Baron had married a lady ten years his senior, the widow of a Rouen merchant, alike wealthy and pious, but famous rather for these attributes than for any personal charm. One only child, a girl, had blessed this union. She was now a young person of something under twenty years of age, newly emerged from her convent, and pining for some share in the gaieties and delights of a worldly paradise, which had already been opened to many of her schoolfellows.

Mademoiselle Frehlter's companions had, for the most part, left school to be married. She had heard of the *corbeille*, the wedding-dress, the wedding festivities, and occasionally a word or two about that secondary consideration, the bridegroom. The young lady was therefore somewhat inclined to take it ill of her father that he had not secured for her the *éclat* of an early marriage. Her departure from the convent of the Sacré Cœur, at Vevinord, was flat and tame to an extreme degree. The future lay before her, a dreary desert of home-life, to be spent with a father who gorged himself daily at a greasy and savoury banquet, and who slept away the greater part of his existence; and with a mother who divided her affections between a disagreeable poodle and a still more disagreeable priest—a priest who took upon himself to lecture the demoiselle Frehlter on the smallest provocation.

The *château* of the Frehlters was a very grand abode as compared to the tumble-down house of Beaubocage; but it was cold and stony to

a depressing degree, and the furniture must have been shabby in the days of the Fronde. Faithful old servants kept the mansion in a state of spotless purity, and ruled the Baron and his wife with a rod of iron. Mademoiselle execrated these devoted retainers, and would have welcomed the sauciest of modern domestics who would have released her from the bondage of these servants of the old school.

Mademoiselle had been at home a year—a year of discontent and ill-humour. She had quarrelled with her father, because he would not take her to Paris; with her mother, because she would not give her more new gowns and bonnets and feathers and furbelows; with the priest, with the poodle, with the autocracy below stairs, with everybody and everything. So at last the Baron decided that mademoiselle should marry, whereby he might be rid of her, and of her complaints, vagaries, ill-tempers, and general dissatisfaction.

Having once made up his mind as to the wisdom of a matrimonial arrangement, Baron Frehlter was not slow to fix upon a bridegroom. He was a very rich man, and Madelon was his only child, and he was furthermore a very lazy man; so, instead of looking far afield for a wealthy or distinguished suitor for his daughter, he was inclined to take the first that came to hand. It is possible that the Baron, who was of a somewhat cynical turn of mind, may have cherished no very exalted idea of his daughter's attractions, either personal or mental. However this might be, it is certain that when the demoiselle had ill-treated the poodle, and insulted the priest, and quarrelled with the cook—that high-priestess of the kitchen who alone, in all Normandy, could concoct those messes which the Baron loved—the master of Côténoir decided on marrying his heiress out of hand.

He communicated this design to his old crony, François Lenoble, one day when the Beaubocage family dined at Château Côténoir.

"I think of marrying my daughter," he said to his friend, when the ladies were safely out of hearing at the other end of the long dreary salon. "Now, thy son Gustave is a fine fellow—brave, handsome, and of a good race. It is true he is not as rich as Madelon will be by and by; but I am no huckster, to sell my daughter to the best bidder" ("and I doubt if there would be many bidders for her, if I were so inclined," thought the Baron, in parenthesis),—"and if thy son should take a fancy to her, and she to him, it would please me well enough, friend François."

Friend François pricked up his ears, and in his old eyes flickered a feeble light. Côténoir and Beaubocage united in the person of his son Gustave! Lenoble of Beaubocage and Côténoir—Lenoble of Côténoir and Beaubocage! So splendid a vision had never shone before his eyes in all the dreams that he had dreamed about the only son, of whom he was so proud. He could not have shaped to himself so bold a project as the union of those two estates. And here was the Baron offering it to him, with his snuff-box, *en passant*.

"It would be a great marriage," he said, "a very great marriage.

For Gustave I can answer without hesitation. He could not but be charmed by such a union—so amiable a bride would enchant him."

He looked down the room to the spot where Madelon and Cydalise were standing, side by side, admiring Madame Frehlter's poodle. Madelon could afford to be civil to the poodle before company. The contrast between the two girls was sufficiently striking. Cydalise was fair and bright-looking—Mademoiselle Frehlter was square and ungainly of figure, swarthy of complexion, dark of brow.

"He could not but be charmed," repeated the old man, with feeble gallantry.

He was thinking of the joining together of Beaubocage and Côténoir; and it seemed a very small thing to him that such a union of estates would involve the joining of a man and woman, who were to hold to each other and love each other until death should part them.

"It shall be no marriage of convenience," said the Baron, in a generous spirit; "my daughter is somewhat ill-tem—that is to say, my daughter finds her life somewhat dull with her old father and mother, and I think she might be happier in the society of a husband. I like your son; and my wife, too, likes him better than any other young man of our acquaintance. Madelon has seen a good deal of him when she has been home from the convent in her holidays, and I have reason to think she does not dislike him. If he likes her and she likes him, and the idea is pleasing to you and madame, we will make a match of it. If not, let it pass; we will say no more."

Again the seigneur of Beaubocage assured his friend that Gustave would be enchanted with the proposal; and again it was of Côténoir that he thought, and not of the heart or the inclinations of his son.

This conversation took place late in autumn, and at the new year Gustave was to come. Nothing was to be said to him about his intended wife until he arrived; that was a point upon which the Baron insisted.

"The young man may have fallen in love with some fine young person in Paris," he said; "and in that case we will say nothing to him of Madelon. But if we find him with the heart free, and inclined to take to my daughter, we may give him encouragement."

This was solemnly agreed between the two fathers. Nor was Mademoiselle Frehlter to be told of the matrimonial scheme until it ripened. But after this dinner at Côténoir the household at Beaubocage talked of little else than of the union of the two families. What grandeur, what wealth, what happiness! Gustave the lord of Côténoir! Poor Cydalise had never seen a finer mansion than the old château, with its sugar-loaf towers and stone terraces, and winding stairs, and tiny inconvenient turret-chambers, and long dreary salon and *salle-d-manger*. She could picture to herself nothing more splendid. For Gustave to be offered the future possession of Côténoir was as if he were suddenly to be offered the succession to a kingdom. She could not bring herself to consider that Madelon was neither agreeable nor attractive, and that,

after all, the wife must count for something in every marriage contract. She could see nothing, she could think of nothing but Côténoir. The glory and grandeur of that estate absorbed every other consideration.

No one of those three conspirators feared any opposition on the part of their victim. It was just possible that Gustave might have fallen in love with some Parisian damsel, though his letters gave no hint of any such calamity. But if such a misfortune had happened, he would, of course, fall out of love again; return the damsel her troth and obtain the return of his own, and straightway offer the second-hand commodity to Mademoiselle Frehlter.

The object of all these cares and hopes and dreams arrived at last, full of life and spirits, with plenty to tell about Paris in general, and very little to tell about himself in particular. The women questioned him unmercifully. They insisted on a graphic description of every female inmate of the boarding-house, and would scarcely believe that all except the little music-mistress were elderly and unattractive. Of the music-mistress herself they were inclined to be very suspicious, and were not altogether reassured by Gustave's assertion that she was neither pretty nor fascinating.

"She is a dear, good, industrious little thing," he said, "and works harder than I do. But she is no miracle of beauty; and her life is so dreary that I often wonder she does not go into a convent. It would be gayer and pleasanter for her than to live with those old women at the Pension Magnotte."

"I suppose there are many beautiful women in Paris?" said Cydalise, bent upon knowing the worst.

"Well, I daresay there are," Gustave answered frankly; "but we students don't see much of them in our quarter. One sees a pretty little milliner's-girl now and then, or a washerwoman. In short, there are a good many grisettes in our part of the world," added the young man, blushing, but for no sin of his own. "We get a glimpse of a handsome woman sometimes, rattling past in her carriage; but in Paris handsome women do not go on foot. I have seen prettier girls at Vevinord than in Paris."

Cydalise was enchanted with this confession.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "our Normandy is the place for pretty girls. Madelon Frehlter, for example, is not she a very—amiable girl?"

"I daresay she's amiable enough," answered Gustave; "but if there were no prettier girls than Mademoiselle Frehlter in this part of the world, we should have no cause to boast. But there are prettier girls, Cydalise, and thou art thyself one of them."

After this speech the young man bestowed upon his sister a resounding kiss. Yes; it was clear that he was heart-whole. These noisy, boisterous good spirits were not characteristic of a lover. Even innocent Cydalise knew that to be in love was to be miserable.

From this time mother and sister tormented their victim with the merits and charms of his predestined bride. Madelon on the piano was

; Madelon's little songs were enchanting; Madelon's worsted-thing to worship; Madelon's devotion to her mother and her poodle was unequalled; Madelon's respectful bearing to the St. Velours,—her mother's director,—was positively beyond

It was virtue seraphic, supernal. Such a girl was too good—too good for anything except Gustave.

Young man heard and wondered.

"You rave about Madelon Frehlter!" he exclaimed. "She is the most commonplace young person I ever encountered. Nothing to say for herself; she never appears to know where to bow. I never saw such elbows; they are everywhere at once. Shoulders! O, heaven, then, her shoulders!—it ought to be to wear low dresses when one has such shoulders."

was discouraging; but the schemers bore up even against this. He dwelt on the intellectual virtues of Madelon; and what elders compared to mind, piety, amiability—all the Christian Cydalise owned that dear Madelon was somewhat *gauche*; called her *bête*. The father remonstrated with his son. Was it fitful to use a word of the barracks in connection with this young lady?

the plot revealed itself. After a dinner at Côténoir and a Beaubocage, on both which occasions Gustave had made himself agreeable to the ladies of the Baron's household,—since, in—as not in his nature to be otherwise than kind and courteous to her sex,—the mother told her son of the splendid destiny that was shaped for him. It was a matter of surprise and grief to her that the revelation gave Gustave no pleasure.

"Marriage was the last thing in my thoughts, dear mother," he said "and Madelon Frehlter is the very last woman I should think of. Nevertheless, I am gratified by the honour Monsieur le Baron has done me. That goes without saying."

"the two estates!—together they would make you a great prince. You would not surely refuse such fortune?"

He gave a little scream of horror.

"noir! to refuse Côténoir! Ah, surely that would be impossible figure to yourself, then, Gustave—"

"Cydalise, you forget the young lady goes with the château; that we cannot dispense with."

"she, so amiable, so pious—"

"vain, so stupid—"

"modest, so charitable—"

"short, so admirably adapted for a Sister of Charity," replied

"But no, dear Cydalise. Côténoir is a grand old place; but I soon spend my life at Toulon, dragging a cannon-ball at my side in that dreary salon where Madame Frehlter nurses her malady, her poodle, and where the good-humoured, easy-going old people pass away existence. 'Tis very well for those elderly folks, you

see, my sister, and for Madelon,—for hers is an elderly mind in a youthful body; but for a young man full of hope and gaiety and activity—bah! It would be of all living deaths the worst. From the galleries there is always the hope of escaping—an underground passage, burrowed out with one's finger-nails in the dead of the night,—a work lasting twenty years or so, but with a feeble star of hope always glimmering at the end of the passage. But from the salon, and mamma, and the poodle, and the good, unctuous, lazy old director, and papa's apoplectic snoring, and the plaintive little songs and monotonous embroideries of one's wife, there would be no escape. Ah, bah!"

Gustave shuddered; and the two women shuddered as they heard him. The prospect was by no means promising; but Madame Lenoble and her daughter did not utterly despair. Gustave's heart was disengaged. That was a great point; and for the rest, surely persuasion might do much.

Then came that phenomenon seen very often in this life—a generous-minded, right-thinking young man talked into a position which of all others is averse from his own inclinations. The mother persuaded, the sister pleaded, the father dwelt dismally upon the poverty of Beaubocage, the wealth of Côténoir. It was the story of auld Robin Gray reversed. Gustave perceived that his refusal to avail himself of this splendid destiny would be a bitter and lasting grief to these people who loved him so fondly, whom he loved as fondly in return. Must he not be a churl to disappoint hopes so unselfish, to balk an ambition so innocent? And only because Madelon was not the most attractive or the prettiest of women!

The young man stood firm against all their arguments, he was unmoved by all their pleading. It was only when his anxious kindred had given up the battle for lost, that Gustave wavered. Their mute despair moved him more than the most persuasive eloquence: and the end was submission. He left Beaubocage the plighted lover of that woman who, of all others, he would have been the last to choose for his wife. It had all been settled very pleasantly—the dowry, the union of the two estates, the two names. For six months Gustave was to enjoy his freedom, to finish his studies; and then he was to return to Normandy for his marriage.

"I have heard very good accounts of you from Paris," said the Baron. "You are not like some young men, wild, mad-brained. One can confide in your honour, your steadiness."

The good folks of Beaubocage were in ecstasies. They congratulated Gustave—they congratulated each other. A match so brilliant would be the redemption of the family. The young man at last began to fancy himself the favoured of the gods. What if Madelon seemed a little dull—a little wanting in that vivacity which is so pleasing to frivolous minds?—she was doubtless so much the more profound, so *much the more* virtuous. If she was not bright and varied and *beautiful as some limpid fountain dancing in summer sunlight*, she was

changeless and steady as a rock; and who would not rather the security of a rock than the summer-day beauty of a fountain? Before Gustave departed from his paternal home, he had persuaded that he was a very lucky fellow; and he had paid Mademoiselle some pretty little stereotyped compliments, and had listened with patience to her pretty little stereotyped songs. He left the lady profoundly impressed by his merits; he left his own mind supremely happy; and he carried away with him a heart in which Madelon Frehlter's image had no place.

CHAPTER II.

IN THIS WIDE WORLD I STAND ALONE.

GUSTAVE went back to his old life, and was not much disturbed by the uncertainty of his destiny as future seigneur of Côténoir and Beaubois. It sometimes occurred to him that he had a weight upon his mind; but in consideration, he found that the weight was Madelon Frehlter. He continued to carry the burden very lightly, and his easy-going life went on, unbroken by thoughts of the future. He sent messages to the demoiselle Frehlter, in his letters to Cydalise; he received from Cydalise much information, more graphic than anything, upon the subject of the family at Côténoir: and so his days went on, with pleasant monotony. This was the brief summer of his life, but, alas, how near at hand was the dark and dismal winter that would freeze this honest, joyous heart! That heart, so compassionate and suffering, so especially tender for all womankind, was to be attacked upon its weaker side.

It was Gustave Lenoble's habit to cross the gardens of the Luxembourg every morning, on his way from the Rue Grande-Mademoiselle to the Ecole de Droit. Sometimes, when he was earlier than usual, he took a book with him, and paced one of the more obscure alleys, for an odd half-hour before he went to the daily mill-grinding building beyond those quiet gardens.

One morning, while walking with his book one morning—it was a volume of Boileau, which the student knew by heart, and the pages whereof did not altogether absorb his attention—he passed and repassed a bench on which sat, pensive and solitary, tracing shapeless figures on the ground with the point of her parasol. He glanced at her somewhat carelessly at the time of passing, more curiously on the second occasion, and with considerable attention on the third. Something in her attitude of helplessness, hopelessness, nay indeed, despair itself, all expressed in the drooping head, the listless hand tracing those idle characters on the ground, enlisted the sympathies of Gustave Lenoble. He had pitied her before his gaze had penetrated the cavernous depths of the shadow under her bonnet of those days; but one glimpse of the pale plaintive face inspired him with compassion unspeakable. Never had he seen a face more painfully depicted on the human countenance—a despair

that sought no sympathy, a sorrow that separated the sufferer from the outer world. Never had he seen a face so beautiful, even in despair. He could have fancied it the face of Andromache, when all that made her world had been reft from her; or of Antigone, when the dread fiat had gone forth—that funeral rites or sepulture for the last accursed scion of an accursed race there were to be none.

He put Boileau into his pocket. That glimpse of a suffering human mind, which had been unconsciously revealed to him, possessed an interest more absorbing than the grandest flight of poet and satirist. As he passed for the fifth time, he looked at the mournful lady still more searchingly, and this time the sad eyes were lifted, and met his pitying looks. The beautiful lips moved, and murmured something in tones so tremulous as to be quite unintelligible.

The student took off his hat, and approached the lady, deferential as knight-errant of old awaiting the behest of his liege mistress.

"In what can I have the happiness to be agreeable to you, madame?"

"You are very good, monsieur," murmured the lady in very decent French, but with an accent unmistakably foreign—English, as Gustave opined. "I—I—am quite a stranger in Paris, and—and—I have heard there are numerous lodging-houses in this quarter—where one may obtain a lodging—cheaply. I have asked several nursemaids, and other women, in the gardens this morning; but they seem very stupid, and can tell me nothing; and I do not care to ask at the hotel where I am staying."

Gustave pondered. Yes, there were many lodgings, he informed the lady. And then he thought of Madame Magnotte. Was it not his duty to secure this stray lodger for that worthy woman, if possible?

"If madame has no objection to a boarding-house—" he began.

Madame shook her head. "A boarding-house would suit me just as well," she said; "but it must not be expensive. I cannot afford to pay much."

"I know of a boarding-house very near this place, where madame might find a comfortable home on very reasonable terms. It is, in point of fact, the house in which I myself reside," added Gustave, with some timidity.

"If you will kindly direct me to the house—" said the lady, looking straight before her with sad unseeing eyes, and evidently supremely indifferent as to the residence or non-residence of M. Lenoble in the habitation referred to.

"Nay, madame, if you will permit me to conduct you there! It is but a walk of five minutes."

The stranger accepted the courtesy with a gentle indifference that was not ingratitude, but rather incapacity for any feeling except that one great sorrow which seemed to absorb her mind.

Gustave wondered what calamity could thus overwhelm one so young and beautiful.

dy was quite silent during the little walk from the gardens to Grande-Mademoiselle, and Gustave observed her attentively seated by her side. She was evidently not more than four-and-twenty of age, and she was certainly the prettiest woman he had

It was a fair, delicate, English beauty, a little worn and faded by care, but idealised and sublimated in the process. At least, this stranger must have been strikingly beautiful; in her face was touchingly lovely. It was what Gustave's countrymen call *le navrant*.

He watched her, and wondered about her. The dress she wore was gently elegant, but had lost the gloss of newness. Her shawl, carried as gracefully as a Frenchwoman, was darned. Gustave divined the neat careful stitches, and divined the poverty of the fact that she should be poor was no subject for surprise; but that a sorrowful, so lonely, should seek a home in a strange city, was not easy to solve.

Madame Magnotte, Gustave introduced the stranger. She gave a look round the dreary saloon; but to Gustave's fancy that one seemed eloquent. "Ah me!" it said; "is this the fairest home I have upon this inhospitable earth?"

"It does not seem to belong to this world," the young man said as he went back to the garden where he had found his fair stranger having been very coolly dismissed by Madame Magnotte after a rejection had been made.

When M. Lenoble, being of a romantic turn of mind, remembered a lady had been found by a student sitting on the lowest step of the guillotine, desolate and helpless, at night; and how the student had taken her home and sheltered her, and had straightway fallen desperately in love with her, to discover, with unutterable horror, that her head had been severed from her fair shoulders by the cruel guillotine hours before, and that her melancholy loveliness was altogether spectral and delusive.

This English stranger whom Gustave had found in the gardens of Rembourg twin sister to that ghostly lady of the familiar tale of despair and her beauty seemed to him greater than earthly earthly beauty; and he was half inclined to wonder whether she might be of the same race as Madelon Frehlter. And from this sense of a weight upon his mind, before so vague and intermittent, came an enduring oppression, not to be shaken off by any man's will.

Through that day he found himself thinking more of the Englishwoman than was consistent with a strict performance of his duty.

He was vexed with himself on account of this foolish disquiet of mind.

"I am a frivolous fellow I must be," he said to himself, "to dwell on such a trifle! This comes of leading such a monotonous life."

At dinner he looked for the lady; but she did not appear at the long table, where the shrill old ladies, the epicurean old bachelors, the noisy students, daily devoured and grumbled at the four or five courses which old Nanon developed out of her inner consciousness and a rather scantily-furnished larder. He questioned Madame Magnotte after dinner, and was told that the lady was in the house, but was too tired to dine with the other inmates.

"I have to thank thee for a new boarder, my friend," she said. "Madame Meynell will not pay largely; but she seems a quiet and respectable person, and we shall doubtless be well pleased with each other."

"Madame Meynell?" repeated Gustave, congratulating himself on finding that the Englishwoman was an inhabitant of the house he lived in. "She is a widow, I suppose?"

"Yes, she is a widow. I asked that question, and she answered, yes. But she told me nothing of her late husband. She is not at all communicative."

This was all Gustave could obtain from Madame Magnotte. She was not communicative. No; she was, indeed, scarcely less silent than that ghostly lady who had been found sitting at the foot of the guillotine. There was some kind of mystery involved in her sorrowful face, her silent apathy. It was possibly the fact of this mystery which interested M. Lenoble. Certain it is that the young man's interest had been aroused by this unknown Englishwoman, and that his mind was more occupied by the image of her whom he had seen but once than by that of his plighted wife.

He waited anxiously for the next day; but on the next day Madame Meynell still pleaded fatigue and illness. It was only on the third day that she appeared at the noisy banquet, pale, silent, absent-minded, sheltering herself under the wing of Madame Magnotte, who was disposed to be kind to this helpless stranger. To Gustave the young English widow seemed like a ghost at that crowded board. He looked at her every now and then from his distant seat, and saw her always with the same hopeless far-away look in her sad eyes. He himself was silent and *distract*.

"Of what dost thou dream, my droll one?" said his nearest neighbour. "Thou art positively insupportable."

M. Lenoble could not become vivacious or entertaining at the behest of his fellow-student. The consciousness of that strange pale face haunted and oppressed him. He hoped to have a few minutes' talk with the English lady after dinner, but she disappeared before the removal of those recondite preparations which in the Pension Magnotte went by the generic name of "dessert."

For more than a week she appeared thus at the dinner-table, eating very little, speaking not at all, except such monosyllabic replies as the hostess now and then extorted from her pale lips. A creature at once *so beautiful* and *so profoundly sad* became an object of interest to others *besides Gustave*; but in no breast was the sympathy which her sadness

and beauty excited so poignant as in his. Her face haunted him. The familiar pleasures and amusements became distasteful to him. He spent his evenings at home in the dismal salon, and was content to listen to the chatter of the old women, the little music-mistress's dreary sonatas, the monotonous roll of wheels on the distant quay; anything rather than the hackneyed round of student-life that had once been agreeable to him. He did not fail to write his weekly letter to Cydalise; but for some reason or other, he refrained from any allusion to the English stranger, although it was his custom to relate all his adventures for the amusement of the family at Beaubocage.

An evening came at last on which Madame Meynell was persuaded to remain with the other ladies after dinner.

"It must be very cold and cheerless for you in your bedroom," said Madame Magnotte; "why not spend your evening with us, in a pleasant and social manner?"

"You are very good, madame," murmured the Englishwoman, in the slow timid accents that had so plaintive a sound to Gustave's ear; "if you wish it, I will stay."

She seemed to submit rather from utter weakness and inability to refuse anything asked of her than from any hope of finding pleasure in the society of the Magnotte salon.

It was an evening in March—cold, blustrous, dreary. The east wind blew clouds of dust athwart the Rue Grande-Mademoiselle, and the few foot-passengers in that dull thoroughfare looked pinched and wretched. The old ladies gathered round the great black stove, and gossiped in the twilight; the music-mistress went to her feeble piano, and played, unasked, unheeded; for Gustave, who was wont to turn the leaves, or sit attentive by the piano, seemed this evening unconscious of the music. Madame Meynell sat in one of the windows, alone, half-hidden by the faded yellow-damask curtains, looking out into the street.

Something—some impulse which he tried to resist, but could not—drew Gustave towards that lonely figure by the window. He went close up to the strange lady. This evening, as in the gardens of the Luxembourg, she seemed to him a living statue of despair. Now, as then, he felt an interest in her sorrow which he was powerless to combat. He had a vague idea that even this compassionate sympathy was in some manner an offence against Madelon Frehlter, the woman to whom he belonged, and yet he yielded to the fatal weakness.

"Yes, I belong to her," he said to himself; "I belong to Madelon Frehlter. She is neither pretty nor fascinating; but I have every reason to believe her very good, very amiable; and she is the only woman, except those of my own kindred, in whom I have any right to be interested."

He did not say this in so many words; but this was the shape which his thoughts assumed as he yielded to the tempter, and walked straight to the distant window by which Madame Meynell had seated herself.

She started slightly as he approached her, and then looked up and recognised him as her acquaintance of the Luxembourg.

"Good-evening, monsieur," she said; "I have to thank you for having helped me to find a comfortable home."

Having said this in a low gentle voice, she looked out into the street once more with her mournful unseeing eyes. It was evident that she had no more to say to M. Lenoble.

The student, however, had no idea of leaving the window just yet, although he knew—yes, knew—that his presence there was a wrong done to Madelon Frehlter; but a wrong so small, so infinitesimal, that it was really not worth consideration.

"I am enchanted to think that I was of some slight service to you, madame," he said; "but I fear you will find this quarter of Paris very dull."

She did not take any notice of this remark until Gustave had repeated it, and then she spoke as if suddenly awakened from a trance.

"Dull?" she said. "No, I have not found it dull. I do not care for gaiety."

After this M. Lenoble felt that he could say no more. The lady relapsed into her waking trance. The dust-clouds in the silent street seemed more interesting to her than M. Lenoble of Beaubocage. He lingered a few minutes in the neighbourhood of her chair, thoughtfully observant of the delicate profile, the pale clear tints of a complexion that had lost its bloom but not its purity; the settled sadness of the perfect mouth; the dreamy pensiveness of the dark-gray eye; and then was fain to retire.

After this, the English widow lady spent many evenings in Madame Magnotte's salon. The old Frenchwoman gossipped and wondered about her; but the most speculative could fashion no story from a page so blank as this joyless existence. Even slander could scarcely assail a creature so unobtrusive as the English boarder. The elderly ladies shrugged their shoulders and pursed-up their lips with solemn significance. There must needs be something—a secret, a mystery, sorrow, or wrong-doing—somewhere; but of Madame Meynell herself no one could suspect any harm.

Gustave Lenoble heard little of this gossip about the stranger; but she filled his thoughts nevertheless. The vision of her face came between him and his work; and when he thought of the future, and of the damsel who had been allotted to him for a wife, his thoughts were very bitter.

"Fate is like Laban," he said to himself; "a man works and does his duty for seven years, and then Fate gives him Leah instead of Rachel. No doubt Leah is a very good young woman; one has no complaint to make against her, except that she is not Rachel."

This was not a hopeful manner of looking at things for the destined master of Côtenoir. M. Lenoble's letters to the anxious folks at Beaubocage became, about this time, somewhat brief and unsatisfactory. V

no longer gave ample details of his student-life—he no longer wrote in his accustomed good spirits. His letters seemed stiff and constrained.

"I am afraid he is studying too much," said the mother.

"I daresay the rascal is wasting his time in dissipation," suggested the father.

CHAPTER III.

"FAST HOPE, AND IN DESPAIR."

Two months had elapsed since the bleak spring morning on which Gustave Lenoble found the solitary lady under the leafless trees of the Luxembourg gardens. The inmates of the Pension Magnotte had grown accustomed to her presence, to her silence, her settled sadness, and troubled themselves no further respecting herself or her antecedents. The lapse of time had brought no improvement to her spirits; indeed, Gustave, who watched her closely, perceived that she had grown paler and thinner since that March morning when he met her in the public garden. Her life must have been painfully monotonous. She very rarely went out of doors, and on no occasion ventured beyond the gardens of the Luxembourg. No one visited her. She neither wrote nor received any letters. She was wont to make a pretence of reading as she sat in her retired corner of the salon; but Gustave had discovered that she gave little attention to her book. The open volume in her hand seemed no more than an excuse for brooding upon her sorrows.

If people, prompted by curiosity or by compassion, endeavoured to get into conversation with this lonely lady, the result was always the same. She would answer their questions in a low gentle voice, with a quiet politeness; but she never assisted them in the smallest degree to interchange thoughts with her. It seemed as if she sought neither friend nor sympathiser, or as if her case were so entirely hopeless as to admit of neither. She paid for her board and lodging weekly with a punctilious exactness though weekly payments were not the rule of the house.

"My movements are uncertain," she said to Madame Magnotte. "I cannot tell how long I may be with you. It will therefore be better for me to pay you weekly."

She had been in the house two months, dining every day at the public table, spending all her evenings in the public saloon; and during that time her settled gloom had never been broken by any outburst of grief or passion. She might have been a creature of ice, a statue of despair modelled in snow by a Michael Angelo. But one night the ice melted, the statue of snow became in a moment a passionate, grief-ricken woman.

It was one bright evening late in May. Ah, how near at hand was the appointed date of those nuptials to which the household of Beauberge looked forward with supreme happiness! The old ladies of the Pension Magnotte were for the most part out of doors. The long *salon* was almost empty. There were only Gustave, Madame Mag-

notte, and the little music-mistress, who sat at her piano, with the western sunlight shining full upon her, rosy-hued and glorious, surrounding her with its soft radiance until she looked like a humble St. Cecilia.

Madame Meynell had seated herself close to the piano, and was listening to the music. Gustave hovered near, pretending to be occupied with a limp little sheet of news published that evening.

Mademoiselle Servin, the teacher of music, upon this occasion deserted her favourite masters. She seemed in a somewhat dreamy and sentimental humour, and played tender little melodies, and simple plaintive airs, that were more agreeable to Gustave than those grand examples of the mathematics of counterpoint which she so loved to interpret.

"You like this melody of Grétry's," said the music-mistress, as M. Lenoble seated himself close to the piano. "I do not think you care for classic sonatas—the great works of Gluck, or Bach, or Beethoven?"

"No," replied the young man frankly; "I do not care about anything I can't understand. I like music that goes to one's heart."

"And you too, Madame Meynell, like simple melodies?" mademoiselle asked of that lady, who was not wont to come so near the little piano, or to pay so much attention to Mademoiselle Servin's performance.

"O yes," murmured the Englishwoman, "I like such music as that."

"And you, too, think that Beethoven never composed simple plaintive airs—for example," exclaimed the pianist, playing softly while she spoke. "You think he wrote only sonatas, quartettes, fugues, grand operas, like *Fidelio*. Have you never heard this, by your scientific Beethoven?"

Hereupon she played "Hope told a flattering tale," with much tenderness and delicacy. Her two hearers listened, mute, and deeply moved. And then from that familiar melody she glided softly into another, most musical, most melancholy, which has been set to some of the sweetest verses that Thomas Moore ever composed:

"Those evening bells, those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!"

All the world sung the verses of Ireland's divine bard in those days. The song was one which the Englishwoman had sung years ago in a happy home. What recollections, what associations, were evoked by that plaintive melody, who shall say? The words came back with the music to which they have been eternally wedded. The words, their mournful meaning, the faces of the friends amongst whom she had last sung them, the picture of the peaceful home whose walls had echoed the music,—all these things arose before her in a vision too painfully

vivid; and the lonely boarder at the Pension Magnotte covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

The passion of tears lasted but a minute. Madame Meynell dried her eyes, and rose to leave the room.

"Do not question me," she said, perceiving that her two companions were about to offer her their sympathy. "I cannot tell you the memories that were conjured up by that music. It brought back a home I shall never see again, and the faces of the dead,—worse than dead to me,—and the happiness I have lost, and the hopes and dreams that once were mine. O, I pray God I may never hear that melody again!"

There was a passion, a depth of feeling, in her tone quite new to Gustave Lenoble. He opened the door for her without a word, and she passed out of the salon quietly, like a ghost—the ghost of that bright young creature who had once borne her shape, and been called by her name, in a pleasant farmhouse among the Yorkshire wolds.

"Ah, but how that poor soul must have suffered!" cried the sympathetic Mademoiselle Servin, as the door closed on the Englishwoman. "I did not think it was in her to feel so deeply. I thought she was stone, and now I begin to think it must be of such stone as Niobe—the petrification of despair."

Upon Gustave Lenoble this scene made a profound impression. He lay awake during the greater part of that night, thinking of the lonely lady's tears and anguish. The music of "Those evening bells" pervaded his dreams. He rose unrefreshed, feverish, forgetful of Côténoir and Madelon Frehlter, as if that place and that person had never emerged from the shapeless substances of chaos. He wanted to see *her* again, to console her, if that were possible. O, that it might be his privilege to console her! He pitied her with a compassion so intense, that thus to compassionate her woes, was himself to suffer a poignant anguish. He pitied her. Yes, he told himself again and again that this sentiment which so absorbed his heart and mind was no more than pity. But O, if this were pity, what were love? That was a question which also presented itself to the mind of M. Gustave Lenoble, of Beaubocage *in esse*, and Côténoir *in posse*.

Madame Meynell rarely appeared at the common breakfast in the grim dining-room of the Pension Magnotte. Gustave was therefore in nowise surprised to miss her on this particular morning. He took a cup of coffee, and hurried off to his daily duties. There was a fever on him which he could neither understand nor shake off, and he hastened to the gardens of the Luxembourg, as if there were some special necessity for speed. So do men often hasten unconsciously to their predestined doom, defiant of angury. Soothsayers may menace, and wives may dream dreams; but when his hour comes, Cæsar will go to the appointed spot where the daggers of his assassins await him.

In the alley where he had first looked upon her sad face, beneath the umbrage of young limes and chestnuts just bursting into bloom, he

saw the Englishwoman to-day, seated on the same bench, almost in the same attitude.

He went up to her, and bade her good-morning; and then, intensely conscious of his own temerity, seated himself by her side.

"I did not expect to find you here so early."

"No, I seldom come out so soon; but this morning I have to make some inquiries upon a matter of business, and I am only resting here before going to make them."

She gave a little weary sigh at the end of this speech. It seemed a strange manner of transacting business to rest in the Luxembourg gardens, which were distant but a few hundred yards from her home. Gustave divined that it was for very forlornness she lingered there, shrinking from some difficult encounter that lay before her.

"Can I not make the inquiries for you?" he asked. "Pray command me. It will be my happiness to be useful to you."

"You are very good. I cannot trouble you so much."

"Pray do not talk of trouble. It can be no trouble to me to aid you in any manner. Ah, madame, you do not know how much I would sacrifice to be useful to you!"

She must have been dull indeed had she failed to perceive the earnestness of his tone. She did perceive it, and was vaguely conscious that in this student of law she had a friend.

"I want to know when the diligence for Calais leaves Paris, and from what office," she said. "I am going back to England."

She was surprised to see the young man's face blanch as she announced this simple fact. The young man himself was surprised by the sudden anguish inflicted by her announcement. It was in this moment that he first discovered how completely he had given his heart into this strange woman's keeping.

"You are really going to leave Paris?—for ever?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. I have been here too long already. I have no business here. I ought to have gone back to England that day when I first met you here, but I put off the day of my return. I can put it off no longer."

"And you are going back to your friends?" Gustave asked, in a very mournful tone.

"I am going back to my friends? Yes!" Her lips quivered a little, and the unbidden tears came to her eyes.

Ah, what was the sorrow that oppressed this beautiful lonely creature? What agony of grief or self-reproach was this pain which consumed her? Gustave remembered her passion of tears on the previous night; her talk of friends that were dead, and happiness lost; and now to-day she talked of going home to her friends; but O the bitterness of expression with which she had spoken that word "friends"!

"Are you going alone, Madame Meynell?" he inquired, after a pause. He could not tear himself from that seat by her side. He could not be manly or rational where she was concerned. The image of Madelon Frehlter rose before his mental vision, reproachful, menacing

at a thick fog intervened to obscure that unwelcome image. His whole life resolved itself into those thrilling moments in which he sat here, on this common garden-bench, by this stranger's side; the entire universe was contracted into this leafy walk where they two sat.

"Yes, I am going alone," madame replied, with a little laugh. "Who should I have to go with me? I am quite alone in the world. I think I had better make these inquiries myself, M. Lenoble. There is no reason why I should give you so much trouble."

"There is no such thing as trouble. I will bring you all necessary information to-day at dinner, if that will be soon enough."

"Quite soon enough, I thank you, monsieur," she answered with a sigh. "I must ask you kindly to ascertain for me also the expense of the journey."

"Most certainly, madame."

This request set him wondering whether she were poor, and how poor. But she had evidently no more to say to him; she had again become impenetrable. He would fain have stayed, though honour and conscience were clamorous in their demands for his departure. Happily for honour and conscience, the lady was silent as death, impervious as marble; so M. Lenoble presently bowed and departed.

He thought of her all day long. The farce of pity was ended. He knew now that he loved this Englishwoman with an affection at once foolish and sinful: foolish, since he knew not who or what this woman was; sinful, since the indulgence of this passion involved the forfeiture of his plighted word, the disappointment of those who loved him.

"No, no, no," he said to himself, "I cannot do this base and wicked thing. I must marry Madelon. All the hopes of my mother and father rest on that marriage; and to disappoint them because this stranger's face has bewitched me? Ah, no, it cannot be. And even if I were willing to trample my honour in the dust, how do I know that she would value or accept the sacrifice?"

M. Lenoble made all necessary inquiries at the office of the Messageries, and carried the intelligence to Madame Meynell. He could see that she winced a little when he told her the cost of the journey, which in those days was heavy.

"She must certainly be poor," he said to himself; and it rent his heart to think that even in this paltry matter he could be of no use to her. The destined master of Beaubocage and Côténoir was entirely without ready-money. He had his watch. He put his hand upon that clumsy timekeeper as he talked to madame.

"*Je le porterai chez ma tante, mon gars,*" he said to himself. But he doubted whether the high-priests of the pious mountain—the Dordona of Pauperism—would advance much upon this antique specimen of the watchmaker's art.

After this evening he looked forward daily, hourly, to the anguish of her departure. She would vanish out of his life, intangible as a melted snow-flake, and only memory would stay behind to tell him he

had known and loved her. Why should this be so hard to bear? If she stayed, he dared not tell her she was dear to him; he dared not stretch forth his hand to help her. In all the world there was no creature more utterly apart from him than she, whether she lived in the same house with him or was distant as the Antipodes. What did it matter, then, since she was destined to disappear from his life, whether she vanished to-day or a year hence? He argued with himself that it could be a question of no moment to him. There was a death-blow that must descend upon him, cruel, inevitable. Let it come when it would.

Every day when he came home to dinner, M. Lenoble expected to behold a vacant place by the side of his hostess; every day he was pleasantly disappointed. The pale hopeless face was still to be seen, ghost-like, at that noisy board. The face was more pale, more hopeless, as it seemed to Gustave, every day he looked upon it.

He asked Madame Magnotte when the English lady was going to leave, but she could not tell.

"She talks of leaving from day to day," said madame; "it will no doubt be soon. I am sorry to lose her. She is very gentle, and gives no trouble to anyone. But she is sad; ah, how sad she is! She has suffered, monsieur."

Gustave agreed to this. Yes, she had suffered; but what, and how?

He watched her closely, but she was always the same. She no longer spent her evenings in the salon, but in her own apartment. He saw her only at dinner-time, and had no opportunity of speaking to her.

At last the day came upon which he missed her at the usual hour. He sat through the tedious meal without speaking; eating a little, drinking a little, mechanically, but with no consciousness of what he ate or drank. There was a mist before his eyes, a confusion of voices in his ears; but the faculties of sight and hearing seemed suspended. The agony he suffered during that miserable hour was bitter as death.

"O, my God, how I love her!" he said to himself, while Raoul's bass roar brayed in his ear on one side, and Leon's shrill squeal tortured him on the other.

He made his way to Madame Magnotte directly after dinner.

"She is gone?" he exclaimed.

"But who, my friend? Ah, yes; it is of that poor Madame Meynell you speak. How you are interested in her! No, she is not gone, poor woman. She remains always. She has the air of a person who knows not her own mind. Yet I am sure she thinks of going. To-day, for the first time, she has been writing letters. Reine came to tell me she had seen her occupied in her own room for the first time. It is not her habit to occupy herself."

Gustave's heart gave a great jump. She was not gone; he might see her again—if it were but a glimpse of her pale face looking out of *the diligence* as it drove out of the Cour de Messageries. One look, one glance; it would be something to carry in his heart all his life. All his

He looked forward and shuddered. What a dreary life it must be! Côténoir, Beaubocage, Madelon, the law; to plead, to read papers, to study dry-as-dust books. He shrank appalled from the contemplation of that dreary desert of existence—a life without her.

She had been writing letters—doubtless letters to her friends to announce her return. Her departure must be very near at hand.

Gustave refused to go out that evening. His fellow-students were out on a night's pleasure at a dancing-garden then in vogue, where there would be twinkling lamps and merry music under the May moon. The lamplit parterres, the joyous waltzes, had no attractions for Gustave. He haunted the dull salon, dim and dreary in the twilight; for Madame Magnotte was chary of lamps and candles, and prolonged to its utmost limits the pensive interval between day and night. He walked softly up and down the room, unheeded by the ladies clustered in a group by one of the windows. Restless and unhappy, he could neither go nor stay. She was not coming down to the salon this evening. He had clung to the faint hope that she might appear; but the faint hope died away in his breast as the night deepened. What purpose could be served by his remaining in that dismal room? He was no nearer her than he would have been in the remotest wilds of Central America. He would go out—not to the odious dancing-garden, but to the cool dark streets, where the night-wind might blow this fever from his brain.

He left the room suddenly, and hurried downstairs. At the bottom of the staircase he almost stumbled against a woman, who turned and looked at him in the light of a little oil-lamp that hung over the door of the portress's lodge.

It was the Englishwoman, deadly pale, and with a wild look in her face that Gustave had never seen there before. She gave him no sign of recognition, but passed out of the court-yard, and walked rapidly away. That unusual look in her face, the strangeness of the fact that she should be leaving the house at this hour, inspired him with a vague terror, and he followed her, not stealthily, without a thought that he was doing any wrong by such an act—rather, indeed, with the conviction that he had a right so to follow her.

She walked very quickly—at a more rapid pace than Gustave would have supposed possible for so fragile a creature. She chose the loneliest streets, and Gustave had no difficulty in following her; she never looked back, but went straight on her course, without pause or slackening of her pace, as if with a settled purpose.

"Where can she be going?" Gustave asked himself; and an answer, vague, hideous, terrible, suggested itself to his mind. The idea that occurred to him was one that would scarcely have occurred to an Englishman under the same circumstances, but to a Frenchman it was a very familiar idea.

It was dark now—the darkness that reigns between early sunset and the moonrise. As the lonely woman went farther along the dreary

streets parallel with the quay, the dreadful suspicion grew stronger in Gustave's mind. From that instant he had but one thought; in that moment he put away from him for ever all sense of obligation to Madelon Frehlter; he shook off father, mother, sister, old associations, home-ties, ambition, fortune,—he lived alone for this woman, and the purpose of his life was to save her from despair and death.

They emerged upon the quay at last. The long stretch of pavement was deserted. Ah, now she looked back—she looked on every side with wild unseeing eyes—and now there could be little doubt as to the purpose that brought her here. She crossed the road, and went upon the bridge, Gustave following close; in the next minute she was standing on the stone bench, a tremulous, fluttering figure, with arms stretched towards the water—in a breath she was clasped to Gustave's breast, clasped by arms that meant to hold her for ever.

The shock of that surprise utterly unnerved the wretched creature. She shivered violently, and struggled to free herself from those strong arms.

"Let me go!" she cried in English. "Let me go!" And then, finding herself powerless, she turned and looked at her captor. "M. Lenoble! O, why do you persecute me? Why do you follow me?"

"Because I want to save you."

"To save me! To snatch me back when I was going to find rest—an end for my weary life! O yes, I know that it is a sinful end; but my life has been all sin."

"Your life all sin! Foolish one, I will never believe that."

"It is true," she cried, with passionate self-reproach. "The sin of selfishness, and pride, and disobedience. There is no fate too hard for me—but, O, my fate is very hard! Why did you keep me from that river? You do not know how miserable my life is—you do not know. I paid my last penny to Madame Magnotte this morning. I have no money to take me back to England, even if I dared go there—and I dare not. I have prayed for courage, for strength to go back, but my prayers have not been heard; and there is nothing for me but to die. What would be the sin of my throwing myself into that river? I must die; I shall die of starvation in the streets."

"No, no," cried Gustave passionately; "do you think I have dragged you back from death to give you to loneliness and despair? My dear one, you are mine—mine by right of this night. These arms that have kept you from death shall shelter you;—ah, let them shelter you! These hands shall work for you. My love, my love! you cannot tell how dear you are to me. If there must be want or trouble for either of us, it shall come to me first."

He had placed her on the stone bench, bewildered and unresisting, and had seated himself by her side. The fragile figure, shivering still, even in the mild atmosphere of the spring night, was sustained by his encircling arm. He felt that she was his, irrevocably and entirely—*given to him by the Providence which would have seemed to have*

adoned her, but for the love it had implanted for her in this one full heart. His tone had all the pleading tenderness of a lover's, it had something more—an authority, a sense of possession.

"Providence sent me here to save you," he said, with that gentle authoritative tone,—“I am your providence, am I not, dearest? He made me love you—fondly, hopelessly, as I thought. Yesterday seemed as far away from me as those pale stars, shining up yonder as incomprehensible as that faint silvery mist above the rising moon and to-night you are my own.”

He knew not what ties might be broken by this act. He had indeed a vague consciousness that the step which he was now taking would be a lifelong breach between himself and his father. But the time was gone by in which he could count the cost.

“Let me go back, M. Lenoble,” the Englishwoman said presently. The faintness of terror was passing away, and she spoke almost calmly. “Let me go back to the house. It is you that have saved me from a fearful sin. I promise you that I will not again think of committing that deadly sin. I will wait for the end to come. Let me go, my kind friend. No, no; do not detain me! Forget that you have ever known me.”

“That is not in my power. I will take you back to the Pensionnat directly; but you must first promise to be my wife.”

“Your wife! O, no, no, no! That is impossible.”

“Because you do not love me,” said Gustave, with mournful gravity.

“Because I am not worthy of you.”

Humiliation and self-reproach unspeakable were conveyed in those few words.

“You are worth all the stars to me. If I had them in my hands, these lamps shining up there, I would throw them away, to hold you,” said the student passionately. “You cannot understand my love, perhaps. I seem a stranger to you, and all I say sounds wild and foolish. My love, it is true as the heaven above us—true as life or death—that was so near you just now. I have loved you ever since that bleak March morning on which I saw you sitting under the leafless trees yonder. You held me from that moment. I was subdued—possessed—yours at once and for ever. I would not confess even to myself that my heart had resigned itself to you; but I know now that it was so from the first. Is there any hope that you will ever give me back one tithe of my love?”

“You love me,” the Englishwoman repeated slowly, as if the words were almost beyond her comprehension,—“you love *me*, a creature so cold, so friendless! Ah, but you do not know my wretched story!”

“I do not ask to know it. I only ask one question—will you be my wife?”

“You must be mad to offer your name, your honour to me.”

“Yes, I am mad—madly in love. And I am waiting for your answer. *You will be my wife?* My angel, you will say yes! It is not enough that I offer you—a life of uncertainty, perhaps even of poverty;

to him as a friend and protector, if not in the character of a husband. It was no longer this fair stranger who held possession of her. It was Gustave who had taken possession of her. The stronger nature had subjugated the weaker. So friendless, so utterly penniless, helpless, in a strange land, it is little matter for that Susan Meynell accepted the love that was at once a refuge and a shelter.

"Let me tell you my wretched story," she pleaded, as she walked among the chestnut-trees by her lover's side. "Let me tell you every-

And if, when you have heard what an unhappy creature I am, I will wish to give me your heart, your name, I will be obedient to you. I will not speak to you of gratitude. If you could understand how debased an outcast I seemed to myself last night when I went to the river, you would know how I must feel your goodness. But you can never understand—you can never know what you seem to me." She said then in a low voice, and with infinite shame and hesitation, she told him her story.

"My father was a tradesman in the city of London," she said. "We were very well off, and my home ought to have been a happy one. How happy such a home would seem to me now! But I was idle, frivolous and discontented in those days, and was dissatisfied with our city because it seemed dull and monotonous to me. When I came back now and remember how poor a return I gave for the love that was given to me—my mother's anxiety, my father's steady, unpretending kindness—I feel how well I have deserved the sorrows that have befallen me since then."

She paused here, but Gustave did not interrupt her. His interest was so profound for any conventional expression. He was listening to the story of his future wife's youth. That there could be any past—that history which would hinder him from claiming this woman as his wife, was a possibility he did not for a moment contemplate. If there were shame involved in the story, as Madame Meynell's manner seemed to suppose there must be, so much the worse was it for him, the shame must be his, as she was his.

When my father and mother died, I went into Yorkshire to live with my married sister. I cannot find words to tell you how kind they were to me—my sister and her husband. I had a little money left by my father, and I spent the greater part of it on fine dresses, and on presents to my sister and her children. I was happier in Yorkshire than I had been in London; for I saw more people, and my life was more varied and brighter than in the city. One day I saw a gentleman, a nobleman who lived in the neighbourhood of my sister's house, who had been shot by accident in a field on my father's estate. He was a very handsome man, and after that he was my friend before, and made some arrangements with me. He came very often, and we were very intimate. He had promised to be my friend, and he was my friend."

knowledge and consent. She loved me so dearly, and was so proud of me, out of her dear love, that she saw nothing wonderful in this engagement, especially as Mr. Kingdon, the gentleman I am speaking of, was a younger son, and by no means a rich man."

Again she stopped, and waited a little before continuing her story. Only by a gentle pressure of the tremulous hand resting on his arm did Gustave express his sympathy.

"I cannot tell you how happy I was in those days—so bright, so brief. I cannot tell you how I loved Montagu Kingdon. When I look back to that time of my life, it seems like a picture standing out against a background of darkness, with some strange vivid light shining upon it. It was arranged between Montagu and my sister that we should be married, as soon as his brother, Lord Durnsville, had paid his debts. The payment of the debts was an old promise of Lord Durnsville's, and an imprudent marriage on his brother's part might have prevented the performance of it. This is what Montagu told my sister Charlotte. She begged him to confide in her husband, my kind brother-in-law; but this he refused to do. There came a day very soon after this when James Halliday, my brother-in-law, was told about Montagu Kingdon's visits to the farm. He came home, and found Mr. Kingdon with us, and there was a dreadful scene between them. James forbade Mr. Kingdon ever again to set foot in his house. He scolded my sister, he warned me. It was all no use. I loved Montagu Kingdon as you say you love me—foolishly, recklessly. I could not disbelieve or doubt him. When he told me of his plans for our marriage, which was to be kept secret until Lord Durnsville had paid his debts, I consented to leave Newhall with him, to be married in London. If he had asked me for my life, I must have given it to him. And how should I disbelieve his promises, when I had lived only amongst people who were truth itself? He knew that I had friends in London, and it was arranged between us that I was to be married from the house of one of them, who had been my girlish companion, and who was now well married. I was to write, telling her of my intended journey to town; and on the following night I was to leave Newhall secretly with Montagu Kingdon. I was to make my peace with my sister and her husband after my marriage. How shall I tell you the rest? From the first to the last he deceived me. The carriage that was, as I believed, to have taken us to London, carried us to Hull. From Hull we crossed to Hamburg. From that time my story is all shame and misery. I think my heart broke in the hour in which I discovered that I had been cheated. I loved him, and clung to him long after I knew him to be selfish and false and cruel. It seemed to be a part of my nature to love him. My life was not the kind of life one reads of in novels. It was no existence of splendour and luxury and riot, but one long struggle with debt and difficulty. We lived abroad—not for our pleasure, but because Mr. Kingdon could not venture to appear in England. His brother, Lord Durnsville, had never promised to pay

his debts. That was a falsehood invented to deceive my sister. For seven long weary years I was his slave, a true and faithful slave; his nurse in illness, his patient drudge at all times. We had been wandering about France for two years, when he brought me to Paris; and it was here that he first began to neglect me. O, if you could know the dreary days and nights I have spent at the hotel on the other side of the river, where we lived, you would pity me!"

"My dear love, my heart is all pity for you," said Gustave. "Do not tell me any more. I can guess the end of the story. There came a day in which neglect gave place to desertion."

"Yes; Mr. Kingdon left me one day without a warning word to break the blow. I had been waiting and watching for him through two weary days and nights, when there came a letter, to tell me he was on his way to Vienna with a West-Indian gentleman and his daughter. He was to be married to the daughter. It was his poverty, he told me, which compelled this step. He advised me to go back to my friends in Yorkshire. To go back! As if he did not know that death would be easier to me. There was a small sum of money in the letter, on which I have lived since that time. When you first met me here, I had not long received that letter."

This was the end of her story. In the depth of her humiliation she dared not lift her eyes to the face of her companion; but she felt his hand clasp hers, and knew that he was still her friend. This was all she asked of Providence.

To Gustave Lenoble the story had been unutterably painful. He had hoped to hear a tragedy untarnished by shame, and the shame was very bitter to him. This woman whom he loved so fondly was no spotless martyr, the victim of inevitable fate, beautiful and sublime in her affliction. She was only a weak, vain, village beauty who had suffered herself to be lured away from her peaceful home by the falsehoods of a commonplace scoundrel.

The story was common, the shame was common, but it seemed to M. Lenoble that the woman by his side was his destiny; and then, prompt to the rescue of offended pride, of outraged love—tortured to think that she, so distant and pure a creature to him, should have been trampled in the dust by another—came the white-winged angel Pity. By her weakness, by her humiliation, by the memory of her suffering, Pity conjured him to love her so much the more dearly.

"My darling," he said softly, "it is a very sad story, and you and I will never speak of it again. We will bury the memory of Montagu Kingdon in the deepest grave that was ever dug for bitter remembrances; and we will begin a new life together."

This was the end of M. Lenoble's wooing. He could not speak of his love any more while the sound of Montagu Kingdon's name had but lately died away on Susan Meynell's lips. He had taken her to himself, with all her sorrows and sins, in the hour in which he snatched her

from death; and between these two there was no need of passionate protestations or sentimental rapture.

M. Lenoble speedily discovered that the law had made no provision for the necessities of a chivalrous young student eager to unite himself with a friendless foreign woman, who could not produce so much as one of the thirty witnesses required to establish her identity. A very little consideration showed Gustave that a marriage between him and Susan Meynell in France was an impossibility. He explained this, and asked her if she would trust him, as she had trusted Montagu Kingdon. In Jersey the marriage might easily be solemnised. Would she go with him to Jersey, to stay there so long as the English law required for the solemnisation of their union?

"Why should you take so much trouble about me?" said Susan, in her low sad voice. "You are too good, too generous. I am not worth so much care and thought from you."

"Does that mean that you will not trust me, Susanne?"

"I would trust you with my life in a desert, thousands of miles from the rest of mankind—with a happier life than mine. I have no feeling in my heart but love for you, and faith in you."

After this the rest was easy. The lovers left the Pension Magnotte one bright summer morning, and journeyed to Jersey, where, after a fortnight's sojourn, the English Protestant church united them in the bonds of matrimony.

Susan was a Protestant, Gustave a Catholic, but the difference of religion divided them no more than the difference of country. They came back to Paris directly after the marriage, and M. Lenoble took a very modest lodging for himself and his wife in a narrow street near the Pantheon—a fourth story, very humbly furnished. M. Lenoble had provided for himself an opportunity of testing the truth of that adage which declares that a purse large enough for one is also large enough for two.

CHAPTER IV.

A DECREE OF BANISHMENT.

AFTER those stormy emotions which accompany the doing of a desperate deed, there comes in the minds of men a dead calm. The still small voice of Wisdom, unheard while Passion's tempest was raging, whispers grave counsel or mild reproof, and Folly, who, seen athwart the storm-cloud, sublime in the glare of the lightning, seemed inspiration, veils her face in the clear common light of day.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that with M. Lenoble time and reflection brought repentance in their train. It was not so. The love which he felt for his English wife was no capricious emotion; it was a passion deep and strong as destiny. The worst that after-thought could reveal to him was the fact that the step he had taken was a very desperate one. Before him lay an awful necessity—the necessity of going

and eternal condemnation, as it seemed to his pious Catholic mind. The thought of this dear one gave him courage.

"I owe much to my parents," he thought to himself, "but not the privilege to sell me for money. The marriage they want to bring about would be a sordid barter of my heart and my honour."

In a few minutes after this he was standing in the little salon at Beaubocage, with his mother and sister hanging about him and caressing him, his father standing near, less demonstrative, but evidently well pleased by this unexpected arrival of the son and heir.

"I heard thy voice in the hall," cried Cydalise, "and flew down from my room to welcome thee. It seems to me that one can fly on these occasions. And how thou art looking well, and how thou art handsome, and how I adore thee!" cries the damsel, more ecstatic than an English sister on a like occasion. "Dost thou know that we began to alarm ourselves about thee? Thy letters became so infrequent, so cold. And all the while thou didst plot this surprise for us. Ah, how it is sweet to see thee again!"

And then the mother took up the strain, and anon was spoken the dreaded name of Madelon. She too would be glad—she too had been anxious. The prodigal made no answer. He could not speak, his heart sank within him, he grew cold and pale; to inflict pain on those who loved him was a sharper pain than death.

"Gustave!" cried the mother in sudden alarm, "thou growest pale—thou art ill!—Look then, François, thy son is ill!"

"No, mother, I am not ill," the young man replied gravely. He kissed his mother, and put her gently away from him. In all the years of her after-life she remembered that kiss, cold as death, for it was the farewell kiss of her son.

"I wish to speak a few words with you alone, father," said Gustave.

The father was surprised, but in no manner alarmed by this request. He led the way to his den, a small and dingy chamber, where there were some dusty editions of the French classics, and where the master of Beaubocage kept accounts and garden-seeds and horse-medicines.

When they were gone, the mother and sister sat by one of the open windows, waiting for them. Without, all was still. Distant lights glimmered through the summer twilight, the lighted windows of Côténoir.

"How pleased Madelon will be!" said Cydalise, looking towards those glimmering windows. She had really taught herself to believe that the demoiselle Frehlter was a most estimable young person; but she would have been glad to find more enthusiasm, more brightness and vivacity, in her future sister-in-law.

The interview between the father and son seemed long to Madame Lenoble and Cydalise. The two women were curious—nay, indeed, somewhat anxious.

"I fear he has made debts," said the mother, "and is telling thy father of his follies. I know not how they are to be paid, unless with the dowry of Madelon, and that would seem a dishonourable use of her money."

It was half an hour before any sound broke the stillness of that quiet house. Twilight had thickened into night, when there came a banging of doors and heavy footsteps in the hall. The door of the salon was opened, and M. Lenoble came in alone. At the same moment the outer door closed heavily.

M. Lenoble went straight to the open window and closed the Venetian shutters. He went from thence to the second window, the shutters whereof he fastened carefully, while the women stared at him wonderingly, for it was not his habit to perform this office.

"I am shutting out a vagabond," he said, in a cold, cruel voice.

"Where is Gustave?" cried the mother alarmed.—"He is gone."

"But he is coming back, is he not, directly?"

"Never while I live!" answered M. Lenoble. "He has married an English adventuress, and is no longer any son of mine."

Book the Second.

DOWNHILL.

CHAPTER I.

THE FATE OF SUSAN LENOBLE.

SEVEN years after that miserable summer night at Beaubocage on which Gustave Lenoble was disowned by his father, a man and woman, with a boy five years of age, were starving in a garret amongst the house-tops and chimneys of Rouen. In the busy city these people lived lonely as in a forest, and were as securely hidden from the eyes of all who had ever known them. The man—haggard, dying—cherished a pride that had grown fiercer as the grip of poverty tightened upon him. The woman lived only for her husband and her child.

The man was Gustave Lenoble. The world had gone ill with him since he cast his destiny into the lap of the woman he loved. In all these years no olive-bearing dove had spanned the gulf that yawned between the prodigal and his father. The seigneur of Beaubocage had been marble. A narrow-minded old man, living his narrow life, and nursing one idea with fanatical devotion, was of all men the least likely to forgive. Vain had been the tears and entreaties of mother and sister. The doors of that joyless dwelling on the fertile flats beyond Vevinord were sealed against the offender with a seal not to be broken, even had he come thither to plead for pardon, which he did not.

"My father would have sold me as negro slaves are sold *là-bas*," he said on those rare occasions when he opened his old wounds, which were to the last unhealed; "I am glad that I escaped the contemptible barter."

He was in very truth glad. Poverty and hardship seemed to him easier to bear than the dreary prosperity of Côténoir and a wife he

could not have loved. The distinguishing qualities of this man's mind were courage and constancy. There are such noble souls born into the world, some to shine with lustre supernal, many to burn and die in social depths, obscure as ocean's deepest cavern.

In his love for the woman he had chosen, Gustave Lenoble never wavered. He worked for her, he endured for her, he hoped against hope, for her sake; and it was only when bodily strength failed that this nameless foot-soldier began to droop and falter in life's bitter battle. Things had gone ill with him. He had tried his fate as an advocate in Paris, in Caen, in Rouen—but clients would not come. He had been a clerk, now in one counting-house, now in another, and Susan and he had existed, somehow, during the seven years of their married life.

They clung to each other with affection that seemed to grow with every new sorrow; nor did love exhibit any inclination to spread his wings and take flight from the window, though poverty came in every day at the door, and sat by the hearth, a familiar companion and an inevitable guest.

The mother and sister contrived to help this poor castaway with the veriest scrapings of a miserly household. The old man, soured by his great disappointment, grew sordid and covetous with increasing years, and the lives of the women were hard and hopeless. By little cheats, and petty contrivances, and pitiful falsifications of financial statements, they managed to scrape together a few louis now and then for the struggling exile; and to do this was the sole delight of their patient lives. They contrived also to correspond secretly with Gustave, and were informed of the birth of his son.

"Ah, if thou couldst see how beautiful he is," wrote the father, "this child of pure and true love, thou wouldst no longer regret my breach of faith with Madelon Frehlter. I knew not, until now, how like infant-children are to angels. I knew not how true to nature are the angels in the pictures of Raffaele and Murillo. Thou knowest the print of Murillo's Assumption; the picture is in the Louvre. If thou canst remember that picture, dear mother, thou hast but to recall the face of one of the cherubim about the feet of our Lady, and thou hast the portrait of my boy. He opens his eyes, and looks at me as I write. Ah! that he and I and my Susanne were with thee in the little salon at Beaubocage,—my sister, Susanne, you, and I, united round this darling's cradle! He has been born in poverty, but his birth has made us very happy."

The sentiment of this letter was no spurious or transient feeling. For this child Gustave Lenoble evinced an unchanging fondness. It was indeed no part of his nature to change. The little one was his comfort in affliction, his joy during every brief interval of prosperity. When the battle was well-nigh fought, and he began to feel himself beaten, his chief anxieties, his ever-returning fears, were for his wife and child.

To Susan the thought of parting from him was a despair too deep for tears. She would have been something less than woman if she had *not* loved her husband with more than common affection. She watched *the change that illness brought in the frank face, the stalwart figure;*

and little by little the awful truth came home to her. The hour was at hand in which she must lose him.

"If you could have rest, Gustave, better medical advice, more comforts, you would soon be strong again. I am sure your father would not refuse to forgive you now. Write to him, dearest. Go back to Beaucage, and let your mother and sister nurse you. I will stay here with the little one. It shall be forgotten that you have a wife and child."

"No, dear one; I will not desert you, even for a day, to buy back my father's love. I would rather be here, with you, than in the pleasantest home without you. But we must face the future, Susanne; we must be brave and wise, for the little one's sake. You are not so strong as you can afford to trust blindly in your power to protect him by and by. I have written a letter to my father. He has proved himself a hard man to me, cruel and obdurate beyond all my fears; but I know he is not altogether heartless. When I am dead, you will take the letter in one hand, the child in the other, and go to Beaucage. I believe he will adopt the boy, and that the little one will give him the comfort and happiness he hoped from me. He must be very lonely; and I cannot doubt that his heart will melt when he sees the child's face, and hears that he has no longer a son. As for yourself, my poor girl, I see for you no hope except in the old Yorkshire home, and the friends you fear to see again."

"I no longer fear them," said his wife, with unwonted energy. "I could not go to them seven years ago; but I can go to them as your wife."

"Ah, thank God, the poor name is worth something for you."

"Yes, dear; and I will go back to them: to-morrow."—"To-morrow!"

"To-morrow, Gustave. I have been selfish and cruel to delay so long. The old dread of seeing my sister's reproachful face has been strong enough to hold me back, when a little courage might have enabled me to help you. The burden has been all on you, and I have done nothing. O, what a wretch I must have been to sit idly by and see you suffer, and make no effort to help you!"

"But, my darling, you have not been idle. You have been the dearest and most industrious of wives, and have helped me to bear my burden. You have done more, dear—you have made my burden pleasant to me."

"I will try to lighten it, Gustave," cried Susan, with excitement. "Why, why did I never try before! My sister and her husband are all off—rich perhaps. If they are still living, if no cruel changes have come to pass at Newhall, they could help us with a little money. They might even give us a home. I will start for England to-morrow."

"Nay, my dear, you are not strong enough to travel so far alone. It seems, indeed, a happy thought this of your rich relations; but you must not undertake such a journey. You might write."

"No, Gustave, I will trust to no letter; I will go. It will be no sin for me to humble myself for your sake. I will go straight to my sister. I know what a tender compassionate heart it is that I shall appeal to."

There was much discussion; but Susan was resolute. To scrape together the money for the journey, she made efforts that were heroic in a nature so weak as hers. She went to the Monte de Piété with the last of her little treasures,—that one dear trinket to which she had clung even when hunger was at the door,—the gimmel, or alliance, ring, that Gustave had placed upon her finger before God's altar,—the double symbolic circlet which bore on one side her name, on the other her husband's. This dearest of all her possessions she surrendered for a few francs, to make up the sum needful for her journey.

What it cost her to do this, what it cost her to tear herself away from her sick husband and her only child, who shall say? There are pangs that cannot be counted, agonies that will come within no calculation—the infinite of pain. She went. Two kind souls, a labourer and his wife, lodgers in the same garret-story, promised to care for and help the invalid and child. There is no desolation in which a child will not find a friend.

The journey was long and fatiguing; the anguish of her poor aching heart almost too much for endurance; a heart so heavy that even hope could scarce flutter it. It was dull damp weather, though in the middle of summer. The solitary traveller caught cold on the journey, and arrived in London in a high fever. Ill, faint, and helpless, the great city seemed to her unspeakably dismal—most stony of all stony-hearted mothers, to this wretched orphan. She could go no farther than the darksome city-inn where the coach from Southampton brought her. She had come *viâ* Havre. Here she sank prostrate, and had barely sufficient strength to write an incoherent letter to her sister, Mrs. Halliday, of Newhall farm, near Huxter's Cross, Yorkshire.

The sister came as fast as the fastest coach on the great Northern road could carry her. There was infinite joy in that honest sisterly heart over this one sinner's repentance. Fourteen years had gone by since the young city-bred beauty had fled with that falsest of men, and most hardened of profligates, Montagu Kingdon; and tidings from Susan were unlooked for and thrilling as a message from the grave.

Alas for the adverse fate of Susan Meynell! The false step of her youth had set her for ever wrong upon life's highway. When kind Mrs. Halliday came, Gustave Lenoble's wife was past her help; wandering in her mind; a girl again, but newly run away from her peaceful home; and with no thought save of remorse for her misdeeds.

The seven years of her married life seemed to have faded out of her mind. She raved of Montagu Kingdon's baseness, of her own folly, her vain regret, her yearning for pardon; but of the dying husband in the garret at Rouen she uttered no word. And so, with her weary head upon her sister's breast, she passed away, her story untold, no wedding-ring on her wasted finger to bear witness that she died an honest man's wife; no letters or papers in her poor little trunk to throw light on the fourteen years in which she had been a castaway.

Mrs. Halliday stayed in London to see the wanderer laid in the quiet

city churchyard where her family rested, and where for her was chosen an obscure corner in which she might repose forgotten and unknown.

But not quite nameless. Mrs. Halliday could not leave the grave unmarked by any record of the sister she had loved. The stone above the grave of Gustave's wife bore her maiden name, and the comforting familiar text about the one sinner who repenteth.

CHAPTER II.

FORGIVEN TOO LATE.

For a week of long days and longer nights there was no step sounded on the stair, no opening or shutting of a door in the old dilapidated house where he lay languishing on the brink of an open grave, that did not move Gustave Lenoble with a sudden emotion of hope. But the footsteps came and went, the doors were opened and shut, again and again, and the traveller so waited, so hoped for, did not return.

The boy—the brave, bright son, who seemed to inherit all that was noblest and best in his father's nature—pined for his mother. The man endured a martyrdom worse than the agony of Damiens, the slow tortures of La Barre. What had befallen her? That she could desert him or his child was a possibility that never shaped itself in his mind. That drop of poison was happily wanting in his cup; and the bitterness of death was sweet compared to the scorpion-sting of such a supposition.

She did not return. Calamity in some shape had overtaken her—calamity dire as death; for with life and reason, she could not have failed to send some token, some tidings, to those she loved. The sick man waited a week after the day on which he had begun to expect her return. At the end of that time he rose, with death in his face, and went out to look for her—to look for her in Rouen, for her whom the instinct of his heart told him was far away from that city: as far as death from life. He went to the Cour des Messageries, and loitered and waited amidst the bustle of arriving and departing diligences, with a half-imbecile hope that she would alight from one of them. The travellers came and went, pushing and hustling him in their selfish haste. When night came he went back to his garret. All was quiet. The boy slept with the children of his good neighbour, and was comforted by the warmth of that strange hearth.

Gustave lit his candle, a last remaining morsel.

"You will last my time, friend," he said with a wan smile.

He seated himself at the little table, pushed aside the medicine-bottles, searched for a stray sheet of letter-paper, and then began to write.

He wrote to his mother, telling her that death was at hand, and that the time had come in which she must succour her son's orphan child. With this he enclosed a letter to his father—that letter of which he had spoken to his wife, and which had been written in the early days of his illness. *This packet he directed to Madame Lenoble, at Beaubocage. there was no longer need for secrecy,*

"When those letters are delivered, I shall be past blame and past forgiveness," he thought.

In the morning he was dead.

The neighbours posted the letter. The neighbours comforted and protected the child for two days; and then there came a lady, very sad, very quiet, who wept bitterly in the stillness of that attic-chamber where Gustave Lenoble lay; and who afterwards, with a gentle calmness of manner that was very sweet to see, made all necessary arrangements for a humble, but not a mean or ignominious, funeral.

"He was my brother," she said to the good friends of the neighbouring garret. "We did our best to help him, my mother and I; but we little thought how bitterly he wanted help. The brave heart would not suffer us to know that."

And then she thanked them with much tenderness for their charity to the dead man; and with these good people she went on foot through the narrow streets of the city to see her brother laid in his grave.

Until this was done, the mournful lady, who was not yet thirty years of age and of a placid nun-like beauty, abandoned herself to no transport of love for her orphan nephew; but when that last office of affection had been performed, she took the little one on her knees, and folded him to her breast, and gave him her heart, as she had given it long ago to his father; for this gentle unselfish creature was one who must needs have some shrine at which to offer her daily sacrifice of self. Already she was beginning to think how the orphan was to be cared for, and the widow also, for whose return she looked daily.

For the return of Susan Lenoble, Cydalise waited at Rouen several days after the funeral. She had, happily, an old schoolfellow comfortably established in the city; and in the house of this old friend she found a home. No one but her mother and this friend, whom she could trust, knew of the business that had brought her from Beaubocage. In seven years the father had never uttered his only son's name; in all the seven years that name had never been spoken in his hearing.

When three weeks had gone by since the departure of Susan for England, all hope of her return was abandoned by Mademoiselle Lenoble and the neighbours who had known the absent woman.

"She had the stamp of death on her face when she went away," said the labourer's wife, "as surely as it was on him that she left. I told her she had no strength for the journey; but she would go: there was no moving her from that. She had rich friends *là-bas*, who might help her husband. It was for that she went. That thought seemed to give her a kind of fever, and the strength of fever."

"And there has come no letter—nothing?"

"Nothing, mademoiselle."

On this, Cydalise determined to return to Beaubocage. She could not well leave the child longer on the hands of these friendly people, even by paying for his maintenance, which she insisted on doing, though they would fain have shared their humble *pot-à-feu* and coarse loaf with

him unrequited. She determined on a desperate step. She would take her brother's orphan child back with her, and leave the rest to Providence—to the chance of some sudden awakening of natural affection in a heart that had long languished in a kind of torpor that was almost death.

The little fellow pined sadly for those dear familiar faces, those tender soothing voices, that had vanished so suddenly from his life. But the voice of his aunt was very sweet and tender, and had a tone that recalled the father who was gone. With this kind aunt he left Rouen in the lumbering old vehicle that plied daily betwixt that city and Vevinord.

"Thou canst call me Cydalise for a while, my little one," she said to him; for she did not wish the child to proclaim the relationship between them yet awhile.

Ah, what bitter tears the two women shed over the soft fair curls of that little head, when they had the boy all to themselves in the turret-chamber at Beaubocage, on whose white walls the eyes of Cydalise had opened almost every morning of her pure eventless life!

"Why dost thou cry so, madame?" the child asked of his grandmother, as she held him in her arms, kissing and weeping over him; "and what have they done with my father—and mamma too? She went away one day, but she told me that she would come back, so quickly, ah, so quickly! and the days passed, and they shut papa in his room, and would not let me go to him; and mamma did not come, though I asked the Blessed Virgin to send her back to me."

"Dear child, thy father and mother are in a brighter place than this hard world, where they had so much sorrow," Madame Lenoble answered gently.

"Yes, they were often sorry," murmured the boy thoughtfully. "It was because of money; but then, when there was no money, mamma cried and kissed me, and kissed papa, and the good papa kissed us both, and somehow it always ended in happiness."

François Lenoble was, happily, absent on this day of tribulation. The women took their fill of sorrow, but it was sorrow mingled with a strange bitter sweetness that was almost joy. The seigneur of Beaubocage had gone to dine, as he still often did, with his old friend Baron Frehlter; for the breach of faith which had caused a lifelong disunion of father and son had not divided the two proprietors. Nay, indeed, the Baron had been generous enough to plead the cause of the castaway.

"A man cannot dispose at will of his affections, my friend," he urged; "and it was more generous in your son to break faith with my laughter before marriage than after."

Mademoiselle Frehlter had not broken her heart on account of her lover's falsehood. She had been sufficiently indignant on the occasion, and had been more impatient of her mother's pet priest and pet cooing during the brief period in which she wore the willow. She had recovered her good-humour, however, on being wooed by a young *baltern* in a cavalry regiment, stationed at Vevinord, the offshoot of

a grander house than that of Lenoble, and whose good looks and good lineage had ultimately prevailed with the Baron. That gentleman had by no means too good an opinion of the son-in-law thus forced upon him; but peace was the highest good (with unlimited tobacco) to which his germanic soul aspired; and for the sake of peace in the present, he was content to hazard his daughter's happiness in the future.

"That is very brilliant," he said of M. Paul de Nérague, the young lieutenant of light cavalry; "but it is not solid, like Gustave. Your son is honest, candid; a brave heart. It was for that I would have given him Madelon. But it is Providence which disposes of us, as our good father St. Velours tells us often; and one must be content. Young Nérague pleases my daughter, and I must swallow him, though for me he smells too strong of the barracks: *ça flaire la caserne, mon ami.*"

That odour of the barracks which distinguished the sub-lieutenant Paul de Nérague became more odious after his marriage with the virtuous Madelon, when he was established—*nicbé*, as he himself called it—in very comfortable, though somewhat grusome, apartments at Côténoir. His riotous deportment, his hospitable disposition, as displayed in the frequent entertainment of his brothers-in-arms at the expense of his father-in-law, his Don-Juan-like demeanour in relation to the housemaids and kitchen-wenchs of the château, innocent enough in the main, but on that account so much the more audacious, struck terror to the hearts of Madame Frehlter and her daughter, and the elder lady was much gratified by that thirst for foreign territory which carried the greater part of the French army and the regiment of the vivacious Paul to the distant wilds of Algeria.

The virtuous Madelon was too stolid to weep for her husband. But even her stolidity was not proof against the fiery influence of jealousy, and, waking and sleeping, her visions were of veiled damsels of Orient assailing the too inflammable heart of Lieutenant de Nérague.

The young officer was yet absent at that period in which Cydalise returned from Rouen with her brother's child.

The little boy was sleeping peacefully in a cot beside his aunt's bed (it had been his father's cot thirty years ago) when François Lenoble returned from Côténoir that night.

It was not till the next day that he saw the child. He had been making his usual morning's round in the gardens and orchards, when he came into the salon, and saw the little boy seated near his grandmother's chair, playing with some dominoes. Something—perhaps the likeness to his dead son—the boy's black clothes, for Cydalise had contrived to dress him in decent mourning—struck suddenly on the old man's heart. "Who is that boy?" he asked, with a strange earnestness.

"Your son Gustave's only child," answered his wife gently,—"his orphan child."

François Lenoble looked at her, and from her to the boy; tried to speak, but could not; beckoned the child, and then dropped heavily

into a chair and sobbed aloud. Until this moment no one had ever seen him shed a tear for the son he had put away from his home—and, as it had seemed, from his heart. Not by one sigh, not by one mournful utterance of the familiar name, had he betrayed the depth of that wound which he had endured, silently, obstinately, in all these years.

They suffered him to bemoan his dead son, unhindered by stereotyped consolations. The two women stood by, and pitied him in silence. The little boy stared wonderingly, and at last crept up to the sorrow-stricken father. "Why do you cry, poor old man?" he asked. "You have not lost your papa and mamma, as I have lost mine, have you? I want to stay with you and be your little boy, please. She told me to say that," he added, pointing to Cydalise.—"And I have said it right, haven't I?" he asked of the same lady.—"I think I shall love you, because you are like my papa, only older and uglier," the little one concluded, with angelic candour.

The seigneur of Beaubocage dried his tears with an effort. Beaubocage—Côtenoir. Ah, me, what empty sounds those two once magic names seemed to him now that his son's life had been sacrificed to so paltry an ambition, so sordid a passion, so vile and grovelling a desire! He took the boy on his knee, and kissed him tenderly. His thoughts bridged-over a chasm of five-and-twenty years, as his lips pressed that fair young brow; and it was his own son—the son whom he had disowned—whose soft hair was mingling itself now with the gray bristles on his rugged chin.

"My child," he murmured softly, "the fear is that I shall love thee too well, and be to thee as much too weakly indulgent as I was wickedly stern to thy father. Anything is easier to humanity than justice."

This was said to himself rather than to the boy.

"Tell me thy name, little one," he asked presently, after a few moments' pensive meditation.

"I have two names, monsieur."

"Thou must call me grandfather. And the two names?"

"François Gustave."

"I shall call thee Gustave."

"But papa always called me François, and mamma said it was the name of a cruel man; but papa said he loved the name—"

"Ah, no more, little one!" cried the lord of Beaubocage suddenly; "thou knowest not with what dagger-thrusts thou dost pierce this poor old heart."

CHAPTER III.

GUSTAVE THE SECOND.

THE little Gustave grew and flourished. Such love was lavished on him as rarely falls to the lot of children, though the spring of many lives may be rich in love's pure white blossom. The existence of this child seemed all happiness. He brought hope, and a sense of atonement, and all sweet things, to the quiet family of Beaubocage; and as he grew from childhood to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, it

seemed to that household as if the first Gustave of their love had never been taken from them. That Orphic fable of Zagreus repeats itself in many households. For the one bright creature lost, another is given; and then comes a time when it is almost difficult to separate the image of the missing one from the dear substitute who so nearly fills his place.

François Lenoble and wife enjoyed a green old age, and the affection of their grandson made the cup of life sweet for them to the very dregs. There are, happily, some natures which indulgence cannot injure; some luxuriant flowers which attain strength as well as beauty under the influence of these tropical heats of affection. Gustave the second possessed all the noble qualities of Gustave the first. Frank, generous, brave, constant, affectionate, light-hearted, he shone on the failing eyes of his kindred radiant as a young Apollo, brave as a mortal Hercules.

Those things which the ignorant heart has at some time so passionately desired are apt to be granted when the desire has grown somewhat cold and dead. Thus it was with the ambition of François Lenoble. He lived to see the lands of Côténoir and Beaubocage united in the person of his grandson, who married Clarice, the only surviving child of M. and Madame de Nérague. Two sons and a daughter had been born at Côténoir; but the sons withered and faded in early boyhood, and even the daughter, though considered a flourishing plant in that poor garden of weakling blossoms, was but a fragile creature.

The old people at Beaubocage survived the seigneur and châtelaine of Côténoir by some years, and survived also the fiery lieutenant, who fell in Algeria without having attained his captaincy, or added any military renown to the good old name of De Nérague.

François saw his grandson established at Côténoir before he died. He expired with his hand in that of Gustave, whom, in the half-consciousness of that last hour, he mistook for the son he had disowned.

"What door was that that shut?" he asked in an eager whisper. "Who said I turned my son out of doors—my only son? It's false! I couldn't have done it! Hark! there's the door shutting again! It sounds like the door of a tomb."

After this he dozed a little, and woke with a smile on his face.

"I have been dreaming of thy father, Gustave," he said calmly. "I thought that I saw him with a light shining in his face, and that he kissed and forgave me."

This was the end. The faithful wife was not slow to follow her husband to the grave, and there was now only a placid maiden lady at Beaubocage, Mademoiselle Cydalise Lenoble, whom everyone within ten leagues of Vevinord knew and loved. A lay Abbess, a Sister of Mercy in all save the robes; a tender creature, who lived only to do good.

Ten years passed, and M. Lenoble of Côténoir was a widower, with *two fair young daughters at a convent-school on the outskirts of Vevinord, and a boisterous son at an academy in Rouen. Gustave had never followed any profession; the lands of Beaubocage secured him a com-*

petence, so prudently had the small estate been managed by the kindred who adored him. His marriage had given him fortune. He had no need of trade or profession. His life was laid out for him like a prim Dutch flower-garden. He was to live at Côténoir, and look after his estate, and smoke his pipe, as Baron Frehlter had done, and be a good husband to his wife, a kind father to his children. This latter part of his duty came natural to M. Lenoble. It was not in him to be otherwise than kind to women and children. His invalid wife praised him as a model of marital perfection. It was Gustave who wheeled her sofa from one room to another, Gustave who prepared her medicines, Gustave whose careful hands adjusted curtains and *portières*. The poor woman lived and died believing herself the happiest of wives. She mistook kindness for love.

M. Lenoble bore his wife's demise with Christian calmness. He was sorry that the fragile creature should have been taken so early from the pleasant home that was hers by right, but of passionate grief, or dreary sense of irreparable loss, there was none in that manly heart. There were times when the widower reproached himself for this want of feeling; but in very truth Madame Lenoble, *jeune*, had lived and died a nonentity. Her departure left no empty place; even her children scarcely missed her. The father was all-in-all.

Gustave had married at twenty years of age. He was twenty-nine when his wife died. His eldest daughter, Clarice, eight; his second, Madelon, seven; the boy, a spoilt young dog of five, not yet despatched to the great school at Rouen.

But in '65 Mademoiselle Clarice was fifteen years of age, and a very charming performer on the pianoforte, as the good nuns at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Vevinord, told the father. Mademoiselle Madelon was looking forward to her fourteenth anniversary, and she too was a very pretty pianist, and altogether a young prodigy of learning and goodness, as the nuns told the master of Côténoir. The demoiselles of Côténoir stood high in the estimation of pupils and mistress; they were a kind of noblesse; and the simple-minded superioress spoke of these young persons with some pride when she described her establishment to a stranger. It was a very comfortable little colony, a small world enclosed by high walls. The good mothers who taught and cherished the children were for the greater part ladies of superior and even exalted station; and there was a gentleness, a tenderness in their care for these young lambs not always to be insured by the payment of an annual stipend. It must be confessed that the young lambs were apt to be troublesome, and required a good deal of watching. To the eye of the philosopher that convent school would have afforded scope for curious study; for it is singular to discover what exceptional vices the youthful mind can develop from its inner consciousness, in homes as pure as this. There were black sheep even in the convent of the Sacré Cœur, damsels marked with a *sign* that meant "dangerous."

Happily for Gustave Lenoble, his daughters were amongst the

brightest and the purest of those girl-graduates. They gave him no trouble, except when they asked him for a home.

"It seems so dull and dreary at Côténoir, papa," they said, "though you are always so kind. It doesn't seem like home. Beaubocage is more home-like. At Côténoir, when you are out, there is no one to talk to; and we have no little parties, no excursions into the country, none of those pleasures which the other girls have during the holidays."

This was the gist of the lamentations of Mademoiselles Clarice and Madelon; and the father knew not how to supply the mysterious something which was wanting to make Côténoir a pleasant home. The girls could complain of no restraint, or pine for no indulgence, since their father was always prompt to gratify every whim. But there was some element of happiness wanting, nevertheless; and M. Lenoble perceived that it was so. The life at Côténoir was desultory, straggling; an existence of perpetual dawdling; a life of shreds and patches, half-formed resolutions, projects begun and broken off in the middle. The good genius, the household angel, order, was wanting in that mansion. There was waste, dirt, destruction of all kinds, in the rambling old château; old servants, too weak or too lazy to work; old tradesmen, presuming on old-established habits of imposition, unquestioned so long as to have become a right—for the feudal system of fine and forfeiture has only changed hands. The power still flourishes, only it is the villein who takes tithe of his lord.

The servants at Côténoir had gone their own ways with but little interference since the death of Madame de Nérague, which occurred two years before that of her daughter, Clarice Lenoble. Poor invalid Clarice had been quite unable to superintend her household; and since her death Mademoiselle Cydalise had been too feeble of health to assume any authority in her nephew's establishment, even if the household of Côténoir would have submitted to interference from Beaubocage, which in all likelihood they would not.

Thus it happened that things had taken their own course at the château, and the course had been somewhat erratic. There is nothing so costly as muddle, and Gustave Lenoble had of late begun to perceive that he had the maximum of expense with the minimum of comfort. Meanwhile the kind old aunt at Beaubocage gave her nieces much valuable advice against the time when they should be old enough to assume the management of their father's house. The sweet unselfish lady of Beaubocage had indeed undergone hard experience in the acquirement of the domestic art. Heaven and her own memory alone recorded those scrapings and pinchings and nice calculations of morsels by which she had contrived to save a few pounds for her outcast brother. Such sordid economics show but poorly on earth; but it is probable that in the mass of documentary evidence which goes before the Great Judge, Mademoiselle Lenoble's account-book will be placed on the right side.



BELGRAVIA

MAY 1868

DEAD-SEA FRUIT

A Novel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX. LEFT ALONE.

WHILE Mr. Jerningham dawdled away existence among the woods and hills of Berkshire, his wife's life was marked by changes more eventful, and ruffled by deeper passions.

To Lucy Alford the lady of River Lawn had shown herself a kind and generous friend. Not long had the poor child enjoyed the luxurious quiet of the Hampton villa when she was suddenly summoned away from it. Mr. Desmond had managed her father's affairs and pacified her father's creditors, with what pecuniary sacrifice was only known to himself. But a sterner gaoler than the warder of White-cross-street lay in wait for Lucy's father, ready to stretch forth the icy hand that was to arrest that battered and broken wayfarer.

Debts and difficulties, disappointments and humiliations, with constant habits of inebriation, had done their fatal work for Tristram Alford. 'Twas but a poor wreck of humanity which emerged from the dreary city prison, when Laurence told his old tutor that he was free. The old man had suffered from one paralytic seizure long ago, in his better days of private tutorship. He had a second seizure in that dismal gaol, but made light of the attack; and although he knew himself to be a wreck, was happily unconscious how near was the hour of his sinking.

Lucy left the pretty villa at Hampton, and returned to the dreary Islington lodgings, to find her father strangely, nay indeed alarmingly, altered. She wrote to Mrs. Jerningham to tell her fears, and Emily made haste to send a physician to see the invalid. The physician shook his head, and recommended rest and change of air. These, with the aid of Mrs. Jerningham's ample purse, were easily procured, and Lucy and her father were despatched to Ventnor.

Laurence saw the physician, and asked for a candid opinion upon Tristram Alford's state.

"The man is an habitual drunkard," replied the doctor, "and has evidently been killing himself with brandy for the last ten years. If you take the brandy-bottle away from him, he will die; if you let him go on drinking, he will die. The case is beyond a cure. The man's brain is alcoholised. His next attack must be fatal."

Having once enlisted Mrs. Jerningham's friendship for Lucy Alford, Mr. Desmond felt that the young lady's fortunes had passed out of his care. Already Emily had shown herself so kind and generous that it would have been base ingratitude to doubt her charity in every new emergency. He therefore held himself aloof from Lucy and her father, and only from Mrs. Jerningham did he hear how it fared with the girl in whose fate he had taken so benevolent an interest. But while he made no overt attempt to comfort or assist her in the hour of trial and trouble, he thought of her, and pitied her, with a constancy that was at once perplexing and displeasing to his own mind.

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself, when he thought of the motherless girl watching the fading hours of her sole protector. And he wondered to perceive how much tenderness it was possible to infuse into those three common words. "Poor little thing! Tristram Alford cannot last many weeks—that is certain. And then—and then? She will be left quite alone in the world. And she must suppress all sign of her natural grief, and enact one of those ladies—ever so slightly expurgated—in *Côtelettes sautées chez Vefour*. What a dreary present! what a hopeless future!"

And at this point Mr. Desmond would dig his pen savagely into the paper, destroy the quill of an unoffending goose, and fling it from him in a sudden rage.

"What is it to me?" he asked himself. "There are hundreds of friendless girls in London for whom the future is as hopeless. Am I going to turn Quixote, and ride a tilt against the windmills of modern civilisation?"

One morning in February the editor of the *Pallas* found an envelope edged with deepest black upon his breakfast-table. It contained a brief despairing scrawl from Lucy, smeared and blotted with many tears. Death had claimed his victim. The third seizure had come, and all was over.

"I cannot tell you how kind Mrs. Jerningham has been," wrote the mourner; "all is arranged for the funeral. It is to take place on Friday. My poor dear will rest in a pleasant spot. It is very hard to bear this parting; but I think it would have seemed harder to me if he had died in London." And then followed little pious sentences, in which faith struggled with despair.

"He was always good and kind," she wrote; "I cannot recall one cross word from his dear lips. He did not go to church so regularly as

religious people think right; but he was very good. He read the Bible sometimes, and cried over it; and wherever we lodged, the little children loved him. It was not in his nature to be harsh or unkind. May God teach me to be as good and gentle as he was, and grant that we may meet some day in a happier world!"

"The funeral is to be on Friday," repeated Mr. Desmond, when he had folded and put away the letter. He was on the point of indorsing it with the rest of his correspondence, but changed his mind, and laid it gently aside in a drawer of his desk. "Not amongst tradesmen's lies, and samples of double-crown, and contributors' complaints," he said. "On Friday? Yes; I will attend my poor old tutor's funeral. It will comfort her to think that *one* friend followed him to his grave."

Early on the appointed morning Mr. Desmond knocked at the door of the Ventnor lodging-house.

"Miss Alford is at home, of course," he said to the maid. "Be so good as to take her this card, and tell her that I have come to attend the funeral, but will not intrude upon her."

He spoke in a low voice; but those cautious, suppressed tones are of all accents the most penetrating. The door of the parlour was opened softly, and Mrs. Jerningham came out into the passage.

"I recognised your voice," she said. "How very good of you to come!"

"Not at all. But how good of *you* to come! I had no idea that I should meet you here."

"And I was quite sure that I should meet *you* here," replied Emily, with the faintest possible sneer.

"Is Lucy in that room?"

"Yes."

"I do not want to see her. I wished to show my regard for that poor old man. I spent many pleasant days under his roof, and he has made so lonely an ending. It is very good of you to come, Emily; and your presence here relieves me very much with regard to that poor girl's future. I do not think you would be here if you were not really interested in her."

"Yes, Laurence; I am really interested in—your protégée."

"She is not my protégée; but I wish you to make her yours, because I scarcely think you could find a creature more in need of your charity. Poor child! she is very much distressed, I suppose."

"For the moment she is heartbroken. I shall take her away from here this evening."

"My dear Emily, I knew I was safe in relying on your noble nature!" exclaimed the editor with enthusiasm.

"For pity's sake, do not be so grateful. I have done no more than I would for *any other helpless woman* whom fate flung across my path.

In the whole affair there is only one element that makes the act a sacrifice."

"And that is ——?"

"What only a woman can feel or understand. Pray, do not let us talk about it. The funeral will not take place for an hour."

"I will go and get a band for my hat, and return here for the ceremony. There will be one mourning-coach, I suppose."

"Yes. The doctor has kindly promised to act as chief mourner. There is no one else."

"Poor Tristram! If you only knew that man's appreciation of Greek; and Greek is the only language which requires a special genius in the scholar. And to die like this!"

Mr. Desmond departed to get his hat bound with the insignia of grief. Mrs. Jerningham went back to the parlour, where the orphan sat with listless hands loosely locked, and vacant tearless eyes, lost in a stupor of grief. But even in this stupor she had recognised the voice of her dead father's only friend.

"Was not that Mr. Desmond in the passage just now?" she asked.

"Yes; he has come down to attend his old friend's funeral."

"How good of him! How kind you both are to me!" murmured Lucy. "O, believe me, I am grateful. And yet, dear Mrs. Jerningham, I feel as if it would be better for me to be going to lie by *his* side in that peaceful grave."

"No, Lucy. Your life is all to come. You have known sorrow and trouble; but you have not drained the cup of happiness only to find the bitterness of the draught. *That* is real despair. You have not outlived your hopes and your dreams and your faith—nay, indeed, your very self—as I have."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MORLAND COUGH.

LAURENCE DESMOND heard the sublimely solemn service read above his old tutor's coffin, and left Ventnor without seeing Lucy Alford. Again and again he told himself that with the orphan girl's future fate he had no concern. He had given her a good friend—and a friend of her own sex—who would doubtless afford her help and protection, directly or indirectly, in the future.

"She has passed out of my life," he said to himself; "poor little thing! Let me forget that I ever saw her."

On this he applied himself with Herculean energy to his editorial labours. Stern and scathing, biting and bitter, were the articles of the *Pallas*. It seemed as if Swift, and Churchill, and Wilkes, and that nameless traitor who terrified an English ministry in the columns of the *Public Advertiser*, had been evoked from the under-world by the

that journal. Ill fared helpless woman at the hands of those hosts. The founder of Greek comedy, who proclaimed himself in the only extant fragment of his verse, with the straight "Woman's a curse!" seemed to guide the helm of that smart *Pallas*. Feminine folly, feminine ignorance, feminine extravaganine immodesty, furnished week after week a subject for touch of the skilled anatomist. Now it was woman's brain erred beneath the vivisector's knife; anon woman's heart that l under the same cruel instrument. Who shall say that the sentences were undeserved, or that they went not home to s of the fair offenders? Yet it is doubtful if many tender flung down their borrowed tresses at the call of this lay la, or if milliners were much the poorer for this solemn sum-udgment.

Mr. Desmond paid his next visit to River Lawn he found comfortably installed there, and looking pale as the snowdrops in ample mourning. She said a few tremulous words in answer to the greeting, and then left the room.

"I does not like to talk of her father," Mrs. Jerningham said, "she was gone; "and I daresay she has run away to escape your condolences. He seems on the whole to have been rather a person, but she mourns him as if he had been a saint. 'We are happy together,' she says; and then she tells me of his interest in the reer, and the patience with which he would sit in the boxes for night to see her act, and then would tell her the points in which she failed, and the points in which she succeeded, and lament the inability of her wearing a mask, with some dreadful pipe or mouth-piece like the Greek actors; and she tells me of their cosy little supper at the theatre, pettitoes—WHAT are pettitoes?—and baked and sausages, and other dreadful things which it would be death for persons in society to eat; and so the poor child runs on as if she is the most affectionate, grateful creature I ever met, and I am beginning to love me."

"I has reason to do so," replied Mr. Desmond. "I suppose she is obliged to go on the stage again. I have a promise of an engagement for her from my friend Hartstone."

"I pe she will not be obliged to accept it. Her father's death has effected a complete change in her feelings with regard to the drama. The poor old man's companionship seems to have sustained her in all her petty trials—and now he is gone as from encountering the difficulties of such a life. So, with such assistance as I can give her, she is trying to qualify herself for the position of governess. Her reading is more extensive than of most girls, and she is working hard to supply the deficiency in her education."

"I am very glad to hear that," Laurence answered heartily; "I consider such a life much better suited to her than the uncertainties of a provincial theatre."

And then he remembered that in the existence of a governess there were also uncertainties, trials, temptations, loneliness; and it seemed to him as if Lucy Alford's destiny must be a care and a perplexity to him to the end of time.

"I shall keep Lucy with me for some weeks to come," said Mrs. Jerningham, "for I find her a most devoted little companion, and she is exercising her powers as my reader and amanuensis, in order to prepare herself for the caprices of some valetudinarian dowager in the future."

"You are very good, Emily."

"Yes, because I am of some use to your Miss Alford;—that is my virtue in your eyes, Laurence."

"If you are going to talk in that manner, I shall try to catch the next train."

"It is very absurd, is it not?" cried Mrs. Jerningham, with a light laugh; "but you see it is natural to a woman to be jealous; and a woman who lives in such a place as this has nothing to do but cherish jealous fancies."

"Let us understand each other once and for ever," said Laurence gravely. "To me Lucy Alford seems little more than a child: the time in which I used to see her frisking about with a hideous Scotch terrier, and dressed in a brown-holland pinafore, is not so very remote, you know. I found her in the most bitter need of a friend; and so far as I could befriend her, I did so, honestly, biding the time in which I could enlist a good woman's sympathy in her behalf. Having done that, I have done all, and I wash my hands of the whole affair. If there is the least hazard of jealousy where Miss Alford is concerned, I will not reënter this house while she inhabits it."

"That would be to punish me for my philanthropy. No, Laurence, I am not jealous of this poor child; any more than I am jealous of every other woman to whom you speak. Jealousy is a chronic disease, you see, a kind of slow fever, and it has taken possession of me."

"Emily!"

"I think it is only another name for nerves. Do not look at me with such consternation. What is it Mr. Kingsley says?—'Men must work, and women must weep.' They *must*, you see! It is the primary necessity of their existence; and if they have no real miseries, no husbands drifting over the harbour-bar to death, they invent sorrows, and weep over them."

To this kind of talk Mr. Desmond was tolerably well accustomed. It is the kind of talk which a man whom fate, or his own folly, has placed in a false position is sure to hear. One can fancy that Paris *must* have had rather a heavy time of it with Helen; and that when he

went forth prancing like a war-horse to meet Menelaus, his gaiety may have in some degree arisen from his sense of escaping an impending curtain-lecture from the divine Tyndarid.

For some weeks after this conversation the editor of the *Pallas* contrived to be more than usually occupied with the affairs of his paper. He sent Mrs. Jerningham tickets for concerts, and new books, and new music; but River Lawn he avoided. It was only upon a royal command from the lady that he appeared there one afternoon, about six weeks after the funeral at Ventnor.

He found Lucy looking better; but Lucy's patroness was paler than usual, and was much disturbed by a dry hacking cough, which somewhat alarmed Mr. Desmond.

Emily herself, however, made very light of the cough, nor did Mrs. Colton seem to consider it of any importance.

"It is only a winter cough," said Mrs. Jerningham; "I have suffered from the same kind of thing every winter, if indeed you can call it suffering. I suppose one must pay some penalty for living by the river. But I would not exchange my Thames for the gift of exemption from cough."

"It is quite a Morland cough," said Mrs. Colton; "my sister, Emily's mamma, had just the same kind of cough every winter."

Morland was the name of Mrs. Jerningham's maternal ancestry. Laurence bethought himself that Emily's mother had died at thirty years of age, and he was not inclined to make light of the Morland cough.

"I wish you would come to town to-morrow and see Dr. Leonards," he said by and by, when he and Emily were out of earshot of Mrs. Colton; "I don't see why you should go on coughing, or stay by the river, if Hampton disagrees with you."

"Dr. Leonards is the great man for the chest, is he not?" asked Mrs. Jerningham. "It would be really too absurd for me to see him. I have nothing whatever the matter with my chest, except a little pain occasionally, which Mr. Canterham, the Hampton surgeon, calls indigestion. Dr. Leonards would laugh at me."

"So much the better if he does," answered Laurence. "But I should very much like you to see him. You will do so, won't you, Emily, to oblige me?"

"To oblige you!" repeated Mrs. Jerningham, regarding him with a thoughtful gaze. "Why are you so anxious to consult the oracle? Is it to resolve a doubt, or to confirm a hope?"

"Emily!"

"O, forgive me!" she cried, holding out her hand. "I am always thinking or saying something wicked. The Calvinists must surely be right; for I feel as if I was created a vile creature, 'not born to be judged, but judged before I was born.' I will go to see your Dr. Leonards. I will do anything in the world to please you."

"My dear Emily, to please me you have only to be happy yourself," he answered with real affection.

"Ah, that is just the one thing that I cannot do. My life is all wrong somehow, and I cannot make it right. I have been trying to square the circle, ever since my marriage—with such unspeakable care and trouble—and the circle is no nearer being square. The impracticable, unmeasurable curves still remain, and are not to be squared by my power of calculation."

"Ah, Emily, if you had only trusted in me, and waited!"

"Ah, Laurence, if you had only spoken a little sooner!"

"I would not speak till I had secured a certain income. I had been taught to believe that no woman in your position could exist without a certain expenditure."

"Ah, that is the false philosophy of your modern school. A man tells himself that with such or such a woman he could live happily all the days of his life, but his friends warn him that the lady has been educated in a certain style, and must therefore be extravagant—so he keeps aloof from her; and some day, necessity, family ambition, weariness, pique, anger, Heaven knows what incomprehensible feminine impulse, tempts her to the utterance of the most fatal lie a woman's lips can shape. She marries a man she can never love, and she has her equipage, and her servants, and her house in Mayfair, and all the splendours *he* has been told she cannot live without: and she *does* live—the life of the world, which is living death."

"For God's sake no more! You stab me to the heart."

He covered his face with his hands, and thought of what she had been saying to him. Yes, it was all true. His worldly wisdom had blighted that fair young life. Because he had been prudent; because he had taken counsel with his long-headed friends of the world, and had believed them when they said that the horrors of Pandemonium were less horrid than the dismal muddling torments of a pinched household—because of these things Emily Jerningham's mind had been embittered, and her fair name sullied. And he could not undo the past. No. Strike Harold Jerningham from the roll of the living to-morrow, and leave those two free to wed, the haughty woman and the world-worn man who should stand side by side before God's altar would have little more than their names in common with the lovers who walked arm-in-arm ten years ago in the garden at Passy.

"Yes, Emily, my sin is heavier than yours," he said presently. "With both want of faith was the root of evil. If you had trusted in me, if I had trusted in Providence, all would have been different. But it is worse than useless to bewail those old mistakes. Let us make the best of what happiness remains to us. The pleasures of a real friendship, and one of those rarest of all alliances—a friendship between man and woman on terms of intellectual equality."

"There are wretched misogynists who say that kind of thing never

answered," said Mrs. Jerningham; "but we will try to prove them able maligners. And you will never regret the loss of a wife, or want of a home, eh, Laurence?"

"Never, while you abstain from foolish jealousies," he answered and in all good faith.

Mrs. Jerningham drove into town next day, to see Dr. Leonards, in accordance with her promise to Laurence Desmond. She was accompanied by Mrs. Colton, who thought it rather absurd that anyone should take so much trouble about a Morland cough; but who was not disposed to spend an hour in the delightful diversion of shopping, or to visit one of the winter exhibitions of pictures, while the horses were at rest and refreshment.

Dr. Leonards said very little, except that Mrs. Jerningham's chest was rather weak, and her nerves somewhat too highly strung. He asked her a few questions, wrote her a prescription, enjoined great care, and invited her to come to him again in a fortnight, or, better still, for him to come to her.

"Now, really, you ought not to be out to-day," he said, glancing at the thermometer. "There is the slightest appearance of fever; and, besides, a drive from Hampton is about the worst possible thing for you."

"You ought to be sitting in a warm room at home."

"Look at my wraps," exclaimed Mrs. Jerningham.

"My dear lady, do you really imagine that your sables can protect you in the air you breathe? An equable temperature of about sixty degrees is what you require; and here you are on a bleak March day, thirty miles in a draughty carriage. I must beg you to be more prudent."

Mrs. Colton on this assured Dr. Leonards that the cough was only a cold; but the physician repeated his injunction.

"Prevention is better than cure," he said. "I can say nothing more than the old adage. Thanks. Good-morning."

This was the patient's dismissal; the two ladies returned to their carriage.

"I hope Mr. Desmond will be satisfied," said Mrs. Jerningham; "now let us go to see the French pictures."

In the French picture-gallery the ladies found Mr. Desmond, absorbed in the contemplation of a Meissonier.

"How good of you to be here!" exclaimed Mrs. Jerningham, brightly, as she recognised him; "and so, for once in a way, you really have a leisure morning."

"I never have a leisure morning; at this very moment I ought to be writing upon a sensational historian, who fancies himself somewhere between Thucydides and Macaulay. But you told me you were here, and so I postpone my sensational historian's annihilation until next week, and come to hear what Dr. Leonards says of your

"Dr. Leonards says very little. I am to take care of myself. That is all."

"What does he mean by care?"

"O, I suppose I am to go on wearing furs, and that kind of thing. And I am to see all the pictures of the year; and you are to find plenty of leisure mornings; and so on."

In this careless manner did the patient dismiss the subject; nor could Laurence extort any further information from her. He attacked Mrs. Colton next, but could obtain little intelligence from that lady; and beyond this point he was powerless to proceed. He, Laurence Desmond, could not interrogate Dr. Leonards upon the health of Harold Jerningham's wife. If she had been dangerously ill, interference was no privilege of his. And as her illness was of a very slight and unalarming character, he was fain to content himself with the fact that she had placed herself under the direction of an eminent physician.

That day was one of the few happy days that had been granted of late to Emily Jerningham. Mr. Desmond was even more devoted and anxious than he had shown himself for a long time. He accompanied the two ladies to picture-galleries, and silk-merciers, florists, and librarians, and did not leave them till he saw them safely bestowed in their carriage for the homeward journey, banked-in with parcels, and in an atmosphere stifling with exotics.

"What, in the name of the Sphinx, do women do with their parcels?" he asked himself, as he went back to his chambers. "Mrs. Jerningham comes to town at least once a fortnight, and she never goes back to Hampton without the same heterogeneous collection of paper packages. What can be the fate of that mysterious mass? How does she make away with that mountain of frivolity, packed in whitey-brown paper? I never see any trace of the contents of those inexplicable packets. They never seem to develop into anything beyond their primeval form. To this day I know not what butterflies emerge from those paper chrysalids. And if she had been my wife, I must have found money to pay for all those parcels. I must have battered my weary brains, and worked myself into a premature grave to supply that perennial stream of parcels."

CHAPTER XXXI.

LUCY'S FAREWELL TO THE STAGE.

FOR Lucy Alford life's outlook seemed very dreary after that ch day in February, when her father's bones were laid in their last resting place. He had not been a good father—if measured by the ordinary standard of parental duty—but he had been a kind and gentle one, and his daughter lamented him with profound regret. He had allowed

er to grow up very much as she pleased, taking no pains to educate her, but suffering her to pick-up such stray crumbs of learning as fell from the table of the professional crammer; but by reason of this very neglect Tristram Alford had seemed to his child the very centre of love and indulgence. And, beyond this, he had believed in her, and admired her, and sustained her fainting spirit, when the theatrical horizon was darkest—when managers were unkind, and sister-actresses malevolent—by such prophetic visions of future triumphs, and such glowing anticipations of coming happiness, as the man of sanguine temperament can always evolve from his inner consciousness and a gin-bottle. The poor child had found comfort and hope in those shadowy dreams, happily unconscious that her father's fancies were steeped in alcohol; and now that he was gone, the hopes and dreams seemed to have perished with him.

Thus it was that Lucy shrank from the idea of recommencing her theatrical labours as from a hopeless and a dreary prospect. Nor were her feelings on this subject uninfluenced by the sentiments of those two persons who were now her sole earthly friends. Laurence Desmond's shuddering horror of the Cat's-meat-man, his furtive glance at the little red-satin boots in which she was to have danced the famous comic dance so much affected of late years, had been keenly noted, and remembered with cruel pain.

"How can he be so prejudiced against the profession?" she asked herself. And then she thought of Shakespeare, and of the Greek dramatists, whose every syllable and every comma had been so laboriously studied in the cramming season at Henley,—and was slow to perceive that the more a man loves his Shakespeare and his Sophocles, the less indulgence is he likely to show to the Cat's-meat-man.

Mrs. Jerningham contemplated the dramatic profession from the stand-point of a woman who had known poverty, but had never found herself in the streets of London without an escort, or her brougham, and who had spent her life in a circle where every woman's movements are regulated by severe and immutable laws.

"How will you pursue your professional career, now that your poor papa is gone, my dear?" she asked kindly, when she came to discuss Miss Alford's future. "You cannot possibly travel about the country without a *chaperone*—some nice elderly person who could take great care of you, and whose respectability would be a kind of guarantee for your safety. It is quite out of the question that you should go from town to town *without* some such person."

Lucy blushed as she thought of the many damsels who did go from town to town unattended by this ideal representative of the proprieties; of Miss Gloucester, the walking-lady, who had walked in that ladylike capacity for the last fifteen years, and knew every town in the United Kingdom, and every *fit-up* or temporary temple of the drama in the British Islands,—and who had supported her bedridden old mother in

a comfortable lodging at Walworth, and had dressed herself with exquisite neatness and cleanliness, and preserved a reputation without spot or blemish, during the whole period, on a salary averaging to five shillings per week. She thought, with a deeper blush, of the dancers, Mademoiselle Pasdebasque and Miss May Zourka, who roamed over the face of the earth together, loud and reckless and reckless as a couple of medical students, and who were dimly suspected of having given suppers—suppers of oysters and pork-pies and beer—to the officers of different garrisons, in the course of their wanderings. Of these, and of many other unprotected strollers,—bright pure gentle girls, of good lineage and careful education; honest hard-working and self-sacrificing bread-winners; others poor and disreputable wanderers, who made their profession a means to vile ends,—did Lucy think, as Mrs. Jerningham laid down the law to the respectable elderly *chaperone*.

“Do you know anyone of unblemished respectability with whom you could travel?” Mrs. Jerningham asked after a pause.

Miss Alford’s mental gaze surveyed the ranks of her acquaintances, and the image of Mrs. M’Grudder arose before her, grim and terrible. Unblemished respectability was the M’Grudder’s strong point. The fact that she was not an immoral person was a boast which she was wont to reiterate at all times and seasons, appropriate or inappropriate. Her blameless fame had furnished her with many a Parthian shot wherewith to wound helpless evil-doers of the Pasdebasque and Zourka class, in that Eleusinian temple of theatrical life, the London dressing-room. Abroad, guilty Pasdebasque has the best of it. She attends race-meetings in her carriage, and flaunts her silks and velvets before the awe-stricken eyes of the little country town. The garrison provides her with bouquets, and applauds her *entrées* with big hands and a bass roar of welcome; while her Benefits are favoured with a patronage seldom accorded to the benefits of innocence. But Nemesis awaits her in the dressing-room. There the dread Fates avenge the wrongs of their weaker sisterhood, and retribution takes its awful voice of M’Grudder.

Ruthlessly does that lady perform her appointed duty. Loud are her expressions of wonder at the triumphs of *some* people; her bewilderment on perceiving the superb attire which *some* people can procure for a pittance of two guineas per week; her regret that on the occasion of *her* benefit the 17th Prancers had held themselves disdainfully aloof from the theatre, though her Lady Douglas *had* been compared to the performance of the same character by the great Siddons, and by just as *quite* as competent as the Prancers; and anon, in the next breath, an inconsistent avowal of thankfulness to Providence that her dress-circle had been empty, rather than filled as was the dress-circle of Mademoiselle Pasdebasque.

Lucy thought of Mrs. M’Grudder, who had at divers times

upon herself the chaperonage of some timid young aspirant, and beneath whose ample wing, if rumour was to be trusted, the hapless neophyte had known a hard time. No, the profession at best had its trials; but life spent in the companionship of Mrs. M'Grudder would have been too bitter a martyrdom.

This was the beginning of the end of Miss Alford's professional career. She had pondered much upon Laurence Desmond's evident dislike to her position, and had taken that dislike deeply to heart. The glamour was fast fading from the fairy dream of her childhood. She had played at Electra and Antigone—she had stood before her looking-glass, inspired, and radiant with passionate emotion, fancying herself Juliet or Pauline; and all her dreams had ended in—a page's dress, and a foolish comic song.

Mrs. Jerningham's influence speedily completed the work of disenchantment; and before Tristram Alford had been dead a month his daughter had bidden farewell to the stage—in no brilliant apotheosis of bouquets and clamorous chorus of half-distraught dramatic critics eloquent as Pythoness on tripod, but in the sad silence of her own lonely chamber. She had said her doleful good-bye to the dreams of her youth, and had begun the practical career of a woman who stands quite alone in the world, and who has no hope save in her own patient industry.

"If I had anyone to work for," she thought sadly, "it would not seem hard to me. But to toil and drudge in order that I may prolong my lonely life, and with no other end or aim—!"

To Mrs. Jerningham she made no piteous confession of her own sadness. It was agreed between them that she was to be a governess. Mrs. Jerningham's influence would be invaluable in procuring her a situation; and all she had to do was to make herself mistress of the accomplishments which that lady assured her were indispensable. Some of these accomplishments she had already mastered; of others she had a superficial knowledge. Nothing was required but a little patient drudgery; two or three hours a-day devoted to the piano, an hour or so to her German grammar. And in the evening she could read *I Promessi Sposi* to her kind patroness, by way of polishing her Italian.

"You shall stay with us till we have made you a perfect treasure in the way of governesses," Emily said kindly, "and then auntie and I will take pains to get you a situation with nice people, who will give you seventy or eighty pounds a-year, and with whom you may be as happy as the day is long; and I am sure that will be better than your dreadful country theatres."

Lucy assented to this proposition; but she thought, with a sigh, of Market Deeping, and her brief triumphs as Pauline. Yes, the dramatic profession was no doubt a hard one, but she had been happy at Market Deeping; and that one night of glory, when she had been called before the curtain after her performance of Pauline, had been a dazzling

glimpse of brightness which shone back upon her through the mists of the past with supernal radiance. And instead of such bright brief successes, she was to teach those hideous German declensions, and read *I Promessi Sposi*, and superintend the performance of Cramer's exercises, for ever and ever. For ever and ever! She was but just eighteen, and the long blank life before her looked like an eternity.

Her chief consolation during the patient laborious days was the thought that Mr. Desmond would approve her efforts; her secondary motive was the desire to be duly grateful for Mrs. Jerningham's kindness. Nor were her days all drudgery. Her patroness was too kind to allow this. There were long drives through the bright pastoral landscape that lies around sleepy river-side Hampton; a little, very little, quiet society; an occasional novel; and a rare—ah, too rare—visit from the editor of the *Pallas*.

The relations existing between that gentleman and Mrs. Jerningham were quite beyond poor inexperienced Lucy's comprehension, and they formed the subject of her wondering meditations.

Between Mr. Desmond and Mrs. Jerningham there was no tie of kindred—that fact had long ago transpired; nor could Mr. Desmond be affianced to a lady whose husband's existence was a notorious fact. And yet Mr. Desmond was obviously the especial property, the moral goods and chattels, of Mrs. Jerningham. Miss Alford knew something of Plato, but very little of that figment of the modern brain entitled Platonic attachment. Friendship between these two persons would in no manner have surprised her; but, innocent as she was, her instinct told her that in this association there was something more than common friendship. If she had been blind to every subtle shade of tone and manner that prevailed between these two, she would have perceived the one fact, that Mr. Desmond's manner to herself in Emily's presence was not what it had been in the Islington lodging-house, where he had first come to her relief. The tender, half-fatherly familiarity was exchanged for a ceremonious courtesy that chilled her to the heart. Beyond a few kind but measured sentences of inquiry or solicitude when he first saw her, he scarcely addressed her at all during his visits of many hours. She sat far away from the chess-table or the reading-desk by which Emily's low easy-chair was placed, and the subdued murmur of the two voices only came to her at intervals from the spot where Mrs. Jerningham and her guest conversed.

At dinner Mr. Desmond's talk was of that western London which was stranger to her than Egypt or Babylon; the music which Mrs. Jerningham played after dinner was from modern operas, whose every note was familiar to those two, but of which she knew no more than the names. The books, the people, the places they talked of were all alike strange to her. She was with them, but not of them. The sense of her strangeness and loneliness weighed upon her like a physical oppression. Every day of Mr. Desmond's absence she found herself

of—nay, even hoping for—his coming ; and when he came miserable, and felt her solitary hopeless position more keenly his absence.

why did I ever see him ?” she asked herself. “ I should have done, somehow, at such places as Market Deeping, and might have succeeded in my profession. And now I have given my hopes to please him—and he does not care. What can it do him whether I am an actress or a governess ? I am nothing

does not care ! This was the note, the dominant of all Miss Sad’s reveries. She toiled on patiently, always anxious to please ; but it seemed to her very hard that in gaining this new she should have so utterly lost that old sweet friendship which she had in the days when she wore holland pinafores, and fished in the barbel with a wretched worm impaled upon a crooked

when her sad thoughts were saddest, a faint sigh escaped her as she bent over her work, in her accustomed seat by one of the windows, remote from the spot affected by Mrs. Jerningham ; and, upon some minutes afterwards, she saw Laurence Desmond’s eyes on her with a look that penetrated her heart. Ah, what did it say in that tender, deeply-mournful look ? This inexperienced girl did not trust her own translation of its meaning. But that sad reached her heart with a new feeling.

“ He thinks of me ; he is sorry for me,” she said to herself. More she dared not hope ; but in her dreams that night, and in her waking and dreams of many days and nights to come, the look was to haunt her. In the next minute she heard Mrs. Jerningham express her desire for a game of chess, with the tone of an extremely leopatra to an unmartial Antony.

Weeks and months went by, and Mrs. Jerningham was still a hospitable friend to the helpless girl whom Mr. Desmond had won by her compassion.

“ I am very glad you introduced her to me,” Emily said sometimes in the parlour of the *Pallas*. “ She is really a dear little thing ; and I am quite attached to her.”

“ Yes, she is a good little girl,” replied Mr. Desmond, in a careless

“ I am as to jealousy,” resumed Emily, “ of course that is quite out of the question with such a dear harmless little creature.”

“ Of course.” Then Mrs. Jerningham looked at Mr. Desmond, and Mr. Desmond looked at Mrs. Jerningham, with the air of accomplished sword-guard.

Mrs. Jerningham jealous of this “ dear harmless little creature ” ? No, she shed *Miss Lucy* very closely when Laurence was present, and

had a sharp eye for Laurence when he gave Miss Lucy good-day; but if she had been jealous, she would scarcely have kept Lucy at the villa, where Laurence saw her very often; on the other hand, if Lucy had not been at the villa Laurence might have seen her even more often, and Mrs. Jerningham could not have been present at their meetings; so there may have been some alloy of self-interest mingled with the pure gold of womanly kindness.

The spring ripened into early summer, and the Hampton villa looked its brightest; but neither spring nor summer saw the end of Emily Jerningham's family cough. She insisted upon making light of the matter, and as, unhappily, those about her were inexperienced in illness, the slight but perpetual cough gave little uneasiness. Before Laurence she made a point of appearing at her best. Excitement gave colour to her cheeks and light to her eyes. The outline of her patrician face was little impaired by some loss of roundness, and her elegant demie-toilettes concealed the fact that she was growing alarmingly thin. Her maid alone knew the extent of the change, which she and the housekeeper discussed, with much solemn foreboding of coming ill.

"I had to line the sleeves of her last dress with wadding," said the abigail; "such a beautiful arm as she had too, when I first came to her; but she's been going off gradual like for the last three years, pore thing! and as to talking to her about her 'ealth, it would be as much as my place is worth, for a prouder lady, nor a more reserved in her ways, I never lived with. You might as well stand behind a statue, and brush *its* hair, till you're ready to drop, for anything like conversation you can get out of *her*; and when I think of my last lady—which was a countess, as you know, Wilcox, and the things *she'd* tell me, and the way she loved a bit of gossip—it turns my blood to ice like to wait upon Mrs. Jerningham. And yet as generous a lady as ever I served; and as kind and civil-spoken, in her own cold way."

Mrs. Jerningham paid several visits to Dr. Leonards; but as she obstinately or apathetically ignored that distinguished physician's counsels, she was no better for those drives to Great George-street.

Laurence questioned her closely as to these interviews, and would fain have questioned Dr. Leonards himself, had his position authorised him to do so.

Lucy, who knew absolutely nothing of illness, believed her kind patroness's cough to be the merest nervous irritation of the throat; nor was Mrs. Colton in any manner alarmed. No one but Mrs. Jerningham herself knew of her feverish nights, and daily hours of suffering and languor, endured in the solitude of her pretty morning-room. Even the patient herself had no apprehension of danger. The languor had crept upon her by such slow degrees, the fever had so long been a chronic disorder.

"If I were happy, I should soon be well, I daresay," she said to





herself; "the fever and the weakness are of the mind rather than the body."

In the first week of summer Mr. Desmond gave himself a brief respite from the cares of the *Pallas*, and secured bachelor lodgings at Sunbury, where he kept his boat, and whence he rowed to and from River Lawn.

"And this week you are really going to give to me?" said Mrs. Jerningham.

"To you and to Father Thames. I hope you are as fond of the river as you were last summer."

"O yes. The river has been my companion upon many a lonely summer day. I have reason to be fond of the river."

She glanced with something of sadness to her favourite seat under the drooping boughs of a Spanish chestnut. Her summer days had been very lonely, lacking all those elements which make the lives of women sweet and happy. For her had been no murmur of children's voices, no pleasant cares of household, no daily expectation of a husband's return from club or senate, office or counting-house; no weekly round of visits among the poor; no sense of duty done: only a dull listless blank, and the last new novel, and the last new colour in *gros de Lyons*, and the last new monster in scentless gaudy horticulture, a chocolate-coloured calceolaria, a black dahlia, a sea-green camellia japonica.

"You are going to give me the whole week," she said. "O Laurence, I will try to be happy!"

She said this with unwonted earnestness, and with eyes that were dim with unshed tears. And she kept her word. She did honestly try to be happy, and she succeeded in being—gay. If the gaiety were somewhat feverish, if her harmonious laugh bordered on that laughter whereof Solomon said "it was mad," she did for the moment contrive to escape thought. This was something; for of late thought had been only another name for care.

Mr. Desmond had rowed stroke in the University Eight, and shared the Oxonian fallacy that to scull from ten to twenty miles under a howling sun is the intellectual man's best repose. He rested his brain from the labours of the *Pallas*, and spent his days in pulling a roomy wherry to and fro between Hampton and Maidenhead, with Mrs. Jerningham and Lucy Alford for his passengers, and a dainty little hamper of luncheon for his cargo.

The weather was lovely. The landscape through which the river flows between Hampton and Chertsey, between Chertsey and Maidenhead, is a kind of terrestrial paradise, and a paradise peopled with poetic shades; and all along those pastoral, villa-dotted banks nestled the villages and trimly-furnished inns, within whose hospitable shade the wanderers might repose, while the smart maple-painted boat bobbed up and down at anchor in the sun. These peaceful rovers kept no count

of the hours. They left River Lawn at early morning, lunched among the reedy shores below Chertsey, took their five-o'clock tea at Staines, and went home with the tide to a compound collation, which combined the elements of dinner, tea, and supper.

Mrs. Colton was but too glad to forego the delights of these water-parties in favour of Lucy; nor was Laurence sorry to resign a passenger who weighed some twelve or thirteen stone, who at every lurch of the boat entertained fears of drowning; to whom every weir seemed perilous as Niagara, and every lock a descent into Hades; and whose shawls and wraps, and carriage-rugs and foot-muffs, were insufferable to behold under the summer sun.

To Lucy the delight of these excursions was a single ineffable pleasure. She knew that this bright brief existence in *his* company was to occur once in her life, and once only. Again and again she told herself this; but she could not help being dangerously happy. The river, the sunshine, the landscape, the perfumed air that crept over banks of wild-thyme,—for, thank Heaven, in spite of the builder the wild-thyme does still blow on banks we know not twenty miles from London,—all these things of themselves would have made her happy; but to these things Laurence Desmond's presence, his low kind voice, his ever-thoughtful care, lent a new sweetness.

In plain truth, this penniless orphan-girl had most innocently and unconsciously fallen in love—or learned to love the man who had befriended her. Of that kindly, compassionate assistance which Mr. Desmond had given in all singleness of heart *this* was the fatal fruit. From the first he had felt a vague consciousness that danger might lurk in this association; but the full extent of that peril he had never foreseen. It was danger to himself he had dreaded. The girl's helplessness had touched him, her gratitude had melted him, her pretty, innocent, almost reverential looks and tones had flattered him.

He knew now that the hazard of his own feelings had been less than the peril of hers. By signs and tokens, too subtle and too delicate for translation into words, the fatal secret had been revealed to him. He knew that he was beloved; that this affectionate, innocent heart was his; that this fresh young life might be taken into his keeping to-morrow, to brighten and bless his own until the end of his earthly pilgrimage. Yes; this dear little creature, with her soft winning ways and dove-like eyes, he might have claimed for his wife to-morrow: if he had been free. But on him there was a tie more binding than marriage, a chain that no divorce could break—the bondage of his honour. As Lancelot sadly bade farewell to the lily maid of Astolat, so Laurence, in the silence of his heart, put away from him the dream and the hope that he would fain have cherished.

And all the time he thought of his bondage, the oars dipped gaily *into the water*, and the editor and Mrs. Jerningham talked of literature and art, and fashion and horticulture; and Lucy was satisfied with the de-

light of hearing that one dear voice which made the most commonplace conversation a kind of poetry. There are no limits to the sentimentality of inexperienced girlhood. Young ladies in society had calculated Mr. Desmond's income to a sixpence, and had assessed all the advantages of his position, his chances of going into Parliament by and by, with every remote contingency of his career. But if he had indeed been Lancelot, and herself Elaine the fair, Lucy Alford could scarcely have regarded him with more reverent affection. And all this he had won for himself by a little Christianlike compassion, and an expenditure of something under fifty pounds.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"COULD LOVE PART THUS,"

THE happy week went by, and at the close of it came the end of the world, as it seemed to Lucy Alford.

"Good news, Lucy," Mrs. Jerningham said one morning as she opened her letters at the breakfast-table; "good news for you."

"For me," faltered Miss Alford, blushing; "what good news can there be for me?"

What indeed? Was not Laurence Desmond's holiday to end to-morrow? This afternoon they were to have their last row on the Thames.

"Yes, Lucy. You remember what I told you about Mrs. Fitzpatrick, that delightful person in Ireland. I wrote to her a few days ago, you know, telling her of my plans for you; for she is just one of those good motherly creatures who are always ready to help one; and it happens most fortunately that she can take you herself. Her own governess—a young person who had been with her five years—has lately married, and she has tried in vain to find any one she likes. You are to go to her at once, dear, with a salary of sixty pounds. The situation will be a delightful one; you will be quite one of the family; and they live in a noble old stone-house, in a great wilderness of a park, only fifteen miles from Limerick."

"Only fifteen miles from Limerick." If the noble old stone-house had been fifteen miles from Memphis, or fifteen miles from Timbuctoo, the name of the locality could scarcely have conjured up more dreary ideas in the mind of Lucy Alford. She involuntarily made a rough calculation of the mileage between Limerick and Mr. Desmond's chambers. *Him* she could never hope to see again if she went to those unknown wilds of Ireland. And yet what did it matter? A world seemed to divide them, as it was. Sitting in the same boat with him, the abyss that yawned between them was profound and immeasurable as eternity. At Limerick or at Hampton it must be all the same. He was nothing to her at Hampton; at Limerick he could be no less than nothing. Something in her face, as she mused thus, told Mrs. Jerningham that the delight afforded by these tidings was not altogether unalloyed.

"I daresay the notion of such a journey alarms you," said Emily kindly; "but I will see that all is arranged for your comfort. And I am sure you will be happy at Shannondale Park. I could not have wished you better fortune than such a home."

No: what could fortune give her brighter than this? A pleasant home and a kind mistress. She felt like some poor little slave sold to a new master, to be sent to a strange country. She tried with a great effort to express some sense of pleasure and thankfulness, but she could not. The words choked her. Happy, in barbarous wastes of unknown Hibernia, while *he* lived his own life in London, serenely forgetful of her wretched existence!

"O, how ungrateful I am!" she said to herself, while Mrs. Jerningham watched her sharply, and guessed what thoughts were working in that sorely-troubled brain.

"Perhaps a situation nearer London would have suited you better, Miss Alford," Emily remarked with biting acrimony; "where your *old friends* could have called upon you from time to time."

Lucy flushed burning red, and anon burst into tears.

"I have no friend in the world but you," she said piteously. "I know it is wicked of me not to be pleased with such good fortune; and I—am—truly—ger—ger—grateful to you, dear Mrs. Jerningham; but Ireland seems so *very* far away."

The piteous look subdued Emily's sternness. She took the girl's hand in her own tenderly.

"Yes, it *seems* far away," she said cheerfully; "but I know you will be happy there. You cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the river Shannon."

Lucy thought of Father Thames and his dipping willows, deep shadows of woody island, silver splash of dancing river, and *his* grave face sadly regardful of her in the pauses of his talk. She thought of these things, and shook her head. Ah, no, it was impossible; for *her*, Shannon could never be what Thames had been. Mrs. Jerningham comforted her in a grand patronising manner, and promised her unbounded happiness—on the banks of the Shannon.

"You do not know what the Irish are," she exclaimed; "so kind, so hearty, so genial. With them a governess is received as one of the family. The children love her, and cling to her as if she were an elder sister. And the Fitzpatricks are of the *vieille roche*, you know; you will find no parvenu gentility there."

Yes, the picture was a fair one; but, for lack of one feature, it seemed cold and dreary to Lucy Alford. She managed, however, to appear contented, and thanked Mrs. Jerningham prettily for the kindness which had procured her this strange distant home. After this Emily went out alone to her garden and hothouses, to inspect the latest ugliness in calceolarias; and Mrs. Colton held her morning conference with the *housekeeper*, and received a solemn embassy from the kitchen-garden and forcing-houses. Lucy sat listlessly in the drawing-room, meditating

upon the new estate of life to which it had pleased Mrs. Jerningham, under Providence, to call her; while Mrs. Jerningham went to see the new calceolaria, and to reflect at ease upon her late interview with Lucy.

"There isn't one of 'em out as deep a colour as this here, mum," said the gardener; "and if I can get the slips to strike—as I believe I shall—we shall have a rare show of 'em."

"Poor little thing, how she loves him!" thought Mrs. Jerningham. "But in a new country, among new faces, she will soon forget all that."

"They strikes a deep root, you see, mum, when they do strike, these young plants. They sends their suckers down into the earth, and you'd find it hard work to uproot 'em."

"A girl of that age is always falling in love," continued Mrs. Jerningham. "It's a mere overflow of juvenile sentimentality, and never lasts very long."

And then, having stared at the flowers in the hothouse with absent unseeing eyes, she would fain have departed; but the gardener stopped her with a request for permission to order more manure.

"We shall want a few loads more, mum," he said, in his most insinuating tone; "I don't like to be allus askin'—which I know it *do* look like that—but I know as you wish a show made with these here calceolaries; and these young plants require a deal o' manure. And then there's the melons, mum; there ain't a plant going like melons for sucking the goodness out of manure—they're a regular greedy lot, melons—as you may say, mum; and there ain't no satisfyin' 'em. But you see I turns it all into the ground afterwards, mum, and you gets the good out of it next year, in your seakale."

Mrs. Jerningham gave her consent for the ordering of the manure, though she had a dim idea that in the matter of manure she was marked as the victim of extortion. She looked about her as she went slowly back to her favourite green walk by the river. She looked at the forcing-pits and hothouses, the perfectly-trained wall-fruit—which might have shown beside the symmetrical pears and plum-trees of Frogmore—and she reflected how much they had cost, and how little happiness they had given her.

"One cannot force happiness," she said to herself. "Or if one does, it is like the peaches we ripen in February—almost flavourless."

She went down to the green sheltered walk, where the low plashing murmur of the river seldom failed to tranquillise her spirits. Here she could think quietly of the one subject which was all-important to her anxious mind. That Lucy Alford loved Laurence Desmond she was fully assured: *that* point she had long settled for herself. The one portentous question yet unanswered was, whether Laurence loved Lucy. Mrs. Jerningham had watched the two closely, and she suspected Laurence with a direful suspicion, but she could not be sure that he had merited her doubts.

"If I thought that he loved her, I would end this miserable farce at once," she said to herself, "and set him free. How many times I

have offered him his freedom! And he has refused it, and assured me—in his cold, measured, *friendly* way—of his unchanging constancy. Hypocrite!" she muttered between her clenched teeth.

And then there came upon her an awful pagan yearning for some death-dealing weapon, with which at one fell swoop she might annihilate the man she loved.

"O, how dearly I loved him!" she thought; "how dearly I loved him! How I used to yearn for his coming, how willingly I would have endured poverty and trouble for his sake—in those old happy days when I was free to be his wife! And he waited till his income should be large enough for a suitable establishment, and let another man marry me!"

Did Laurence love Lucy? That was the question which Mrs. Jerningham would fain have solved. But to send Lucy to Ireland was scarcely the way to arrive at a solution. It was rather like begging the question.

"She will tell him she is going, directly she sees him," said Mrs. Jerningham; "and he must be a consummate hypocrite if his manner then does not betray him."

Laurence was expected at noon that day—in half-an-hour. He was to come from Sunbury in his boat, to take the two ladies on their last excursion. Emily determined upon lying in wait for him, in order to be present at his meeting with Miss Alford.

"I must see the first effect of the news," she thought.

She paced slowly up and down the walk. As twelve o'clock struck from Hampton church the boat's keel ground against the iron steps. Laurence tied her to the landing-stage, and came bounding on to the green walk, at the extreme end of which Mrs. Jerningham stood watching him. He did not glance in her direction, but ran across the lawn to the drawing-room, where he was accustomed to find the mistress of the house, and went in through a fernery.

Emily followed swiftly. She was so eager to perceive the effect of those tidings which must needs be so important to Laurence, if he were indeed the traitor she half-believed him to be. At the glass-door between the fernery and the drawing-room she stopped. She was too late. The news had been told already. For one moment she deliberated, and in the next, as far as feminine honour goes, was lost. Laurence was speaking. She did not want to interrupt him. She wanted to hear what he said; so she drew back a little, behind the shelter of a gigantic Australian fern, and watched him, and heard him, from that convenient covert.

"To Ireland?" he said gravely; "and do you like going to Ireland, Miss Alford?"

This was very proper; this was as it should be, thought Mrs. Jerningham,—a cold, measured, guardian-like tone, expressive of a gentleman-like and Christian-like concern in the young lady's welfare; no more. Emily breathed more freely.

"Ye—yes," faltered Lucy; "I—I—I am very grateful to Mrs. Jerningham for her kindness in procuring me such a happy home; only only I—"

"Only what, Lucy?"

Good heavens, what a sudden change of tone! No longer measured and gentleman-like, but full of a tender eagerness—a fond concern that went through Mrs. Jerningham's heart like a dagger.

"Only I—O, it is very wicked of me to be discontented—only—Ireland is so very, very far away from all the people I ever knew; and every friend—and—you—"

And here she broke down, as she had broken down upon a previous occasion, and burst into tears.

In the next moment she was clasped in Laurence Desmond's arms. The Australian fern was shaken as by a sudden tempest—ah, what a tempest of passion, and grief, and jealousy, and despair raged in the heart of her whose trembling caused those leaves to shake!

"Lucy!" cried Laurence passionately, "you must not—you must not! I cannot see you cry. It is not the first time. Once before you tortured me like this; and I held my tongue. I *could* keep silence then; but I can't to-day. I did not love you then as I do now—my pet, my dear love. Send you to Ireland! O, how cruel!—my tender one alone among strangers! My dearest, for months I have held myself aloof from you; I have forbidden my eyes to look at you; and now, after all my struggles, after all my victories, I break down at last. I love you—I love you!"

He kissed her—the fair young brow, the eyelids wet with tears. Mrs. Jerningham heard that unmistakable sound, as of song-birds in a aviary; and if a wish could kill, there would have been a swift and sudden foreclosure of two fair lives.

"You—you love me!" faltered Lucy in a whisper.

It was too sweet. Ah, yes; a brief delicious dream, no doubt, thought Miss Alford.

"Yes, dear, with all my heart I love you," answered Laurence Desmond, putting her suddenly away from him with a solemn gesture symbolical of eternal divorcement. "I love you, my dearest and best; but you and I can never be more to each other than we have been—never again so much; for at least we have been together—and for me in *that* happiness must never be again."

Lucy looked at him wonderingly, but she did not speak. She was overcome by the one stupendous fact of Laurence Desmond's confession. He loved her! After this the deluge. If the peaceful rippling river had arisen, mighty as old Nile, to sweep all the villas of Hampton to the distant sea, she would have submitted to the swift destruction, and she deemed herself sufficiently blest in having lived to hear what she had heard. This is how girlhood loves. Unhappily, or it may be happily, such love as *this*, simple, single, passionate as its sister poetry, *mingles with girlhood*. The woman's Love is a compound of many

loving creature, whose unselfish nature was revealed in every thought. For a long time I had no thought, no consciousness of a thought, except the honest desire to help you, to the best power, in the difficult career you had chosen for yourself. How can I tell you at what moment this friendly interest grew into a warmer love, when I cannot explain the change to myself? I only know I love you; and that if I were free, as I am not, I should sigh for a sweeter home than one to which you would welcome me."

For a few moments he paused, looking fondly at the sweet blonde face, downcast eyelids heavy with tears, and then went on steadily.

"I am not free, Lucy; I am bound hand and foot by the feelings I have forged for myself some years ago; and I think, as I have told you the first half of the truth, it will be wisest to tell you the other half. Ten years ago I very dearly loved a young lady, as beautiful, as amiable as myself, like yourself the only daughter of a gentleman in reduced circumstances, but not subjected to the trials which you have borne nobly. I loved her very dearly; but I was a man of the wrong kind, a frequenter of clubs, a little sceptical on the subject of feminine feelings and feminine reasonableness; and I told myself that, in order to secure this young lady's happiness and my own, I must first secure an income which would enable us to be dwellers within the pale of society. I have been taught that, on the outermost side of that impalpable, conventional boundary, domestic happiness for people of gentle rearing was impossible. It was not enough that I loved her; it was not enough that I believed myself beloved; something more than this was necessary. I bought a brougham, a house in that border-land of Pimlico which courts

the aid of Truefitt, and could charm without the art of Descon, was piquant as a new discovery; but I will not stop to speak of these things. While I waited, the woman whom I dearly loved married another man, older by many years than herself, in every way unsuited to her. Within a year of her marriage I met her unexpectedly, and her face told me that I was not quite forgotten. After that meeting, fate threw us much together; and O, Lucy, now I come to the hard part of my confession! Her husband trusted me, and I wronged him; by no act which the world calls guilt, but by a sentimental flirtation licensed by the world so long as it is unprotested against by the husband. It was pleasant to us to meet, and we met; it was pleasant to her to read the books I recommended, to sing the songs I chose for her. Among the costlier gifts of her husband, her morning-room was sometimes adorned with a rustic basket of hothouse flowers from me. At the Opera, in picture-galleries, in her own house, we met, week after week, month after month. No friendship was ever more intellectual; nothing within the meaning of the word flirtation was ever less guilty. By and by I wrote to her—letters about art, about books, about music, about the gossip of the world in which we lived, with here and there a half-expressed regret for my own broken life or her uncongenial marriage. Love-letters in the common sense of the word they were not; but letters so long and so frequent might, if received by her at her own house, have attracted attention; so they were directed to a neighbouring post-office. *That*, Lucy, was our worst guilt; and it wrecked us. One day the letters were found, and the husband tacitly signed his wife's condemnation without having troubled himself so much as to read the evidence against her. From that hour my life was devoted to the woman who had suffered by my selfishness and folly; from that hour to this we have been friends in the fullest sense of the word, and friends only. If ever the day of her freedom comes, I shall claim her as my wife; if it never comes, I shall go to my grave unmarried. And now, Lucy, you know all; you know that I love you; and you know why I have fought a hard fight against my love, and am angry with myself for being betrayed into this confession of to-day."

"It was all my fault," sobbed Lucy, who was ever ready to cry *mea culpa*; "I had no right to tell you I was sorry to go to Ireland. But O, Mr. Desmond, forget that you have ever spoken to me, and be true to the lady you loved so dearly long ago! If it is hard for me to lose you, it would be harder for her. I will go to Ireland; I will try to do my duty, as the Vicar said in his sermon last Sunday; I will try to be happy. You have been so kind to me—and—Mrs. Jerningham—has been so kind too. I am grateful to you both; and when I am far away, I shall think of you both with love and gratitude, and pray for your happiness every day of my life."

She had been quick to identify that lady whom Laurence had so carefully avoided naming; she understood now, for the first time, the nature of the tie that bound him to Mrs. Jerningham.

"I am to go to Ireland in a very few days," she said, after a brief pause, during which Laurence Desmond sat motionless, his face hidden by his hand; "I will say good-bye at once. I shall see you again, of course—but not alone. Good-bye—and thank you a thousand, thousand times for all your goodness to me and to my father."

She held out her hands, but he did not see them.

"Good-bye; God bless you, darling!" he said in a broken voice, and in the next moment Lucy Alford left the room.

Mr. Desmond sighed, a heavy sigh; and when he removed his hand from before his face, that pale watcher behind the fern saw that his cheeks were wet with tears. For some minutes—slow painful minutes to the watcher—he sat meditating gloomily; and then he too departed, with a listless step, by one of the windows opening on the lawn.

"O God!" thought the watcher, who had sunk back helpless, motionless, against the angle of the wall, "am I the only wretch upon earth? These two think it very little to sacrifice themselves for me; and yet I cannot let him go—I cannot let him go."

She came out from her lurking-place into the drawing-room, and seated herself by the table at which Laurence had been sitting; and here she sat with hands clasped before her face, thinking of what she had heard. Unspeakable had been the pain of that revelation; but the blow had not been unexpected. For some time she had suspected Laurence Desmond's regard for Lucy; for a very long time she had perceived the decline of his affection for herself.

"It is my own fault," she thought; "I harassed and worried him with my wicked jealousy. I made myself a perpetual care and trouble to him: can I wonder that I lost his love? O, if I could learn to be generous, if I could be only reasonable and just, if I could let him go! But I cannot, I cannot!"

No, indeed: she had made Laurence Desmond a part of herself, the very first principle of her existence; and to resign her hold upon him was to make an end of the sole aim and object of her life. For him she had lived, and for none other. The two commandments of the Gospel were to her much less than this man. Her love for her God began and ended with a tolerably punctual attendance at the parish church, and a half-mechanical utterance of the responses to the orthodox family prayers which Mrs. Colton read every morning and evening to the little household of River Lawn. Her love for her neighbour was summed-up in a careless compliance with any parochial demand on her purse. All the rest was Laurence Desmond. And now conscience told her she must give him up. She sat thinking, with tearless eyes and a pale still face, until the subject of her thoughts came to the open window, and told her that the boat was ready.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE

I CONFESS to a liking for disagreeable people. An acquired taste, no doubt, for they are not nice; but take them as you take olives, and they give a relish to the wine of life. Regard them as caviare, and if not wholly to your palate, it is possible to get a flavour out of them. Remember, disagreeable people you will always meet. They are as inevitable as the twang of garlic in Spanish cookery; and as one must have them, I have long since come to the determination of acquiring a *penchant* for them. 'Tis not so difficult; and a little preliminary nausea once overcome, you have your reward, just as the indescribable horror of that first cigar is compensated for by the appreciative enjoyment of your *parlaga* or your *cubana*. The human animal is marvellous in his faculty for acquiring tastes, but it takes time. Edible earth is, I should fancy, hardly nice *at first*. There are mineral waters which I have never been able to swallow with a positive relish, no doubt for want of perseverance. In the same way, some amount of culture, I should suppose, was necessary before one could have drunk with real enthusiasm that toast at the late banquet at the Langham, "The horse, and meat at 2½*d.* per pound!" But these and similar tastes being possible of acquirement, so, believe me, it is quite practicable to like—positively like—disagreeable people.

One reason why I like them is this, that they offer me a boundless field of speculation; so many things about them excite my wonder. More especially I am constantly asking myself, "Do people *know* that they are disagreeable? Are the nettles in the social garden conscious that they sting? Is it patent to them that they are different from the rest of their kind? Do they live in the delusion that it is natural to man to be harsh, angular, selfish, snappish, overbearing, and unsympathetic? Does old Milky White feel that he is hard and cruel, exacting and unamiable? Is my aunt Trimmer as blind to the fact that she is disliked for her petty meannesses, her endless 'nagging' and her vicious tattling, as she is to the mendaciously open and shameless falsehood of her false front? There is old Colonel Grampus again: surely he must feel himself a horror to his officers and a pest to his men! And yet I don't know; after long and close study of disagreeable people, I am quite at fault on this point. I meet men in business so vulgarly offensive of manner, that if they struck me, spat

at me, felled and trampled on me, I could not feel more utterly degraded than by my enforced contact with them; yet they appear serenely unconscious of being detestable. I find people at church uncompromising nuisances, who take the room of two in crowded pews, anticipate the responses, read the minister's part in audible undertone, howl in the singing utterly out of tune, snore through the sermon, and in a manner incense themselves by the sucking of peppermint or other nauseously-odorous drops. Or I go to a theatre, and people about me whisper and titter or giggle while I try to listen; or a man who has seen the piece before explains the plot to the man who has not; or somebody else repeats all the jokes for the benefit of the deaf lady two seats off. Let us say that I return home by train. In the carriage I haply encounter the man who *will* smoke, though the carriage be full of ladies; or the man who won't permit smoking, though none but gentlemen are present, and all are desirous of indulging in that luxury. Next in disagreeableness to these is the passenger who whistles, the lady with the unruly children, the cur who dictates as to the windows being up or down, and so forth. A railway-carriage I am constrained to regard as the paradise of the disagreeable; though an omnibus is not without its attractions for them. But, I repeat, my study of this class, wide and varied as it has been, leaves me quite at fault on the one great problem in connection with it,—can one be disagreeable without knowing it? If one can, then the disagreeable are to be pitied; if not, then the question becomes, wherein lies the pleasure of being a nuisance? Where indeed? What satisfaction can Sir John and his lady find in living a "cat-and-dog" life? Why does Podgers enjoy the torture he inflicts on me with his long stories? What is the subtle pleasure derived by Jones from the cynical remarks, couched in friendly tones, whereby he contrives to make me dissatisfied with my house, my horses, my pictures, my books, and myself? The whole thing is inscrutable, like so much else pertaining to humanity. I can no more understand it than I can enter into the feelings of the inhabitants of the Azores, of whom a recent traveller says, "The donkeys and the men, women, and children of a family all eat and sleep in the same room. They are unclean, ravaged by vermin, and are *truly happy*!"

But stronger than the interest or the pity they inspire is the amusement disagreeable people afford me. I cannot help it, any more than I can help laughing at a joke. They always seem to me like people in farces, who, we all know, are quite different from people out of farces. There is in all their proceedings an eccentricity that borders on the humorous. They fly into passions; and a man in a passion is always funny. They say disagreeable things, which at least have the *sting* of epigrams. They constitute a perpetual Opposition; and we know that the greatest fun is always away from the Treasury benches. They take such pains to outrage the proprieties—the very thing in these monotonous days—*Yawworm*, they seem to "like to be despised;" and, as in his

see, one laughs at the oddity of their taste. Of course they are a little trying at times; but so are agreeable people. Indeed, honey cloy more than vinegar. The great thing is to acquire the habit of looking at them solely from the comic point of view. In play-writing it is a point to let the audience into the secret of that which is hidden from the characters in the piece. The same principle applies to getting fun out of the disagreeable. You must see more than they see. When Bouncer comes and flusters, upsets the club by his presence, and is ready to snap at anybody or take offence at anything, to "quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because he has hazel eyes," as Mercutio puts it, he no doubt thinks great things of himself. Knowing this, it is pleasant to read the contempt he inspires, and to address him mentally in Mr. Venus's memorable words, "Ah, my boy, you've no idea how small you'd come out if I had the articulating of you." So, when Snobson acts as a brute, just to gain a few petty advantages not worth the gaining, it is fun to watch and see how he stamps himself as a low cad without having any idea that he is doing so. As for disagreeable women who set up for ladies, and placidly believe they are regarded in that light, well, I need not enlarge on the amusement *they* are calculated to afford. A disagreeable woman is like a vacuum; there is no place for her in nature. She is a parody upon herself. If there is a touch of beauty about her, she gives those she meets the sort of shock one would feel on taking what appears to be wine, and is in reality vinegar. Fortunately she very seldom is beautiful, in the true sense of the word. Nature does not lend itself to shams. It is pitilessly exacting. Sweetness of face *must* result from sweetness of disposition. The face is not a mask, but a mirror. It reveals everything with terrible ingenuousness. amiability is not to be simulated to the observant eye. You cannot stamp the marks, the lines, the flowing curves of the agreeable on your face, unless you have the quality in your breast. For this reason the disagreeable woman is never really beautiful. She defies Rachel and all her arts. Her features at their best remind you of etchings: the effects have been "bit in" by acids. The forms of the disagreeable in woman are infinite, but the effect of all is the same. In place of attraction there is repulsion. In place of love, pity—if not scorn. In place of happiness, sour discontent. The disagreeable woman is irksome to every created thing, including herself. There is positively only one way to deal with her—turn her into a joke. In that way she may be made tolerable, like the Frenchman's slippers; useless as slippers, but just available as the basis of a ragout.

I have not quite made up my mind on one important point in connection with this subject, and that is, as to the advantages of being disagreeable. At first sight it seems to have much to recommend it. Certainly disagreeable people push their way in the world; but I am not quite certain *but what this "pushing" involves a deal of needless exertion.*

It is just possible, I think, to get along as well without it. Not with so much show of progress, I admit. The great hectoring bully appears to make "all the running." His loud voice and obstreperous bearing are potent in flunkeydom. The persistent grumbler, too, gets attention; the man with a grievance is often listened to; the vapid joker has his influence; and so on with the thousand-and-one varieties of the disagreeable. But, after all, I am inclined to think that the agreeable gains the solid advantages. A pleasant, genial, good-hearted fellow is welcome wherever he goes. He has no occasion to storm or whine; ready service is accorded to him almost without the asking. Hearts warm towards him; eyes—ay, the brightest eyes in the world—brighten at his approach. In youth he is idolised; as he mixes in the world he finds his popularity an ever-widening circle; and when he quits its active duties he experiences the delights of

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
And all that should accompany old age."

These are solid advantages, it must be owned. And the case with regard to the agreeable woman is yet stronger. She is obviously the gainer in every way. And yet how many cling to their disagreeableness as their strong point! Poor dears! It is almost a shame even to smile at their folly.

All things considered, then, I am afraid my disagreeable people play a losing as well as an uncomfortable game. Many cannot help it, for with them it is a question of temperament; some err through mistaken views, others from want of thought. But in most cases vanity and selfishness are at the bottom of it all; and as those qualities are undying, there is little doubt but that I shall have my pets, the disagreeables, to wonder over, laugh at, and interest myself in generally, to the end of the chapter.

WILLIAM SAWYER.





Alfred Thompson, del.

THE STRANGE HARPER.

THE STRANGE HARPER

A NEW VERSION

In days of fairy lore and magic wonder
There was a city but by legend known,
Where rats in armies made incessant plunder
Of everything which was not steel or stone.

The pantry-tubs, the corn-bins in the stable,
Were gnawed to shreds to get at meal and oats—
They clomb the stairs and spouts up to the gable,
And all the attic stores went down their throats.

Cupboards and safes were eaten through like butter,
To get at aught which thrift had put away,
And nothing but an iron door or shutter
Could keep a venison-pasty half a day.

There came a youth, his eyes with strange fire gleaming,
Who seemed a farer from a distant land;
His clothes of homely stuff and antique seeming;
A golden harp he carried in his hand.

When with his voice his harp-strings made sweet ringing,
A brighter glory o'er the wide earth flew—
The simplest flow'r he spoke of in his singing
Bloomed ever after with diviner hue.

"O, list to me," he cried; "my song has glamour
To drown the vermin passions of the soul;
Of fiendish cries true song can stay the clamour,
And angels reign, where devils held control.

pest obscene which now devours this city
I will make vanish with a simple lay.
No lavish guerdon for my ditty;
Small care has minstrel true for place or pay.

"I only ask to live without dishonour,
To sing the best I can, a minstrel free ;
Let others claim the gold of civic honour,
My song itself is meed enough for me."

Burghers, and burgomaster in his ermine,
To council went: "Well, let him try," they cried.
"Go, try," they bade him—"free us from this vermin ;
In honour ever then with us abide."

The minstrel seized his harp with eager gladness,
And harping, singing, passed throughout the town :
Where'er he sang the rats were seized with madness,
And ran in wild distraction through the town.

They came without in every street and alley,
Swarming as black as bees within the hive ;
Then to the river in tumultuous sally
They rushed, and drowned—not one was left alive.

The burghers blessed themselves with self-laudation—
Shook hands, rang bells—again to council went,
To set on foot some proper celebration,
And vote themselves a feast for this event.

They feasted, drank—the harper quite forgotten,
Until the town-clerk hiccupped o'er his wine,
And wondered where he was ; one-half besotten
Said, "With the scullions let the fellow dine!"

'Twas strange, they said, indeed, how the thing ended ;
The rats, no doubt, had a contagious fit.
The harper's song helped nothing ; some pretended
They knew the man to be not sane of wit.

"His songs," they said, "will only plague and bore us ;
An after-dinner song were well enough ;
Such as the town-fool sings, while we keep chorus.
Come, town-fool, give us of your good old stuff."

The town-fool sang, the burghers roared with laughter,
Or wineful, at his maudlin and sublime,
Wept maudlinly, and swore that ever after
His songs should live as fresh as in their prime.

After the feast they took to trade and barter—

And business throve: but when that boy they met,
All looked askance, with visage ever tarter;
And wondered why the deuce he stayed there yet.

An idle loon, they said, that vagrant harper;
They cursed his beauty and his golden locks,
Until the beadle, growing daily sharper,
Threatened at last to lay him in the stocks.

Old cross-grained wives would daily scold and flout him,
And fling him casual crusts into the street;
The children only closely flocked about him,
And kept time to his song with tiny feet.

The winter came, and in a wind-swept attic
The harper sat, neglected and alone;
His lyre no more he struck with thrill ecstatic—
His fingers they were frozen to the bone.

So sat he in unheeded desolation,
Till spring should rouse again his fancies gay,
With sufferance still and barren resignation
Awaiting for the time to fare away.

The primrose rath beneath the beech was glowing,
The dawn was drinking up its sorrow sweet,
As he the harper felt his old fire flowing—
And went and wandered up and down the street.

He played a song so weirdly sweet, entrancing,
The bells of Fairyland seemed then to ring;
Of whisp'ring woods he sang and wavelets glancing—
The murmurs and the magic life of spring.

The children far and near at his first singing
Forgot to roll the hoop or throw the ball,
And from each street in merry crowds came springing,
Drawn on like linnets by the call-bird's call.

He led, they went, through gates and suburb places,
O'er hill, down dale, through woodland haunts, deep, deep
Into the heart of forests, where their traces
Faded as foam fades on the ocean's sleep.

THE STRANGE HARPER

The city men, still scornful of the player,
Said, "Silly children! sure they will come back."
But of that infant army not a strayer
Was found by those who followed in their track.

And other children came in time, but never
Any like those who thus had passed away:
The light of childhood's eyes was quenched for ever,
Its glamour, and its gleesome mirth and play.

These children talked of prices from their cradle;
Their fairy-tales were barter, tare and tret;
They at the christ'ning eyed the silver ladle,
With wizened faces old and serious set.

Rich they became, and richer would be growing,
Until there came a strange and slow decay;
The stream of wealth which through their town was flowing
The hand of progress turned another way.

In mournful, dumb, monotonous decaying,
Not one good thought found ever there a birth,
Till foreign foemen came, enslaving, slaying,
And ploughed that graceless city from the earth.

WILLIAM STIGAND.

LONDON PALACES

BY WALTER THORNBURY

IV. Buckingham Palace—Kensington Palace

BUCKINGHAM PALACE—*concluded*,

THE most interesting and historical event that ever occurred in the "Queen's House," as this palace was originally called when first settled on Queen Charlotte, was the interview between Dr. Johnson and King George III. in 1767.

The Titan of the London clubs used to frequent the library at the Queen's House, where Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should be made thoroughly cosy and comfortable. On this particular evening, as the Doctor was sitting by the fire absorbed in his book, Mr. Barnard went and fetched the King, as he had been requested to do by the good-natured, though not very sapient, monarch. The King entered the library by a private door, lit by Mr. Barnard, who then went up to Dr. Johnson and whispered, "Sir, here is the King!" The Doctor started up and stood still till the King approached, and affably began the conversation, if a series of hasty questions, half of them answered by his majesty himself, could be called a conversation. The King asked him about the libraries at Oxford, complimented him on being an original writer, praised Warburton's great learning, asked his opinion of Lord Lyttelton's *History*, the *Journal des Savans*, and the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*. The King also graciously complimented the Doctor on his hints to the editor of the *Philosophical Transactions*, and expressed a desire that Johnson would write a series of literary biographies. Mr. Croker thinks this was perhaps the origin of the *Lives of the Poets*. The Doctor all the time stood firm and square, and talked in a manly, sonorous voice. The believer in Divine right was delighted with the King's condescension and questions. He said afterwards to the librarian, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen!" and to Mr. Langton he exclaimed enthusiastically, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis XIV. or Charles II." When poor Goldsmith heard of the interview, at a party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, he said, "Well, Doctor, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done, for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it." Poor Goldy! considering you once mistook the valet of the Duke of Northumberland for his master, and

kept bowing and salaaming to him for half an hour, we think you would. Can we help observing how a superstitious loyalty blinds the eyes of even sensible men? Dr. Johnson, accustomed to converse with persons like Percy, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, and Gibbon, was dazzled by the few common-sense questions of such a King as George III. Scott could leave men like Crabbe, Lockhart, Wordsworth, and Hogg, and be astonished by the small wit and pompous bland commonplaces of a narrow-minded, ill-read voluptuary like George IV.

On another occasion, Dr. Johnson, visiting Mrs. Percy, who had the care of the young princes at the Queen's House, began to talk to a little curly-headed boy who was playing in the room. It was the Prince of Wales. Dr. Johnson asked him what books he was reading, and particularly inquired about his knowledge of the Scriptures. The child pleased him with his answers. The Doctor no doubt praised the youthful student as he had praised the royal critic, who thought it courteous to ask an author questions about books.

Buckingham House was taken down by George IV. in 1825, and the present ugly and rather mean building erected, after the designs of that very incompetent architect John Nash. It is rather deplorable, but it is the fact, that there is no third-rate German capital with its army of court-officials—almost equal to its population—but has a nobler and more imposing palace than this. Stuttgart excels it; Hanover surpasses it; many a paltry Pumpernickel boasts a better. As for Paris, there is not a public building in the Place de la Concorde that would not replace it with advantage, and look more dignified, and more regal too. The palace is a permanent memorial of the meanness and trickery of George IV., who, unable to squeeze money for a new palace out of a wearied, disgusted, and exhausted nation, raised a large sum under pretence of repairing and enlarging the old brick mansion. To carry out this unworthy stratagem, the King kept to the old site of the Mulberry-Garden, and the height and dimensions of the Duke's house. The Mulberry-Garden (the Cremorne of the seventeenth century) stood on the site of the north-west wing; the courtyard was originally part of St. James's Park, and given to the Duke (has a monarch right to alienate royal property?) by Queen Anne. The restrictions imposed upon the architect fell like curses upon the building, and deprived it of beauty, spaciousness, and comfort. George IV. never lived there; nor did William IV., who bluntly expressed his dislike to its appearance, and its want of accommodation, inhabit it. The sailor-king was not very choice in his language, and we do not care to quote the peculiar expressions used by his gracious majesty thereanent. The old red-brick palace of George III. had no very noticeable peculiarities. Those sublime shadows, the cartoons of Raphael, were in 1766 placed in an octagonal room at the south-east angle; but they were transferred (Mr. Timbs says) to

Windsor Castle in 1788, and after that to Hampton Court, where they long remained. The Duke's great Saloon, painted by Gentileschi, was fitted up as the Throne-room; and here Queen Charlotte (snuffy and severe, yet worthy and commendable) held her public Drawing-rooms; we believe there were pictures worth seeing in the Crimson and Blue-velvet rooms.

Nash's wonderful structure is of the debased German composite of the last century, when no style existed in its integrity, and Gothic was still ignored. It stretches three hundred and sixty feet, and is seventy-seven feet high. The height of the extreme centre is ninety feet, and its frontage stretches seventy feet in advance of the wings. The four central gate-piers are capped by mean heraldic lions, unicorns, and dolphins; and the state-gates are gilt—a very transient splendour in this rough climate of ours. The wings are surmounted by insignificant and unmeaning figures—quite lost in the distance—of Morning, Noon, and Night, the Hours and the Seasons; and there they keep guard among the chimney-pots unnoticed by anybody, and get quite as much notice as they deserve. Upon turrets flanking the central shield (inscribed V. R., 1847) are colossal figures of Britannia and St. George (you can see better in any sculpture-yard in the Euston-road), surrounded by absurd trophies and festoons of clumsy flowers. The whole effect is mean and ludicrous, and the trident of Britannia stands out against the sky with the profile of a toasting-fork. The whole is flat, stale, and unprofitable, and utterly wanting in dignity. Around the whole building runs an awkward scroll-frieze of rose, shamrock, and thistle. The inner front has a central double portico, which is convenient in stormy weather; the tympanum is filled with sculpture, and the pediment crowned with statues of Neptune, Commerce, and Navigation. (O Mr. Nash, Mr. Nash, your small garret of a mind must have been a lumber-room of commonplaces!) The garden or west front of the palace is really the handsomest and pleasantest (we don't in England care much for the outside of our houses,—only the people can enjoy that part of it,—and we don't throw away our public spirit as the Florentines and the Venetians used to do). It has five Corinthian towers and a handsome balustraded terrace, the upper portion having statues, trophies, and bas-reliefs by Flaxman and other sculptors. The marble Hall and Sculpture-gallery have floors bordered with mosaic and Carrara columns, with mosaic gold bases and capitals. The sculpture (of a private character) consists not so much of great thinkers and doers as of busts of the royal family, and of statesmen. Beyond the Sculpture-gallery is the Library. The grand staircase is marble, with open-work ormolu acanthus balustrades by Gruner. The ceiling has frescoes by Townsend (who is Townsend? did anyone ever hear of him before?) of Morning, Evening, Noon, and Night; with wreaths of flowers and imitation-marble slabs in the best painter-and-glazier manner. It is in the hall that strangers (admitted by

tickets from the Lord Great Chamberlain) can see the Queen and her ladies pass (in all the splendour dreamt of by children) to the state-carriages, between rows of Yeomen of the Guard in their Charles-the-Second dress, Yeomen porters, and glistening footmen ranged in becoming attitudes, and all in official costume. It is a transient and hard-earned pleasure, but, like the Monument and the Golden Gallery, the sight is worth seeing once.

The Vestibule is gorgeous in vermillion and gold. Here there stand a marble statue of the Queen by Gibson, R.A., one of Prince Albert by Wyatt, and bas-reliefs of Peace and War by Thomas. If the art here is not of the highest order, the upholstery is magnificent; for the looking-glass and ormolu doors cost 300 guineas a pair, and, as worthy Mr. Timbs unctuously and complacently records, "each mosaic gold capital and base cost thirty guineas."

At the accession of our present amiable Sovereign, Mr. Blore added new buildings on the south or Pimlico side, raised the whole a story, and removed the mean long dome, which strongly resembled an inverted slop-basin. Her Majesty took up her residence in Buckingham Palace July 13, 1837. On March 25, 1843, an Ionic conservatory in the south part of the garden was consecrated as a chapel. The aisles are formed by rows of composite cast-iron pillars, and at the west, and facing the altar, is the Queen's closet, supported upon Ionic columns once forming part of the screen of Carlton House. In 1846 Sir Robert Peel, by request of the Queen, began to stir the Lords of the Treasury and the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests about the smallness and inconvenience of a palace built originally only for a bachelor. Mr. Blore reported that the private apartments in the north wing were too small, and the carpenters' storerooms and workshops on the basement of the north side were noisy and disagreeable to the children in the nursery in the attics; the kitchen also was a nuisance. For 150,000*l.* Mr. Blore was to erect a new east front, rearrange the rooms in the southern wing, alter the north wing, make new kitchens and offices with a ballroom above them, take down the marble arch, and alter the drains. The arch that with George IV.'s statue, now in Trafalgar-square, had cost 37,000*l.*, was not, however, removed to the north-east corner of Hyde-park till 1851.

The chief state-apartment is the Green Drawing-room, in the centre of the east front. It opens on to the upper story of the portico; it is fifty-two feet long and thirty-two feet high, and is hung with striped green satin, relieved with gilding—not the best background possible for complexions. The panels of the doors and shutters are filled with plate-glass. When state-balls are given, a tent, formerly belonging to Tippoo Sahib, is raised beneath the portico of the west quadrangle, and the windows being removed, the tent is lit by an "Indian sun" (whatever that implement is; we presume a sort of huge gilt patty-pan) eight feet in diameter, and set round a chandelier. In

this tent the refreshments are served. In this room the two superb costume-balls of 1842, 1845 were held; the first in the style of Edward III. (the Chaucer time), and the last in the dress of George II. (Hogarth period).

The Throne-room, which is sixty-four feet long, is hung with crimson satin. The ceiling is covered and emblazoned with arms, and gilded in the Italian style (15th century). Beneath is a frieze of white marble sculptured by Baily with the Wars of the Roses, designed by amiable old Stothard when he was between seventy and eighty years old. On the north side of the apartment is an alcove with crimson-velvet hangings, a congeries of massive gilt wreaths and figures, and much gilding and emblazonry. In this recess is placed the royal throne, and here her Majesty receives addresses and holds Privy Councils.

The Picture-gallery, about one hundred and eighty feet long and twenty-six feet wide, is in the centre of the palace. It has a semi-Gothic roof, with a triple row of ground-glass lights, bearing the stars of all the European orders of knighthood; but Von Raumer considers the light false and insufficient, and too much broken by the decorations. Balls and state-banquets are sometimes held in this gallery, not to the improvement of the pictures. The collection is rich in Dutch and Flemish pictures, chiefly collected by George IV., whose taste was not of the most elevated order. There are no less than fourteen pictures by the younger Teniers and thirteen by Vandermeulen; nine Cuyps, seven works of Rubens, and five of Vandyke's. The English school is not very well represented: one landscape by Gainsborough; three Reynolds—"The Death of Dido," "Cymon and Iphigenia," and his own portrait in spectacles; three Wilkies—"The Penny Wedding," "Blind-man's Buff," and the "Duke of Sussex in Highland dress;" and one Sir W. Allan—"Anne Scott kneeling by her father's vacant chair." The gems of the collection are a glorious Rembrandt—"The Ship-builder and his Wife," for which George IV. gave five thousand guineas; and one Maes—a listening woman stealing down a dark winding staircase. The pictures can be seen when the court is absent; the Lord Chamberlain grants the tickets. The gilt doorcases of this gallery are formed of colossal caryatides, and the marble chimney-pieces are sculptured with medallion portraits of the old masters.

In the western front is the grand Central Saloon, and north of this is the Yellow Drawing-room, communicating with the private apartments of her Majesty, which extend along the north front of the palace. The Grand Saloon has a semicircular bay, and scagliola lapis-lazuli columns with mosaic gold capitals, supporting a rich architrave, bas-reliefs of children, and emblems of music. The domed ceilings are richly gilt with roses, shamrocks, thistles, and acanthus-leaves, and in the spandrels are the royal arms. The State Ball-room north of the *Grand Saloon* has *Corinthian columns* of scagliola porphyry, with gilt

capitals, and a gilt-covered ceiling. In this room are Winterhalter's graceful but rather flimsy portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, and Vandyke's Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. South of the Ball-room is the State Dining-room, with a fine-wrought ceiling and circular panels bearing the regal crown and the monogram "V.R." Here is Lawrence's somewhat meretricious whole length of George IV., or rather of his coronation-robes, which are the chief subject of the picture. In the various state-rooms are many curious and valuable royal portraits of Kneller, Lely, A. Ramsay, Dance, Copley, Gainsborough, Wright, Lawrence, and Wilkie. Baily's friezes of "Alfred expelling the Danes" and "Alfred delivering the Laws," in the garden front, are fine compositions, and the "Progress of Navigation" on the main front is said to have considerable merit. The chief fault of the architecture of the palace is its utter want of purity, unity, and simplicity of style.

The pleasure-grounds of Buckingham Palace, including the lake of five acres, comprise an area of about forty acres. At the verge of the ground, upon a lofty artificial mound, stands a pavilion or summer-house with a minaret roof; in the centre is an octagonal room, with figures of Midnight and Dawn, and eight lunettes in fresco, with scenes from Milton's *Comus*, painted by Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, and Ross. There are also relief arabesques and medallions from other poems of Milton, by Gruner, more or less ably painted; on the right is a room decorated in the Pompeian style, and on the left an apartment embellished with subjects from the works of Sir Walter Scott. Mrs. Jameson has described these at great length.

The Queen's Mews, at the rear of the palace, were built in 1834. They consist of two quadrangles, entered by a Doric archway beneath a clock-tower. In the first courtyard are kept the coaches, and in the second the horses. There are about forty carriages besides the great gilt state-coach, which cost 7661*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.*; it was designed by Sir W. Chambers in 1762, and is painted with emblematical pictures by Cipriani. Of the dun and black Hanoverian state horses, there are some twenty-four. In the harness-room is the red-morocco state harness for eight horses, with massive silver-gilt furniture, one cwt. for each horse, and the purple-morocco state harness, made originally for the Prince Regent. The mews-clock has stone dials six feet ten inches in diameter, and is of Vulliamy's construction. In 1771 the Queen's elephants were publicly exhibited, and from one of them Lindley Murray the grammarian had a narrow escape.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

King William III. first selected the site of this palace in 1691, when he purchased a mansion and six acres of land of Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, son of Lord Chancellor Finch, who was son of *Speaker Finch*. The Finch family had possessed it for half a cen-

tury, and latterly it had been known as "Nottingham House." William III. employed Wren and Hawksmoor to build the King's Gallery and the south front. The Finches were a grave, atrabilious, and melancholy race; the second earl being nicknamed "dismal," and the third known as the "chimney-sweep." Witty Sir Hanbury Williams, the satirist of society in George II.'s time, designated the whole family as "the black funereal Finches,"—the hereditary legal mind had in this family verged into the undertaker's.

The original nest of the Finches was a small, neat, but, according to Evelyn, "patched-up" villa at the north-west corner of the site of the present palace. Leigh Hunt, in his *Old Court Suburb*, sketches very pleasantly the little asthmatic valetudinarian King with the eagle nose and the hawk eye. Reserved, and not over-fond of his troublesome and restless new subjects (every third man a disguised Jacobite), King William here resided, doing his best to turn the palace into something not unlike "the House in the Wood," and the gardens into Dutch gardens. Here he planned his campaigns against that self-elected demigod Louis XIV., and here, at night, he grew talkative with his friend Bentinck over the bottle of Hollands that eventually shortened his life. The court was dull then, though Prior, careless and witty, was gentleman of the bedchamber, and Congreve and the Earl of Dorset visited it. Sir William Temple, that sublime quidnunc, came here too with one Swift, a young clergyman, as his secretary. Congreve's plays were admired by Queen Mary, and he, it is certain, sometimes came to court; and also Swift's detestation—fussy, time-serving Burnet, who had been repaid with the lawn sleeves for his short persecution. Amongst the crowd come also the Earl of Devonshire, afterwards a duke, and foremost among the Whig nobility, and Lord Monmouth, afterwards the indomitable Earl of Peterborough, who conquered Spain with the swiftness of a Cæsar, yet who gloried more in the friendship of Swift and Pope than even in his laurels; and there was the pedantic dilettante Sheffield (afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire, and in love with the Princess Anne); and last but not least, that grand semi-barbarian, Peter the Great, who came here to see the King from his lodgings in York-buildings (now Buckingham-street, the last house on the left).

Lord Macaulay has done his best, as a zealous Whig and a party pleader, to make a hero of little, asthmatic, gin-drinking William; but he still exists in our memory as a dry, cold, gloomy, uncomfortable person, with no English sympathies, and by no means a saint or a hero, brave and patriotic though he was in all that affected Holland and its dykes. With the scouring drops of special pleading the Whig historian has scrubbed hard at the blood-spots of Glencoe; but they are not out yet, and perhaps never will be. The moral standard of that day was not the moral standard of ours; and perhaps William, who had often squandered thousands of lives in reducing a small fort, thought little

of a few hundred Highland shepherds and cattle-dealers. He neglected his good and loving wife Mary—the goddess of perfection, according to enraptured Bishop Burnet—for the Countess of Orkney, a clever woman, who squinted.

After all, if we really like William apart from the indirect advantage he was to us in keeping out the miserable Stuarts, our liking is chiefly founded on the following story, which shows the saturnine childless statesman in a pleasant light. One day, while he and his secretary were busy at their Dutch and Irish letters and Flemish maps, probably in the room now called the Green Closet, an imperative little tap came at the door—a tap not to be controverted, yet not the Queen's. (Now it is usual to scratch at royal doors, not to tap.)

"Who is there?" said the hero of the Boyne.

"Lord Buck.," said a shrill little voice. (It was a child; Lord Buckhurst, son of his Majesty's Lord High Chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset, Prior's patron.)

"And what does Lord Buck. want?" said William, opening the door graciously.

"You to be a horse to my coach," said the little despot; "and I've wanted you ever so long."

William smiled, laid down his pen, forgot the coming campaign for a moment, and taking the string of the boy's coach in his hand, trotted up and down the long gallery till Lord Buck. was fully satisfied with his morning's drive.

In this quiet country palace, that she had so delighted to decorate and work tapestry for, Queen Mary died; and William, reserved and silent as he was, betrayed his love for her by fainting away. Here, too, at the age of fifty-two, he himself died, worn out with the cares and troubles of an alien throne.

Queen Anne came next, with her dull nonentity of a husband, Prince George of Denmark. Her seventeen sickly children had all died young. Her brick-work banquetting-house north of the palace, completed in 1708, still remains. The south front has rusticated columns supporting a Doric pediment, and the ends have semicircular recesses. The interior, decorated with Corinthian columns, was fitted up as a dancing-room, music-room, and ballroom; and thither the Queen used to be brought in her chair from the western door of the palace. Here she gave full-dress fêtes, and sat, as Swift describes her, grand in hoops and brocaded robes, with her fan to her mouth, uttering about three words a minute to some lady nearest her—the violent Duchess of Marlborough, probably, or her supplanter, the abigail Hill, afterwards Mrs. Masham.

It was at Kensington Palace that that extraordinary scene took place, when the Duchess of Marlborough obtained her last interview with Queen Anne before her downfall as a court favourite. She had written an arrogant letter to her former friend, saying that she only *desired to be seen* and heard by her majesty; "the Queen need not

answer." Abigail Hill, her supplanter, had taken care to aggravate this expression into a gross affront, and convinced the Queen how unfitting it was for her to bear such language from any subject, however powerful. The Queen's slow nature and phlegmatic temper had at length taken fire; her rage burned silently, and without much visible flame. The Duchess was at last admitted. The interview so long delayed was granted. The Duchess strove to excuse herself, and poured forth floods of words; but the Queen's changeless reply was, "You desired no answer, and shall have none." In vain the proud Duchess "fell into great disorder," and into torrents of tears. The parrot answer still came. "This usage," at last says the Duchess, "was so severe, and these words, so often repeated, so shocking, that I could not contain myself, but said the most disrespectful thing I ever spoke to the Queen in my life; and that was, that I was confident her majesty would suffer for such an instance of inhumanity." The Queen only replied, "That will be to myself."

The east front of the palace was added by George I. from the design of that audacious charlatan Kent. To the old red-brick and stone-bound wing of Nottingham House, the Clock Court, Prince's Court, and Princess' Court, Kent added the Cupola-room, and the Great Staircase. The latter is painted with figures of yeomen of the guard, a Quaker, two Turkish servants, and Peter the Wild Boy, captured in a forest in Hanover.

This staircase, of black and white marble and graceful iron-work (the walls painted with mythological subjects by Kent), leads to a suite of twelve state-apartments, some of which are hung with tapestry, and have painted ceilings. The Presence Chamber has a chimney-piece sculptured by Gibbons, with wreaths of flowers and strings of fruit. The ceiling was copied by Kent from one at Herculaneum, and the pier-glass is wreathed with flowers by Jean Baptiste Monnoyer. The King's Gallery, on the south front, has an elaborately painted allegorical ceiling, and a circular fresco of a Madonna after Raphael. The Cube-room is forty feet high, and contains gilded statues and busts, and a marble bas-relief of a Roman marriage by Rysbrack.

The King's Great Drawing-room was hung with imitation-velvet flock. The Queen's Gallery, in the rear of the eastern front, has above the doorway the monogram of William and Mary. The pediment is enriched with flowers and fruit in high relief, carved with wonderful boldness and skill by Gibbons. The Green Closet was the private study of William III., and contained his writing-table and escritoire. The Patchwork Closet had its walls and furniture covered with tapestry, the work of Queen Mary.

In George I.'s time the public promenade of the Court in Kensington Gardens was on Saturdays. It was afterwards changed to Sundays, and this continued to be the custom when Tickell, Addison's friend,

sketched the scene in a poem, the freshness and brightness of which has scarcely been sufficiently acknowledged. He says :

"Where Kensington, high o'er the neighbouring lands,
Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands,
And sees each spring luxuriant in her bowers,
A show of blossoms and a wild of flowers.
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns and unpolluted air.
Here, whilst the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies ;
Each walk with robes of various dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed ;
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks show,
And chintz the rival of the showery bow."

What a pretty, sparkling line that last one is !

The unhappy and imprudent Princess of Wales lived at Kensington with her aged mother, the Duchess of Brunswick. The Duke of Kent afterwards occupied the lower south-eastern apartments beneath the King's Gallery; and here, on May 24, 1819, was born the Princess, now Queen, Victoria. On June 20, 1837, her Majesty held her first council in this palace. Wilkie preserved a record of this interesting scene. The Duke of Sussex, who died in 1843, had occupied for many years the south wing of the older part of the palace, and stored here his valuable library of 50,000 printed books and Mss., chiefly biblical. In 1818 the pictures at Kensington, catalogued by West, numbered 600.

The Green, westward of the palace, Mr. Timbs says, was the old parade-ground when the Court resided at Kensington. The site of the old kitchen-gardens (twenty acres) is now the Queen's-road.

ON LEAVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY FLAVIA," "LORD LYNN'S WIFE," ETC.

"Just like your luck, Phil!"

"Never knew such a fellow in my life!"

"Gets on the captain's blind side; and while the rest of us are thankful for a six hours' run ashore, and can scarcely have that for the asking, Wilmot here has leave to travel to the Rocky Mountains or the Rio Grande, or wherever his roving fancy leads him. I call it shocking partiality; and I only wish my governor would get up in his place in the House of Commons and give the Admiralty bigwigs a bit of his mind for allowing nepotism of that sort, to the ruin of her Majesty's service."

Thus far the junior members of the ward-room mess ran on unchecked in their half-serious, half-jocular comments on my remarkable good fortune in procuring an indulgence always dear to naval men in harbour, a long leave, when old Eagles, the grizzled first lieutenant, who always took a jest literally, interposed.

"Nonsense about blind sides and nepotism, and that! You youngsters are always grumbling and finding fault. If Captain Holmes *has* given Wilmot leave for a journey inland here in Mexico, it's much less because Phil here is a steady chap for his years, or because he's a cousin of the skipper's, than on account of his having a travelling-companion that is sure to bring him back to us safe, and to keep him out of scrapes. Osborne goes with him, remember that; and Osborne is a credit to the ship."

Lieutenant Eagles was quite right. Henry Osborne, our officer of marines, would have been a credit to any ship in the British navy; and we all of us cheerfully acknowledged his superiority in half a score of attainments and accomplishments. The marine officer on board a frigate is usually a dandy, and often a sad idler; but we who sailed in H.M.S. Crusher were especially fortunate in ours. Osborne's good-nature was as conspicuous as his good sense; he was popular with all ranks, and respected by all his shipmates, from the bluff boatswain to the dry doctor, who used to hold elaborate arguments with him on the Darwinian theory. Not that dear old Henry was the least of a prig or a charlatan; far from it. He was merely a modest, manly, well-read fellow of thirty or thereabouts; an excellent officer, and as good a sportsman as he was an artist. But it was true that but for Osborne's intercession with the captain, and but for the fact that he was to be my companion in our cruise ashore, I should never have obtained permission to *absent myself for several weeks from my duty on board.*

As for myself, Philip Wilmot, I was simply the youngest lieutenant of the Crusher, and had not long worn the epaulette. I cannot claim for myself any great share of learning, or much acumen in antiquarian matters; but I am quite sensible of the charms of a glorious landscape, and not incapable of being impressed by the hoary grandeur of some giant ruin of bygone days; and I had gladly accepted the proposition that I should accompany Osborne in a long-projected expedition into the interior of Mexico. Our motives were, indeed, different. My friend was an enthusiast not only in scenery, but in botany and archaeology, and I believe half a dozen "ologies" besides; and he had projects not merely for sketching Aztec *teocallis* and palaces, but also for bringing back in his tin specimen-boxes a goodly store of bright-winged butterflies and jewelled beetles, and flowers and ferns of rare growths, if not of kinds wholly unknown as yet to the naturalists of Europe.

Now I, Lieutenant Philip Wilmot, scarcely knew a Purple Emperor from a Sphinx, or a Cape heath from an Alpine gentian; and my real reason for soliciting leave to visit the very interesting country inland was that I, like most of us, was heartily sick of Vera Cruz and all that belonged to it. There, in that roadstead, in front of that half-baked-looking citadel and dreary fever-haunted town, had we been lying for months, until the very paint on the ship's sides was blistered by the fierce Mexican sun, and there really did seem to be some chance that, as the old master said, we should "ground upon our beef-bones." Thanks to our captain's care, and to the strict discipline which he enforced on crew and officers, the health of the ship's company was good; but the monotony of the life told heavily upon the tempers of some, and the spirits of nearly all. The rust of inaction was eating into our very souls as we lay at anchor, longing for the time when the furious cold wind, which the Mexicans call the *norte*, should lash the waters into foam, and make our station off Vera Cruz untenable. For then we must make sail and bear up for the Havannah, or for some port in the Antilles, and cease to lie sweltering under that blazing sun, "protecting," as the official phrase goes, "the interests of British subjects" in Mexico.

The country, a prey to civil war, was then in a very disturbed state, and the road from the coast to the capital was even more dangerous and difficult to traverse than before the life-and-death struggle between the Empire and the Republic, which was then at its crisis. Captain Holmes had been very sparing of leave to his officers, for anything, that is to say, beyond a lounge through the not-too-inviting streets of dismal Vera Cruz; and it was only his confidence in Osborne's tact and prudence, and in his knowledge of the Spanish tongue, which he spoke fluently, that induced him to permit us to take a journey through the theatre of the war. Of any immediate call to duty there was but small chance. Our presence off the coast may have been of some moral benefit to our countrymen on shore, but we were quite inactive; and it

was nearly certain that we should continue to play the part of King Log until the season of storms should compel the shipping to quit the roads.

"Good-bye, my boys!" said the captain, as he shook our hands at parting; "and don't get into any entanglement, either with Dons or Doñas, if you can help it. Remember, life is cheap in Mexico; and I should never forgive myself if harm were to come of this."

The forecastle Jacks and Osborne's marines gave us a cheer as we stepped into the boat to be rowed ashore; and the paymaster and the surgeon, and the lieutenants, mates, and middies, all envied us our anticipated pleasant journey. As for myself, I was in the highest possible spirits: my mood might have been different had I only had the remotest idea of what lay before me.

The diligence, which affords the chief means of communication between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, was at that time unable to carry passengers so far. The capital, then holding out for Maximilian, and containing a strong garrison of imperialist troops, native and foreign, was beleaguered by a considerable army of Mexican Liberals, and the traffic between it and the provinces was virtually at an end. But the lumbering vehicle still made its slow trips, sometimes to Xalapa, in the temperate region of the Mexican highlands, and sometimes to Puebla itself. From either of these places it would be quite practicable to make our way, by the help of mules or saddle-horses, to the metropolis, always supposing that a certain passport or recommendation in writing, which Osborne had procured from an agent of the Juarist party, and by which he set much store, should be recognised by the general in command of the blockading force. But before going to Mexico, it was Osborne's plan to visit a variety of carefully-selected spots, where ancient ruins little known to fame invited the sketcher, or where pathless forests and unexplored sierras promised a rich treat to the lover of nature.

"As they say the diligence is regularly robbed twice out of every three journeys," said Osborne laughingly, as we took our seats in the clumsy, bulbous public carriage, a queer construction of wood and leather drawn by a team of big mules, red-tasselled, hung with bells and bits of brass wherever there was room to sew some scrap of tawdry decoration to the harness, "we have no particular right to expect immunity from what is, after all, a national practice. Have you your pistol ready to hand? Here's mine. The rogues are rank cowards, and the only real danger is that they sometimes take a Parthian shot at the old coach with their carbines when some English or American travellers have beaten them off."

My revolver and cartridges were forthcoming, and in good order, as were those of my companion; and I can answer for my own feelings when I say that a skirmish with some of those Mexican mounted highwaymen who beset the road to the capital would have appeared rather

in the light of an agreeable excitement than of a misfortune. It was but a fortnight since two Cornish miners and a Yankee surveyor had successfully repulsed an attack of this kind; and indeed the robbers are notoriously unwilling to run the risk of a collision with foreigners, though Mexican travellers invariably give up their purses at the first demand.

It did so happen, however, in spite of Osborne's prediction, that our progress was accomplished without molestation. Once or twice, indeed, a well-mounted horseman, in the picturesque garb of Spanish America, with floating scarf and flowing poncho, galloped swiftly past us, his sabre and long-rowelled spurs jingling in unison, and his gun slung brigand-fashion across his shoulders. But nothing came of these encounters, and we went pacifically on, without any hindrance other than those which were due to steep hills, rough roads, and feeble teams of ill-fed mules and horses, which not even the heavy strokes of the ox-hide whip could urge into a livelier pace than their normal crawl. We journeyed slowly, and found but poor accommodation at the halting-places on our way; but we met with no adventure worthy of the name.

There was only one of our fellow-travellers in whom it was easy to take an interest, and this was a young American lady, quite a girl, and excessively pretty, with that delicate complexion and that fine golden hair for which these Transatlantic beauties have earned a high renown at every court in Europe. She was travelling under the care of her *gouvernante*, an elderly mulatto-woman, splendid in grass-green silk, and whose woolly head was decorated by a gay yellow turban and a pair of enormous earrings. Miss Louisa, however (the coloured attendant always addressed her as "Miss Louisa," although, with the exception of these two English words, her conversation with her young mistress was wholly conducted in the Spanish tongue, or rather in some barbarous dialect of corrupted Castilian mixed with negroisms and Indian words), was bewitchingly well-dressed, and of singularly pleasing manners. There was a peculiar charm in her address, at once so frank and so modest—a something equally remote from the self-sufficient pertness of those Yankee damsels whom I remembered at New York and Boston, and from the awkward bashfulness of a good many of my own youthful countrywomen. And such was not only my opinion, but that of Osborne, who had seen more of the world and of fashionable life than I had done.

Of course we held much conversation together. Mexico is not a country in which, especially on a journey, the cold formality of European etiquette is regarded as essential; and the mere fact of a community in dangers and hardships establishes a bond of union between travellers who in England or France would take their seat *silently* opposite to one another in a first-class carriage, and never dream of exchanging a syllable during the smooth and easy trans-

behind the panting steam-horse. It was not long, therefore, before our beautiful acquaintance was tolerably familiar with the names and the more striking peculiarities of all the officers of H.M.S. *Crusher*, as well as with the stations on which we had been employed since the frigate had been put into commission, and the most memorable events of our cruise in search of slavers off the Brazilian coast. Miss Louisa, to give her the name by which her mulatto duenna addressed her, and by which alone we knew her, was less explicit with respect to her own antecedents; but we gathered from what she said, that though a native of the United States, she had been from childhood accustomed to the tropics, and had indeed been brought up to speak Spanish quite as readily as her own language. She described one or two "haciendas" where she had dwelt in her infancy, and lovely spots they must have been; with glorious flowers, such as we at home only see in a hot-house, blooming in rich profusion around the pretty house, with its white walls and deep cool verandahs; fireflies sparkling by night among the thickets of glistening shrubs, the slender stems and drooping leaves of the palmettos rising like so many columns of a ruined temple from the emerald lawn; humming-birds, in all the magnificence of their gemmed plumage, darting from blossom to blossom, and perhaps the plash of the blue sea below the rocky cliff mingling its low sound with the tinkling music of the fountain above.

The mulatto serving-woman—one of those dusky Goodies, half-housekeeper, half-nurse, who are common in New Spain, and whose affection for their masters' children is proverbial—said very little, and was, indeed, except at meal-times, for the most part asleep; while the only other occupant of our compartment of the diligence was a wretched little monkey of a man, a storekeeper from Vera Cruz, who was going to Xalapa to squeeze payment out of some recalcitrant customers, and who saw a thief in every bush, and was perpetually mistaking the wild-looking peons who passed us in the forest, armed with the cutlasses with which they clear away the brushwood and matted vines from their path when seeking for vanilla, cochineal, and other woodland products, for bloodthirsty robbers about to bid us stand and deliver.

Our fair friend told us that she was going to Puebla, near which town, as I gleaned from some chance expression of hers, she had relatives settled. She seemed to know Mexico and its ways very well, but I could not induce her to take the slightest apparent interest in Mexican politics, or in the probable results of the sanguinary and exhausting struggle then being waged between the Emperor and the Liberals. For these things she seemed to care little or not at all; while, on the other hand, she was willing to talk and listen respecting my favourite pursuits, the books I had read, my sisters at home in England, my hopes and aspirations, and such glimpses of the world as fall to the lot of a young sailor.

"As for this miserable Mexican civil war," she said once, with a

smile, in answer to some remark of mine, "I detest the very name of it. As an American girl, I suppose I ought to give my sympathies to the Republican side; but I am not wise enough to form an opinion as to which is the best government for the country. Poor, dear, pretty Mexico! what a pity that both sides cannot agree to live in peace and enjoy all the good things around them, without murdering one another in the midst of what, but for men and their quarrels, might be a perfect Eden." And indeed we passed, in our gradual progress from the hot sickly strip of low-lying country near the coast, first to the temperate region of hill and forest, and then to the high table-lands, the bold sierras, and fertile valleys of Anahuac, by many and many a spot that looked lovely enough to be accounted as a fragment of some earthly paradise.

We were very fortunate, both with respect to the regular thieves who levy black-mail upon the highway, and to the perhaps more dangerous bands of half-disciplined soldiery by which the disturbed districts were infested. Thrice we encountered bodies of armed men hurrying to join the levies of Juarez, and once we fell in with a mounted troop of guerilleros belonging to the imperial faction. But after the officer in command had asked a question or two, we were invariably suffered to pass on without being subjected to loss or annoyance, and we finally arrived in Puebla unharmed. In Puebla—where Osborne and I took up our quarters in a fonda, or inn, built almost on the pattern of the Oriental caravanseries, and the walls of which, built of sun-dried bricks, still showed the dints of the French cannon-balls that had hailed upon the town during the famous siege—we were to part with our beautiful travelling-companion.

Our own design—Osborne's and mine—was to visit the ruined Aztec city of Chaztoltepec, which lies between Puebla and Cholula, and which was reported to contain relics of antiquity as interesting and as worthy of attention as those of the better-known Tehuantepec. But Miss Louisa and her dark-skinned attendant were to repair forthwith to some country house situated a few miles from Puebla, and of course it was extremely unlikely that we should ever meet again. I have drawn very near to the brink of a confession here, and I may as well own the truth at once. I was falling desperately in love with Miss Louisa, with this lovely American girl whose very surname was unknown to me, but whose every glance and utterance possessed a witchery that would have stolen away the hearts of nine junior lieutenants out of any ten in her Majesty's naval service. As for Osborne, who was engaged to be married to some cousin of his in Yorkshire, he was steeled against the fascinations of this enchantress; but I possessed no such talisman, and I scarcely care to own what a heartache it cost me when this short and sudden intimacy between our beautiful fellow-traveller and ourselves was perforce brought to an end.

That the charming American in any degree reciprocated this senti-

ment was more than even the natural hopefulness of sanguine youth could induce me to believe. Yet there were times when I doubted whether, had our intercourse been less abruptly cut short, she might not have learned to like me. She certainly, in her artless ways, evinced the pleasure which my society afforded her, and even appeared (which I took as no slight compliment to my personal merits) to prefer my conversation to that of Henry Osborne. There was no love-making, be it understood, nothing deserving to be classed as a flirtation; but we two young persons seemed to be sincerely pleased with one another, and our talk, alternately grave and gay, ranged over almost all topics congenial to our years, and evidenced a great similarity of taste between us, save only on the subject of Mexican politics.

"I know nothing about them," Miss Louisa would say, pursing-up her red lips and shaking her little head with immense solemnity. "I don't know anything; and, if I were not afraid of seeming selfish, I should add that I don't care anything, about their battles and big words. Why can't they live and let live, and be good and happy? Heigho! I wish I were back at dear old San Isidore, where the very cura of the parish could not have interpreted the meaning of that dreadful thing with the eagles stamped upon it, there!" And as she spoke she pointed to a printed paper, emblazoned with the arms of the Mexican Republic, and which figured conspicuously among the play-bills, the puffs of the vendors of patent-medicines, and the announcements of sales of European goods, that were pasted to a brown wall of sun-baked *adobe* bricks, in the outskirts of the city of Puebla. It is easier to read Spanish, when one has a smattering of the language, than to understand it when spoken; and ever so imperfect a scholar of the tongue could make out that the paper was a *pronunciamiento*, or *banda*, threatening death by military execution against anyone conveying contraband of war or intelligence to the army of Maximilian. I read enough to be sure of the purport of the proclamation, little dreaming that I myself could ever come to have an all-engrossing concern in the matter.

Osborne and I had installed ourselves in the best apartments which our ingenuity could obtain from mine host of the Fonda de los Cuatros Naciones, and my shipmate, as the better linguist, had taken on himself to explore the great ghostly kitchen, and persuade the flat-capped cooks to give us for our supper something less strictly Spanish than the inevitable olla and puchero, when a black waiter came, rolling his goggle-eyes with an air of infinite mystery and importance, to beckon me from the room.

"Señorita want massa," said the black, who was a runaway slave from Cuba, in his broken English. "Wait in carrossa, down dar, in Calle de San Dominic. Me come fetch."

I easily guessed that the señorita spoken of could be no other than Miss Louisa, and I hurried downstairs to obey her summons.

True enough. In the street stood a carriage,—a queer old ark on wheels, dating, it might be supposed, from the reign of Charles V.,—and from the window of this vehicle looked out the lovely young face of our late travelling-companion.

"O, Mr. Wilmot, how kind of you to come directly!" she said, with a blush. "I am going to the Villa de las Noches immediately, since I have seen my uncle's agent here in town, and have ascertained that the family are at the country house, where they generally spend the hot season. We shall not therefore meet again for some time—if ever," she added with a sigh, and a glance that thrilled my nerves, and sent the blood coursing fast through my veins; "but—but I have mustered courage at last to ask you a favour that I have not had the courage to mention all through our journey from the coast—a very pleasant journey to *me*, at least," she added softly, and with a sort of tender, pensive regret that would have made a fool of an older and a wiser man than Philip Wilmot.

How was I to know that I was the sport of a cruel coquette; that all this apparent artlessness was a mask; that a hard, deliberate purpose lurked, like a snake among the flowers of some tropical wilderness, behind all this fair semblance of girlish timidity? All I knew was that my heart was beating wildly, and that my cheeks were burning. Nothing but the presence of the stout old mulatto housekeeper, in her grass-green silk and flaring turban, restrained the passionate declaration of attachment that rose to my lips; but I have no doubt that my eyes were more eloquent, for she shrank back with a charming coyness that made her prettier than ever, and the eyelids drooped over her lovely eyes like the petals of a closing flower.

"Won't you do me this little service, then, Mr. Wilmot?" she said shyly.

What I answered to the above question I do not recollect. I only know that I stammered out something very incoherent and absurd about going through fire and water to obey her lightest command; but she seemed to know what was going on in my heart a great deal better than I myself did, for in the next minute she was speaking earnestly on the subject of her request.

It was my intention, was it not, to visit the city of Mexico? Well, then, on my way, my direct way, but within the lines of the besieging army, lay the hamlet of Itzlitechtuan, once a flourishing town, and where the remains of a summer palace of Montezuma were yet to be seen. Close to this was a country house called the Quinta Negra; and at this place dwelt the aged relative to whom my fair acquaintance desired to send by my hands a small, a very small parcel.

"It will not incommode you much," she said beseechingly, producing a tiny wooden case, which she opened, revealing what was inside. *This was a really splendid snuffbox—a gold box, richly enamelled in blue, and set with small brilliants.* "This is grandpapa's pet snuff-box, and he values it as the apple of his eye," said the little beauty

"he has never been so long separated from it before, and I know how his eyes will sparkle when he sees it again. You have heard me speak of grandpapa? No? how odd! His name is Dr. Anderson; and he is old, very old now, dear man! But he is a delightful talker, and so clever. He is famous among the scientific men of the day, and belongs to all sorts of learned societies; but he was a great courtier once, and United-States minister at Vienna, Paris, and Madrid. He was an immense favourite with King Louis XVIII., who gave him this box, and he prizes it very much; for he and the king were great friends, and used to argue over their rival translations of Horace, and to try which could recite most Latin verses. I wish you would take charge of this, and give it safely to grandpapa."

A wonderful man he must have been, this grandfather of Miss Louisa's. He was not only a diplomatist, a courtier, and a scholar, but as a naturalist he was highly distinguished. His collection of medals and coins was reputed the best in the New World; and his archaeological discoveries, and the book he was writing about them, would immortalise the name of Anderson, which I began to feel much ashamed not to have heard of. The good doctor was at Quinta Negra at present, on account of the prosecution of his researches into Mexican antiquities; and as the distracted condition of the country made it unsafe for a lady to travel so near the actual scene of hostilities, his devoted granddaughter could not rejoin him. But if I would convey the snuffbox, the royal gift, to its rightful owner, with Louisa's love, the darling old gentleman would be so pleased; and she, my fair friend, O how should she thank me sufficiently for my great, great kindness!

As a matter of course I accepted the trust, and undertook the commission. I was very glad to be of use, and only wished that the service to be rendered had been of a more romantic character. After all, to carry a valuable snuffbox to an old gentleman was a light task that the most selfish of mortals would scarcely have scrupled to accept. And when Miss Louisa lifted the golden lid, and showed me some highly-scented and dark-coloured snuff below, laughingly asking whether I could resist temptation, and restore the precious powder to its proprietor without myself taking toll of it on the journey, I laughed too, and was glad that the fair girl had asked this trifling favour of me and not of Osborne. We parted; and I thought that Miss Louisa's hand returned the fervent pressure of mine with a timid, yet lingering pressure, while her voice trembled as she said sadly, "Good-bye, and thanks, dear Mr. Wilmot; and I *hope* we shall meet again."

Why I did not show the box, or relate the incidents of the interview just described, to Henry Osborne, is more than I can easily explain. Perhaps I was afraid to encounter his good-natured raillery; or it may be that I did not know the state of my own feelings with sufficient accuracy to make me willing to lay them bare to another; but at any

rate I kept my own counsel. We did but remain a day or two in Puebla, and soon started for the ruins which Osborne so longed to sketch and to explore. It was not long, however, before I found Chaztoltepec pall upon me very much indeed. I could respect, but not share, the rapturous enthusiasm with which my comrade devoted himself to the delineation of crumbling walls, and to excavations that, slight as they were, brought to light a quantity of Aztec pottery, spear-heads, and bone or shell ornaments; and at the end of a few days I announced my intention of travelling on as far at any rate as the posts of the republican army blockading Mexico, where I should be sure to come in for plenty of stir and excitement, and where I might have a chance of witnessing the active operations of the siege.

"Well, well," said Osborne kindly, after one or two efforts to dissuade me from my project, "a wilful man must have his way; and I've no right, Phil, to expect you to be crazy about a parcel of old stones and potsherds, like myself. Go, then, since you will go, but be careful; and I'll join you as soon as I can."

No public carriage at that time continued to run between Puebla and the capital; but I easily came to terms with the capitan of a company of carriers bound for Mexico, and who proved ready and willing to provide me with a saddle-mule, and to act as my guard, guide, and commissariat during the journey. Indeed, these hardy brethren of the road—an institution of New as of Old Spain—furnish what is often the only available means of locomotion to the traveller among the shark-toothed sierras and tangled chapparal of Mexico, and I was glad to be able to take my place in their caravan. They numbered five-and-forty well-armed men, all stout fellows, of resolute demeanour; and their united force was sufficient to repel any assault on the part of mere thieves, while their written protections from both republican and imperialist generals would secure them against military aggression. If refused permission, as was probable, to enter Mexico city with their goods, the caravan could shape its course for the north, for Durango and Chihuahua, where increased prices would repay the toil of the expedition.

Again my journey through a country swarming with light-fingered and heavy-handed gentry of all sorts, from the disbanded soldier to the professional robber of the roads, was unattended by any adventure. There were hardships, of course, but no exciting incidents; and indeed the only event worth mentioning was that once we came upon an Indian boy sitting beside a dead horse, around which the vultures were already gathering, and weeping piteously, as he sat with the bridle across his knees, and the old-fashioned Moorish-looking saddle, with its broad brass stirrups and a lasso fastened to the pommel, beside him. I thought of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and the dead ass by the roadside; but this was no case of sentiment, but of sheer physical pain. The lad, as we found out by questioning him, was a farm-servant

at Itzltechtuan, the very village whither I was going ; and he had been despatched on horseback to Puebla to carry his master's rent to the owner of the estate, a rico, or wealthy landlord, of that town. But in taking a short cut through the brushwood, the horse, bitten by a rattlesnake that had been disturbed in its lair among the tall grass near the road, had reared and fallen back, bruising the young rider severely, and presently died in considerable suffering. This had occurred on the lad's return homewards, and after he had parted with the ranchero's bag of dollars in exchange for a receipt ; but it was no joke for the poor boy to find himself far from home, and with only a few small coins in his pocket, unhorsed, and reduced to the necessity of limping on to the Quinta as well as a sprained ankle would permit.

Mexicans are not the most tender-hearted variety of the great human family ; and the capitan of the carriers, when his curiosity was satisfied, gave himself but little concern as to the aching bones or friendless position of a mere Indian peon, and would have left him behind had I not interceded in his behalf. A gratuity of four piastres, however, procured for the poor fellow the use of one of the spare mules, to the back of which the saddle of the dead horse was transferred, and permission to accompany our march and to share our spare diet of dried beef, maize-porridge, and stewed beans, flavoured with red pepper and coarse oil. Martin—that was the name of the Indian lad—was extravagant in his expressions of gratitude for this trifling kindness on my part ; and indeed the *Indios manzos*, or domesticated aborigines of Mexico, deserve their reputation for being a gentle tractable race, affectionate and reverential, and even industrious, when compared with the white inhabitants of Anahuac. I thought little of poor Martin and his exuberant thankfulness at the time ; but it was not long before I had good reason to bless the day when we found the young peon sitting forlorn beside the stony road, with the carcass of the dead horse lying near.

We reached Itzltechtuan in safety, and there I parted with the carriers, who went on to the head-quarters of General Porfirio Diaz, the commander of the besieging army, to solicit a pass for Mexico. Martin, the young peon, readily volunteered to guide me to the Quinta Negra, within a very short distance of which his master's farm was situated. I found the house by no means cheerful of aspect. It had been the country residence of some wealthy government official in the days of the old Spanish domination, and deserved to be styled a palace, but it was mouldering to ruin : the walls were cracked, the flat roof broken and gone in many places ; while the garden, and the once stately terraces, with their broken marbles, discoloured frescoes, and choked fountains, as well as the tangled and wild overgrowth of what had been a shrubbery and was now a jungle, told the same melancholy tale of neglect and decay.

A lean wiry serving-man, whose bronzed cheek was seamed by

something suspiciously like the scar of a sabre-cut, came in answer to my reiterated knocking; and was with some difficulty prevailed upon to open the barred door, bound with iron, and so strong that I doubt if anything short of artillery could have forced an entry, and to usher me across broken floors and amid the tottering parti-walls of dilapidated saloons that were now the haunt of bats and lizards, to the only habitable part of the house, and into the presence of his master.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Wilmot," said the doctor, a fine-looking old man, with silver-gray hair floating in loose thin locks over the high collar of his brown coat, and wearing a white cravat, blue spectacles, and a waistcoat of black satin. His broad-brimmed hat lay beside him on the table, surrounded by a miscellaneous collection of incongruous objects: dried herbs, vials containing snakes, Antea weapons and pottery, a new and handsome microscope, a pair of holsters with their bear-skin covering, and a bowie-knife peeping from beneath a mass of writing-materials. "I am very glad to see an Englishman always. Blood, as the Scottish proverb says, is thicker than water; and all Anglo-Saxons feel in some measure as brothers in this strange part of the world where I have spent so much of my life; and not, as I hope," this with a glance at the miscellany that strewed the table, "unprofitably."

I had been prepared to like Miss Louisa's grandfather, but I own that I should have been prepossessed in Dr. Anderson's favour, even had he not been so nearly related to my beautiful travelling-companion. He was, as I have said, a fine-looking old gentleman, a good deal bowed by age, but still in the full vigour of his intellect, and with a flow of conversation that never failed him. He made no parade of learning, nor did he affect, as some persons of his years and ability are prone to do, to disparage youth. He treated me as his equal; frankly, but with a sort of antique courtesy that became him well.

"You will dine with me, Lieutenant Wilmot, I hope? I cannot offer you very luxurious fare; but there are some flasks of old wine yet in the cellar, and I will tell Pedro to hasten the repast. A friend of—yes, of Miss Louisa's—is doubly welcome here."

The doctor went on to ask if I had bespoken lodgings in the village.

"For if you are not better provided," he said kindly, "I should esteem it an honour if you would take up your quarters with me. Bachelors of your age, and, I may add, gentlemen of your gallant and adventurous profession, are seldom over-particular about their accommodation in out-of-the-way places; and Pedro can give you a room that will at least be cleaner and more tranquil than those of the inn yonder, swarming as it is with soldiers and officers of the Liberal faction. Indeed, I question if you could be received there at all; whereas in this old ruin there is a chamber much at your service."

I thanked the good old gentleman warmly for his hospitality, and accepted the offer willingly enough. Indeed, it was a timely one,

had noticed, during my short stay in the village, that the place was full of troops : a regiment of the line, a battalion of *Caçadores*, and a squadron of wild-eyed, brigand-looking cavalry from the north, being quartered there. Even from the terrace of the *Quinta Negra* I could see the white tents, while many of the military, unprovided with camp-cots, bivouacked around fires in the open air ; and groups of soldiers, in more or less irregular uniforms, smoked their paper-cigars at the door of the solitary inn.

"Here is your room, Señor," said Pedro curtly, inducting me and my trunk and baggage into a great dark dismantled apartment, very sparsely furnished, and with walls from which the panelling of dark wood was peeling away, while the ceiling threatened to fall bodily on the head of an intruder. There was, however, a little iron camp-bed, a couple of blankets and a buffalo-robe flung across it ; and I thankfully accepted possession of this desolate chamber, which, after all, was better than anything I had seen since leaving Puebla. I made some alteration in my attire, in compliment to my host ; and I had scarcely finished dressing when the bronzed serving-man knocked at the door to announce that dinner was ready. It was not a very luxurious repast that awaited us, consisting chiefly of eggs, lean bacon, maize-bread, and corn stewed with red-pepper pods and various Mexican vegetables ; but hunger is a priceless sauce, and I enjoyed the meal excessively.

The wine—a Mexican growth—was excellent ; and Dr. Anderson, as his granddaughter had predicted, a most agreeable host, with an immense flow of conversation, and manners of infinite urbanity. There was only one subject on which he abstained from talking, and that was the perilous topic of politics.

"I am an American citizen, and have a natural sympathy with American forms of government," said the doctor with a smile ; "and as an old diplomatist, I have acquired some liking for courts and intrigues. I wish well, then, to all mankind, and steer clear of their quarrels as best I may. My own quiet studious life, spent in harmless books and meditation, gives no umbrage to Trojan or to Tyrian, to Radical or to Liberal, and I am suffered to classify my butterflies and to dissect my snakes in peace. Even Colonel Gomez, who commands here, and who is reckoned the most severe in enforcing martial law against all the Mexican chiefs—Marquez excepted—has not refused to allow a poor old bookworm to dwell unmolested within his lines, and to amuse himself with his broken Aztec pottery and Indian inscriptions unquestioned. But enough of this egotism. Did you not say, Elmot, that you had kindly taken charge of some trifle sent me by Miss Louisa ?"

"I could not help fancying that there was something a little odd in the doctor's tone as he pronounced these last words.

"Yes," I made answer ; "it was a precious charge that your granddaughter—"

"My granddaughter!" exclaimed Dr. Anderson involuntarily; and then immediately added, in a tone of one who is annoyed with himself for some inadvertence, "yes, yes, to be sure. You mean your late companion in the diligence, Miss Louisa? I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but my thoughts were far away."

I thought this a little strange, but I forthwith produced the wooden case, and placed it in the doctor's hands. The old man opened it with a hand that was not quite steady; and, with evident impatience, lifted the lid of the splendid snuff-box. For a moment he looked perplexed, and then, plunging his fingers into the fragrant snuff, he drew out, to my surprise, a thick little packet of paper, closely folded, and which I saw at a glance was covered with writing.

While the old gentleman, apparently forgetful of my presence, was eagerly reading the contents of the now unfolded document, and while I was puzzled to conjecture what sort of letter it could be that needed to be conveyed to its destination with such cautious secrecy, and why, if Miss Louisa chose to send her written communications to her grandpapa by a private hand, she should have thought it necessary to keep me in ignorance of what the snuffbox really contained, I thought that I heard the distant call of a cavalry trumpet, and immediately afterwards a faint, far-distant sound like the measured tramp of marching men, blending with the thud of horsehoofs on the greensward. Then the sounds ceased, and I sat wondering. Why had my sweet young friend, why had the too-charming American damsel, acted thus? It was a quasi-deceit. It surely implied either a genius for fibbing or a distrust of myself; and yet, to think ill of her—

"Ah, what is this?" For the doctor had started to his feet, frowning, and in manifest agitation. Almost at the same moment Pedro rushed in.

"Señor," he cried hurriedly, "they come, horse and foot. I see the bayonets glancing down the avenue among the cotton-trees, even from here. And Colonel Gomez is there, on the gray horse. See!"

I stared from master to man and from man to master, thoroughly at my wits' end. What was the meaning of all this? What could it signify to this old gentleman, with his natural history and his archaeology, whether troops moved one way or another? Surely to stuff birds and dry lizards was no treason to empire or republic? and yet—

"Are the horses saddled, Pedro?" cried the doctor, in quite a different tone of voice from any which I had heard him use as yet—ringing, sonorous, martial.

"Saddled! that they are, my captain," answered Pedro promptly.

At that moment twang, twang! rang out the shrill notes of the cavalry trumpet; and then followed a shout and the report of a musket, while a bullet smashed through a pane of the great window, and lodged in one of the hard wood panels of the wall, within a foot of my head.

"*¡vamos!* away!" shouted the doctor, throwing open the window, going out upon the lawn, followed by Pedro. "Excuse me, lieutenant," he added with a laugh, turning his head as he sprang out; "go yourself."

In the momentary glimpse that I had of him thus I could see that his green spectacles had fallen off, and that he had lost the stoop and regained all his youthful liveness of movement, as if by magic.

But by this time the din was something fearful; horses galloping, men running and shouting, discharges of firearms, loud cries, "Death to the traitors!"

I stood stupefied, like one in a feverish dream, I could see two men gallop madly off across the lawn, leap the ditch, and disappear headlong way across the fields under a heavy fire, aimed by fifty riflemen who came running up in the green garb of the regulars, and pursued by a score of riders. Then the firing ceased, suddenly the trumpet sounded the recall, and the disappointed men came riding back by twos and threes. But I stood as if my feet were rooted to the carpet, until a clash of spurs and sabres resounded, and Colonel Gomez, a savage-looking old man with shaggy gray eyebrows and a face purple with rage, burst into the room, with a dozen of his troopers, to arrest me.

"A very likely story," said the colonel grimly, as he twirled his long white moustache round his bony forefinger, and glared fiercely on me, "probable tale. You call yourself an officer of the British navy, an innocent traveller, yet you have no passport or papers, no uniform. And you own that you gave this," holding up the luckless box, "to yonder arch-spy and prince of traitors—to the villain who has hoodwinked us for weeks, and has ridden off safe, with the aid of an orderly, to Mexico City, to tell his comrades all he has observed within our lines, under the assumed character of a doctor and man of science. The vile sorcerer! Our bullets missed him as he was shooting at the Gran Demonio himself. But they will catch you, señor rogue; for I swear by St. Jago to bring you face to face with the fire of a platoon, were you twenty times English!"

He caused me to be searched, ironed, and marched off to a tent, where I was to be guarded until the general should approve of my sentence—not to death as a spy.

It had not been in the tent above two hours before the canvas was suddenly lifted, and the bright eyes and dusky face of Martin the boy appeared in the opening.

"What's the matter?" he said in a whisper, with his finger on his lips; "the English was good to Martin; and Martin does not forget foe or friend."

"What can Indian boy do?"

The grateful creature had crept unheeded past my guards. I had, however, my pocket-book still about me, and I pencilled a note to the boy, which Martin swore to deliver. He would saddle his mas-

ter's best horse, he said, and ride night and day. But the gleam of comfort which the sight of this kindly lad, and his promise to hurry to my shipmate, had given me, died away when he was gone, and I remembered the long ride that lay before him, and the probability that before intercession could be made my iniquitous sentence would have been carried out to the bitter end.

The next few days passed by in dreary monotony. I was not ill-treated. I had a tent to myself, and was sufficiently supplied with the coarse food that composes the rations of the Mexican soldier. But two sentinels, crossing one another in their regular walk, paced night and day before the door of my canvas prison, through the flimsy roof of which the hot sun of the tropics forced its way towards noon with a power that was all but intolerable, while at night the mosquitoes and white flies came in winged legions to plague me. I was denied writing-materials, and having no books or chance of conversation, found the time pass heavily indeed. Presently it was announced to me that the general had approved my sentence, and that I was to be shot at eight o'clock on the morning of the ensuing day.

That morning dawned at last, glorious and unclouded, with all the brilliancy of light, the vivid tints of the vegetation, the unsullied azure of the sky peculiar to those latitudes; and true to the appointed hour, the firing-party, commanded by a subaltern, marched to the tent and led me forth—to die. The place selected for the execution was an open space of trampled greensward in front of the cavalry quarters. Here a shallow grave had been scooped in the sand, and at this spot, on the edge of the grave, I was compelled to kneel, while my arms were pinioned tightly, and a sergeant proceeded to bandage my eyes with a silk-handkerchief.

"You have five minutes to pray, if you heretics ever do," said the sergeant gruffly, and then withdrew.

I had made no remonstrance, used no entreaty. Hopeless and desponding, I prepared to meet my fate calmly, aware that no argument of mine could avail me. I heard the word of command, and then the rattle of the muskets. The men of the platoon were falling-in, and ordering arms, in obedience to the call of their officer. The time was nearly spent. I fancied, too, that I heard a distant sound as of horses galloping on the soft turf; but of this I had little leisure to think, for now the muskets clanked again as they were brought to the "present."

"When I lift my sword, then fire!" called out the officer.

Again the trampling sound of hurrying horses, and the clash of accoutrements, and a shout of several eager voices. Next there was a hubbub of excited talk, and the jingling of swords and neighing of horses, and I was dragged to my feet, while someone cut the cord that bound my arms, and another hand tore the bandage from my eyes.

"Only just in time," said a well-known and friendly voice; "but we are in time, thank Heaven! Why, Phil, my poor fellow!"

It was Henry Osborne who was beside me, and who held me propped on his shoulder,—for I had fainted, or nearly so,—while behind him appeared the copper-coloured face of Martin the Indian boy. The travel-stained and dishevelled condition of both of them, as well as the bleeding and heaving flanks of their weary horses, told that they had ridden fast and far. Behind them, on horseback, were Colonel Gomez and several other officers, as well as a mounted aide-de-camp of General Diaz, holding a paper which I afterwards learned was the order for my reprieve and liberation.

"I have made it all right with the general," whispered Osborne; "but what a touch-and-go business it was! Two minutes, and yonder old tiger would have carried out his own tyrannical sentence in full. But we are to be off to Vera Cruz, and get on board again with all speed. The Liberals are furious about the trick in which you were an innocent instrument. That Captain Fell, whom you took for an old doctor—Anderson he called himself—turns out to be an ex-Confederate officer, now on Miramon's staff, and the most active and unscrupulous young fellow in the imperialist army; a spy who—"

"What are you talking of, with your spies and Confederates and young fellows?" asked I in my bewilderment. "Surely you don't mean that Dr. Anderson—"

"Dr. Anderson," said Osborne, interrupting me in his turn, and with a good-humoured smile—"Dr. Anderson and Captain Fell, who is not above six- or seven-and-twenty, are one and the same person. The letter you conveyed to him, unknowingly, in the gold box, was a warning that he or his orderly Pedro had been recognised by someone who had sent information to the Liberals who it was that lurked, disguised as an aged naturalist, at the Quinta Negra, and who sent constant information to the Imperialists of the enemy's movements. And as for Miss Louisa—"

"What of her?" I exclaimed.

"As for Miss Louisa, as you call her," continued Osborne with much composure, "she is considered by the Republicans as very nearly as dangerous a spy as her husband, and I advise you to forget her wunny blue eyes as soon as you conveniently can, for her name is Mrs. Fell."

So it was. It was Captain Fell's wife who had with such seeming artlessness tricked me into carrying the message that warned her husband to fly, and I had been doubly duped; that was all.

AN OLD VENETIAN SKETCH

WHEN last rays of sunset have merged into splendour,
And faded behind the Euganean hills ;
When balmy the breeze in the twilight so tender—
The whisper of love then more easily thrills !

The voice of the lover is yet more ecstatic,
As, changing from golden to silvern once more,
The soft summer waves of the blue Adriatic
Scarce dimple the sand on the Lido's white shore.

O, gay as the prismatic pearls of Murano
Are songs that we sing by the light of the moon ;
More sacred than relics in old San Stefano
Are words that come wafted across the Lagoon !

On white marble steps—the brave work of Scamozzi—
I watch her eyes glitter and glow in the dark ;
Now gloomy and sad as the depths of the Pozzi,
Now bright as the banners afloat o'er St. Mark.

Carissima mia, I don't mind confessing—
Whilst raven-black tresses you ripple and twine—
Though eyes proudly flash, I could scarcely help pressing
A soft little hand were it folded in mine !

I'll sit at her feet, though my passion is burning,
And worship her beauty with deeply-drawn sighs ;
Nor dream of the dull, sober daylight returning,
Whilst basking in love and the light of her eyes.

Then, O for the rapture to whisper through tresses
Soft-scented, atwine round those shell-tinted ears !
Away with all doubts and away with distresses,
And perish the fancy of sorrow and tears !

Ah ! dwell in my heart now, O sweetest of creatures !
You'll live in the future of forthcoming days ;
For splendid old Titian has painted your features,
And gay Aretino has sung in your praise !



ray, del.

H. D. Linton sc.

AN OLD VENETIAN SKETCH.



LITERATURE IN THE PURPLE

"IF I were a king!" Of how many air-built castles has this been the foundation! Dreams of philanthropy, of ambition, of unlimited rest, of voluptuous enjoyment, of literary distinction, have all entered the waking thoughts of men time immemorial by this horn-gate. There is no divorcing splendid authority in the popular apprehension from ease and free volition. All the wise demonstrations that despots lead lives of carking responsibility, and that constitutional monarchs must be pestered ever by the infinitely little, go for nothing. The instinctive conception of royal leisure, kingly power, monarchical choice of occupation, outlives reason and defies knowledge. We are all privately of the opinion expressed in the *Antigone*, that it is part of the envied greatness of kings to do and speak whatever they please. "A dish for a king;" "Now lie I like a king,"—on this wise are the proverbial equivalents for all luxurious fancies. "If I were a king!" or—to put it in the concrete, as old and young English people do every day, whether their topic of thought be Jamaica negroes, the Fenians, the East-London distress, or some such trifle as dress, bookbinding, a *menu*, or a dream of opera-management—"If I were the Queen!"

Amongst other things, the poor pen, badge as it is of the sufferance of all our tribe, becomes glorified by association with royalty. Lying much worn and pithless on the desk of the *littérateur*, tumbled carelessly amidst briefs or abstracts, stuck behind the mercantile ear, dangling in the ink-bottle of the tax-gatherer, or plying anywhere or at any rate of speed its doomed mercenary vocation, how sorry an implement it is! But place it near the sceptre, let it lie at the disposal of a royal hand, a halo immediately surrounds it. Its lightest characters, its most crabbed flourishes, its weariest drivel,—all will be matter for the ages. Nor is this a mere instinct of base adulation: it is rather an unconscious acknowledgment that to be glorious the pen must be free.

As a matter of fact, there is no such royal liberty. The hack's *magnum-bonum* is not so hampered by orders as the dainty quill which plumes the standish of a queen's bondoir. No conveyancer is more bound by precedent than a kingly writer is held in check by the *convenances*; no stylus of penny-a-liner is held so inexorably to apparent facts as is the pen of a sovereign. But the sweet old fiction, the magic of royal option, haunts the air of royal authorship. The world is constantly unjust to those who do what it is their business to do. Those who preach because they are professionally bound to go twice a week into a pulpit hardly get a hearing. Even Shakespeare

would lose caste if it were borne in mind that he produced his plays as a matter of business, being the actor, author, manager of his time. The literary amateur of any social standing has, in fact, a fine time of it; and the man who lives by his pen makes no complaint, because the option of writing or not writing is a most valuable suppressed premiss in all estimates of the literary character. Occasionally indeed the more than professional power and success of a Jacob Omnium adds to the lustre as truly as it purifies the morale of journalism.

Unquestionably it is good for men who are obliged to write that many write without personal occasion. It keeps up the standing of the profession that innumerable amateurs covet literary work; it even maintains a high standard of thought, for while the trade of writing is indulged in for love, it can never become a *mere* trade. The idea that a man does not write unless he has something to express besides his need of bread and cheese, is well worth keeping up, though it may sometimes be only a politic fiction; and nothing sustains it more distinctly than the eagerness of high folks to exercise literary functions. Except in the cases of a few men who are as much professors of literature as of statesmanship, the work amateurs are proud to do would usually be done better, even where there is special knowledge, by more practised and practical pens; but the way of the world is to look with interest and favour on the writings of persons of quality and position, and the weakness is neither wholly mean in origin nor without its public advantages.

Macaulay, though he deemed the literary privileges of lords as obsolete as their right to kill the king's deer on their way to Parliament, or their old remedy of *scandalum magnatum*, yet acknowledged a kindly feeling towards noble authors. "Industry," said he, "and a taste for intellectual pleasures are peculiarly respectable in those who can afford to be idle and who have every temptation to be dissipated. It is impossible not to wish success to a man who, finding himself placed, without any merit on his part, above the mass of society, voluntarily descends from his eminence in search of distinctions which he may justly call his own."

What is thus said of peers is more strikingly true of sovereigns; and of both it is also true that literary ability may obtain for its lordly or royal possessor other than literary triumphs. "A literary man," said the present Premier of England, in that mirror of himself, the *Biography of Lord George Bentinck*,—"a literary man who is a man of action is a two-edged weapon; nor should it be forgotten that Cæsar, Julius and Frederick the Great were both eminently literary characters, and yet were perhaps the two most distinguished men of action of ancient and modern times."

Such two-edged weapons are rare, however, and one edge is usually *blunt* or *notched*, or otherwise useless. Of the two cases quoted by Mr. Disraeli, only one is even favourable to his argument. To Cæsar's

literary ability—which it is pardonable to say was of the best English kind—too much honour can hardly be paid. Not only is he, as Frederick Schlegel says, “the first in whom we find perfect evenness of expression,” but “when he handled the pen, he was guided by the self-same principles as when he wielded the sword, directing his attention uninterruptedly to one sole object, and to it making all others subservient.” Not only was he “in complete possession of the qualities next only to liveliness in historic writing, clearness and simplicity,” but he used his literary force conjointly with his military prowess to advance his ambition, and proved as invincible in his writing-room as in the field.

Frederick the Great has never received as an author, except from flatterers, any such commendation. His most sympathetic and eulogistic biographer ridicules his muse and pours contempt upon his political polemics. The founder and formulator of Prussian greatness was in fact a very simple victim to the writing *cacoëthes*. His poesies are in oblivion, and his character as *Philosophe of Sans-Souci* lives only as an eccentricity in royal annals. It was his fortune to learn to write and *think* in French—“not a bad dialect,” Carlyle declares, “but none of the best; very lean and shallow, if very clear and convenient;” and his poetry, except that it was *inconvenient*, may be dismissed in the terms which serve to describe his dialect.

Even the French he so loved and so thoroughly mastered the use of, Frederick never learnt to spell; and he was not more obstreperous in his youth under the rule of Fritz his father than he remained throughout recalcitrant to

“La grammaire qui sait régenter jusqu’au roi
Et les fait, la main haute, obéir à ses lois,”

But this, though Carlyle humorously pretends to be puzzled by it, is not half so remarkable as the strong addiction of the great Frederick to literary trifling, which the same critic seriously contemns. The sharp knife of Carlyle minces such literary reputation as Macaulay had left him into contemptible fragments, and he sweeps them away with a besom of jeers. By Macaulay the blue-stocking King, half Mithridates, half Trissotin, had been exhibited bearing up against a world in arms with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other—verses hateful to gods and men, the insipid dregs of Voltaire’s Hippocrène, the faint echo of the lyre of Chaulieu. And the worshipper Carlyle is even more disdainful.

When his hero retires into the country with hopes of a long future brightened by literature, the devotee has no respectful word to say of the Reinsberg Idyllium. His poetry, says Carlyle, came with uncommon fluency, but it was not a deep matter but a shallow one, corresponding to his animated fantasias on the flute. “Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was bound a certain leakage of verse.” And his controversial efforts were hardly more respectable. He “confuted, or at least heartily contra-

dicted," Macchiavelli's Prince in a book which came out simultaneously in three forms : one as corrected by Voltaire ; one as originally handed to the bookseller, who thought Voltaire's alterations detrimental (very naturally, considering whose copy the good Van Duren was setting-up) ; and another combining the two. The result of this royal act of authorship was what is now called a sensation. "The spectacle," says Carlyle—in the vein the contemplation of it could not but betray him into—"the spectacle of one who was himself a King stepping forth to say with conviction that Kingship was not a thing of Attorney mendacity to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity to be set about under quite other patronage ; and that, in fact, a King was the born servant of his People (*domestique* Friedrich once calls it) rather than otherwise : this naturally enough rose upon the populations unused to such language like the dawn of a new day."

But even from this high intellectual feat Frederick derived no permanent fame. One does not quite see why the fact that he was so much before his time should detract from the literary or political value of his criticisms on old Nicholas ; but the truth is, the literary value was *nil*, and the political value was slight. Prince Fritz was not the first nor the last heir-apparent with a turn for Radicalism ; and indeed this is a phase of royal life which it would need very fine authorship to render historically remarkable.

On the whole, Mr. Disraeli could hardly have chosen a worse example of the double-edged-weapon theory than this king, so great a sovereign and warrior, so small a *littérateur*. But it may be said, to the honour of their taste, perhaps, if not to the credit of their intellect, that the sovereigns who have sought to use the pen as a weapon are few indeed. The most remarkable of those who have done so is the present occupier of the imperial throne in France. He has lined the purple of the Second Empire with literary associations, besides rearing the noblest possible literary monument to the founder of the first. The extent of his authorship is probably known to very few ; but his speculations as a journalist before he gained his present position were not less notable as justifications of his political capacity, than his "double-edged" *Life of Caesar* is distinguished amongst historical apologies.

Our own Sovereign is happily absolved from all necessity of defence or attack. Beloved for herself, and honoured as the constitutional head of a free state, she needs literary as little as military defence. But since the unhappy event which beclouded her personal history though it could not darken the brightness of her reign, all her notable appearances have been in print. She has absented herself from state-ceremonies, but again and again her people have heard from her ; and after some years her communications expanded from little notes of sympathy or remonstrance on social subjects into autobiographical contributions to literature which will always possess the deepest his-

toric and personal interest. The frankness of her revelations of royal life gives them a piquancy in detail such as, in reference to other sovereigns of her line, has only been attained by traditionary Windsor gossip, or by the secondhand recollections of a Hervey, a Burney, or a Buckingham.

The Queen's Memoir of the Prince Consort and her sketches of their life in the Highlands are too fresh in the recollections of all readers to need a word of comment; but it is simple justice to say that there never grew beneath a royal hand words more sure to live, or so certain to insure for the writer the esteem and affection of posterity. To be a beloved exemplar is probably the highest ambition a female sovereign can legitimately entertain; and Queen Victoria, unconscious or unheeding of the few unmanly and audacious savageries perpetrated upon her in the much-abused name of Satire when in her grief she was doubly defenceless, has shown how gracefully a graphic pen may etch around a pure and comely royal life the soft shading of human sympathy and affection.

So excellent and, above all, so cheerful an employment of literary faculty stands infinitely higher than the mere gloomy poetisings with which several literary monarchs have beguiled their sorrow. Royal misfortunes have always been a fruitful source of royal literature. Cœur de Lion has the credit not only of a Provençal sonnet to Stephenetta, wife of Hugh de Baux, but also of several rather unknightly ditties on the subject of his long incarceration. Henry VI. wrote verses which Horace Walpole describes as "melancholy and simple, as we should expect, and not better than a saint might compose." Anne Boleyn, of whom it was said that when she danced her rare proportions varied themselves into all the graces that belong to either grace or motion, is credited by Sir John Hawkins with a very grievous copy of verses; but they are not so well authenticated as her more sprightly and winning letter to the king.

One of her successors, Catherine Parr,—though a shrewd little woman, who could seek to beguile Queen Mary into Protestantism by a correspondence advocating the production of Erasmus's Paraphrase on the Testament in the English vernacular,—had a very lachrymose vein. She wrote the *Sweet Song of a Singer*. This is supposed to be identical with her *Lamentation of a Sinner bewailing the Ignorance of her blind Life*, which is a very melancholy production in more senses than one. It is especially tearful in bemoaning the time and energy the ex-queen had wasted in fasts and pilgrimages which she now saw to be superstitious. As a proof that not all queenly authors are modest, it may be mentioned that this last of Harry VIII.'s wives entered into avowed competition with King David by composing fifteen psalms!

Horace Walpole and his editor have collected into a conveniently brief space many *ana* of this kind. As well as Richard I., Edward II. and Richard II. are amongst our early kings who, as Mallet says, "difyt

at times their pens in ink." Edward VI., to the horror of the easy liberal Walpole, had written a comedy on the subject of the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, at an age when at least one of the words of its title ought to have been unintelligible to him. "Scribbling controversial ribaldry," however, was deemed highly meritorious in those days; and young Edward on Transubstantiation was as bitter, though hardly as interesting or spiritual, as one could desire. Even Mary figures in the list. As for Queen Elizabeth, besides other trifles, she produced a version of one of Seneca's tragedy-choruses, which proves her to have been a formidable rival in bombast to Ancient Pistol, and in euphuism to Lilly. James I. extorts respect by his *Basilicon Doron*; but incurs ridicule by his *Demonologia*, and contempt by the strange mixture of oaths, puns, quotations, witticisms, prerogative, scripture, superstition, and vanity which composed his *Counterblast to Tobacco*. Altogether it is an amusing catalogue, by which literature is more honoured by the attentions of kings and queens than they are distinguished by the brilliancy of their devoirs.

Poor Horace Walpole's attentions to royal authors brought upon him at least one gad-fly who knew how to buzz. And those who care about the matter may find a pamphlet, which was to have been followed by others that never appeared, in which his "false principles" were "confuted, and true ones established." The writer took high ground, and boasted that in his critical capacity he had acted as becomes a true lover of our country, and a firm believer of the Christian religion, with a sincere benevolence to all mankind. It is a pity modern critics have laid aside these affecting arts of rotund protestation. In our time John O'Connell could call Macaulay's *History* a Whig pamphlet, and not offer a single guarantee of his devotion to orthodoxy, the Constitution, and humanity. It was not so in 1759, when this remarkable nipt-bud of a pamphleteer tried to set Horace Walpole's teeth on edge.

He chiefly used as his authority Mr. Hume's history, "because," said he, "the Whigs cannot object to Mr. Hume's notions about liberty; but he regards truth and decency, which few of them do." Beginning with so much spirit, it is not wonderful that this forgotten critic, in that Horace Walpole should have treated in an indecent manner so many of the crowned heads of England, should turn upon Horace's "great relation." Kindly recalling the scandal about Mrs. S—t and certain monetary troubles of the great Sir Robert, this emphatic gentleman more broadly than ingeniously intimates that that remarkable statesman, so far from being a great man, was a very great fool.

Amongst Horace Walpole's royal authors was Mary Queen of Scots. He allowed the variety of her accomplishments. He cited the distich which she altered from a fragment by Cæsar, and wrote on a window-pane at Buxton in honour of the Wells. He chronicled her poems on various occasions—her *morceau* in Brantome in honour of her husband, King Francis; her French verses to Queen Elizabeth; her letters to the

of Bothwell, which were sought to be proved forged, and many others dispersed through the works of Pope Pius V., Buchanan, Camden, Hall, and Sanderson. In fact he reared a more than sufficient monument to Queen Mary's literary taste. But he set her down generally in the very poignant words: "She had the misfortune to be born in the same age, in the same island with, and to be handsomer than Elizabeth, and yet she had the weakness to set up a claim to a greater kingdom than she could own without an army,"—Horace Walpole had no notion of people setting counter to common sense,—“and was at last reduced by her own piety to be a saint in a religion which was opposite to what her rival had been turned out of policy.”

Surely the most inveterate misogynist could hardly have delivered a more edged Ehud-thrust more savagely than this. The “anonymous author of the *Remarks*” quite loses his temper at the reflection on Queen Mary, and is driven frantic by that on Queen Elizabeth. “As to his setting Mary ‘was reduced by her crimes to be a saint,’ such a ridiculous mark could proceed from none but a very simple sinner.” As to the position that Elizabeth was a Protestant from policy, that proved “simple sinner”—by which epithet everyone must recognise Horace Walpole—to have a poor opinion of the goodness of the Protestant cause.”

Yet even on Queen Elizabeth Horace Walpole was not tempted by cynical ideas of her and her Protestantism to pass an unfavourable literary judgment. Her politic quip about Transubstantiation excites admiration. He fills pages with the titles of her *Comment on Plato*, or *Two Orationes of Isocrates*, her translations of Euripides, Boethius, Sophocles, Horace, Sallust, and Margaret of Navarre, and letters and orations in abundance. But all failed to satisfy the remorseless author of the *Remarks*, who evidently supposed Horace Walpole recognised these achievements only in order to hint the insincerity and mercenary quality of Queen Bess's Protestantism.

It was hardly likely that an author who could thus attack Queen Elizabeth would be very tender with so inferior a person as Queen Anne. Mr. Walpole did not give her majesty a chapter to herself—she was not a royal author—but he, as the pamphlet critic says, “lugged her, without any seeming temptation or propriety,” into a notice of Henry VIII. Even this royal writer was only included in the Walpole catalogue in deference to tradition and the title “Defender of the Faith;” and Mr. Walpole grossly offended his critic by intimating, in the *Propos* of the *Defence of the Sacraments*, that neither it nor the *Iconoclasm* was written by the royal hand to which it was ascribed. His great offence was that, in dealing with the title which this book was ascribed by Luther himself to other writers—gained for the eighth century, he spoke of it as suiting Henry equally well whether he burnt heretics or Protestants, and thus proceeded to the end of his wicked and giggish tether.

"It"—that is, the epithet "Defender of the Faith"—"suited each of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth ; it fitted the martyr Charles and the profligate Charles ; the Romish James and the Calvinist William ; and at last seemed *peculiarly adapted to the weak head of the high-church Anne.*" This, indeed, is somewhat caustic. It was not the fashion in Walpole's days to keep literary and historical ideas even nominally distinct from politics. "If that good-natured queen," bursts forth the author of the *Remarks*—and in a note with funny egotism he compares the epithet good-natured, which seems common enough, to the *simplex munditiis* of Horace—"if that good-natured queen had treated her and the enemies of her house with half the severity they deserved, and which Queen Elizabeth would certainly have used, in all probability your great relation, if ever he had come out of the Tower, would have been exalted to a station widely different from that of prime minister."

Literary criticism of this sort is really quite reviving. Who would not treat of royal authors for the pleasure of being thus roundly handled ? It is like Mordecai reviewing Haman. As Horace Walpole had dared to hint his belief in the amours of Elizabeth, Mordecai observes with intense and, as he says of Queen Anne, "entirely English" asperity, that "they are not at all to what he pretends to be the true design of his books, but they serve to blacken a crowned head, which is the high delight of a republican." Horace Walpole a republican !

But enough of these graver matters. Nor need we stay to settle the solemn question whether Charles I. wrote *Icon Basilike*, the book which sent Smollett, Sprat, and even Hume into ecstasies. It must be admitted that, whatever may be said of his prose, King Charles's poetry was at least as bad as his government, if the elegy written at Carisbroke was really his. Take a specimen :

"Nature and law by thy divine decree
(The only work of righteous loyalty)
With this dim diadem invested me,

With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe,
Yet I am levelled with the life of Job."

The following is even more spirited :

"Tyranny bears the title of taxation ;
Revenge and robbery are reformation ;
Oppression gains the name of sequestration."

If kings wrote thus before the Commonwealth, how wrote the bellmen ?

Charles II. is appropriately known in literature only by a single amatory song, while James II. lives *crowned with thorns* in the frontispiece of a volume of meditations. It is gratifying to know that this arch-enemy of the Puritans hated theatres, and denounced romances as snares of the evil one. On these heads a wonderful unanimity has ever prevailed amongst fanatics of the most opposite colours. Bitter and

narrow minds are naturally averse to what makes for cheerfulness; and find it much easier ignorantly to abstain, than wisely and religiously to reform. A much pleasanter Stuart to contemplate was the daughter of James I., known in history as the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia. Her place in literary history is a small one, but the personal memories of her life, though it was not unchequered, are consistently pleasing. The poor lady loved her husband with a fidelity and simplicity happily not yet extinct amongst royal families; and when separated from him, expressed it as simply as if her birth and station had been amongst the lowliest: "Croyez moi cher cœur que je me souhaite bien auprès de vous. Plut à Dieu q'eussions un petit coin au monde pour y vivre contents ensemble. C'est tout le bonheur que je me souhaite."

Her little corner was not to be found, but she came to be known as Queen of Hearts in the Low Countries, and lives sweetly in a byway of history which still blooms and bears flowerets. This was the queen, however, whom a caricaturist at Antwerp represented with her hair hanging about her ears, a child at her back, and the king—our James—her father, carrying the cradle after her. It was to her also that Francis Quarles—he of the quaint "Emblems"—was cupbearer. Except some letters in the Harleian Ms., she is not known to have written anything except a poem—which we should now consider a poor Sunday-school hymn, and a very long one—on the old theme—

"Theirs is a most wretched case
Who themselves so far disgrace
That they their affections place
Upon things named vile and base,"

It must be admitted that the proneness of royal pens to anticipate or excel Sternhold and Hopkins has produced results far from brilliant or engaging.

Before quite quitting the Stuarts we may cast a glance at the poetic efforts of the early Scottish kings. One of them was alleged to have expended some vigour on the Apocalypse; but the sharp-voiced Pinkerton leaves the historian who said so to his Revelations. Whether James IV. "proceeded prophet" or not—to use a phrase of Swift—the earliest of his name achieved a rather exceptional reputation in England while a prisoner here, by a plaintive love-poem in honour of the lady he subsequently married. Another princely prisoner who won laurels among us by his pen was Charles Duke of Orleans and Milan, nephew of Charles VI. of France, and father of Louis XII. Made a prisoner at Agincourt, he lived twenty-five years at Woodbridge in Suffolk, and writing gave him elegant consolation.

In the Georgian era, royal literature is scarce; but that much-slighted Prince of Wales, the father of George III., is reputed author of a French *chanson* in the manner of his age, which is not without taste and gaiety. This heir-apparent, with all his faults, had a dis-

position to entertain literary angels, and was rewarded by at least one poetic eulogy:

"For to the few with sparks ethereal stored
He never barred his castle's genial gate,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly board,
Soothing with verse divine the toils of state.
Hence fired, the bard forsook the flowery plain,
And decked the royal mask and tried the tragic strain."

An awkward inference presents itself, that an English prince must be very much out of luck before he warmly favours literary companionship, and that such ill-assorted friendship is more likely to wean a poet from his true *métier* than to elevate a prince above the intellectual level of his order. Thomson, fired by the society of Frederick Prince of Wales, forsaking "the flowery plain," is an allegory for all seasons.

If we glance beyond the confines of our own country, several names stand forth in the roll of royal authors. King Bela of Hungary has a claim, though it is appropriately mythical, to appear there. King Dionysius of Portugal and his son Alfonso IV. are more distinctly inscribed. Alfonso X., surnamed the Wise—not because, like Sir Godfrey Kneller, he thought he could have given the Creator advice which would have much improved the universe—is one of the few literary monarchs who gave any thought to science. His *Book of Complaints* is declared by Sismondi to be worthy of the sentiments which ought to sustain a deposed monarch; but that seems a very vague and even equivocal compliment. This king, however, was a knowing one; for, chiefly with a view to debase the coinage with impunity, he declared he had discovered the philosopher's stone!

Of all royal authors, perhaps the prettiest things have been said of Marguerite Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I., and writer of the *Heptameron* and other books. She was "*ma mignonne*" to her brother, and her name (which means 'pearl') was the occasion of innumerable complimentary puns. She was the Marguerite des Marguerites. She was a pearl surpassing the pearls of Orient, besides being—as so many other ladies have been—Tenth Muse. Marguerite wrote in almost every vein, from farce to pietism, from pure poetry to unclean fiction. Her best-known book is the oddest mixture ever known of lively incident, sprightly conversation, unqualified obscenity, spiritual biblical Protestantism (antedated), and curiously delicate, while curiously bold, sentimentalism.

For these days of "spiritual wives," the *Heptameron* is hardly too immoral perhaps, but infinitely too gross. Enough honour has never been done, however, to its better side, which shines the more brightly in the undimmed light of the personal character of this pearl of princesses.

Queen Margaret was not the first sovereign who had given the country she ruled literary distinction. In the first half of the thirteenth

Thibaud King of Navarre, honourably distinguished as Faiseur
sons, had won prime distinction by his poetry, as well as by his
attachment to Blanche of Castile, the mother of St. Louis.

Sismondi and the *Biographie Universelle* give up the attempt
stand his royal muse. It was long the peculiarity of French
prefer antique words, and consequently they were left far be-
se-writers in comprehensibleness as well as in polish.

ancient chroniclers, however, had the highest opinion of the
iseur. According to them, he made the most beautiful, de-
and melodious songs ever heard. Moderns know better; and

for want of appreciation—for the troubadour-poets are ad-
o have had chivalrous spirit, lively and touching sensibility,
d severe energy. Poor overrated Thibaud, on the other hand,
admitted to have *naïveté*, and pretty ideas now and then, is
nere fastidious repeater of the commonplaces of common poets
es.

is one royal "maker" come into disrepute, but he was a great
his way and time; nor let it be forgotten that he is supposed
been the first French writer who used feminine rhymes. We
art with royal authors in more creditable company. So, as the
Thibaud has lured us into the distant past, let us there part
with Literature in the Purple, though the death of ex-King
Bavaria—a poet in three volumes—the able criticism on the
War by the Count of Paris, and the Prince of Joinville's
f French war-policy, unite with the Queen of England's *livre*
foi to assure us that royalty still cherishes, fitfully but not un-
lly, the ambition to write.

ature is the sternest though the gentlest of levellers, and there
ht divine to scratch Priscian, or to afflict the world's ear with
twaddle. But Literature in the Purple, though it cannot be
ave given the world a single great book, has substantially and
ply aggrandised, in all ages, the splendours of monarchy. At
we may charitably say with Scott:

"Kings do their best, and they and we
Must answer for the intent, and not the event."

EDWARD R. RUSSELL.

DIANA GAY

A Novel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

Book the Second

CHAPTER VIII. LADY MARGARET "RECEIVES."

MESSRS. LEADBETTER, the eminent Bond-street agents and valuers, had secured for Lady Margaret Bowman (nothing was ever done or ordered for Mr. Bowman) that capital and desirable family mansion on the east side of the well-known square, "suited in every way for a nobleman or gentleman's family;"—an elastic capacity that would accommodate people of almost every degree. It had what the *recherche* "Wally" called a gentleman whom we shall know better presently, called "a hall in front—one of those spider-legged porches projecting out in front which yet impart an air of grandeur. It had belonged to the P family, who had fitted it with great magnificence, and then had been unfortunately compelled to fly their country.

Lady Margaret was now established there. Lady Margaret's servants, tall and powdered, glided about the stairs, hung about their hands in their plush pockets. Lady Margaret's carriage-bodied vehicle, rich, swaying, and rocking—a good deal *en brioche* like some of the dowagers at her ladyship's own parties (we again refer to Mr. Pepys)—was always drawn up between two and three o'clock in front of the hall-chair. Enormous horses drew that noble vehicle to its freight daily to the Park, where the great Lady Margaret and the delicate figure beside her—a smiling face of enjoyment already trained—were exhibited to the admiring crowd. Whether the great argosy, with its mariners of fashion aboard, was compelled to stop by reason of having got among shoals and breakers, many spectators on the shore—at the rails—sent them signals of sincere recognition, and many a hat was raised. Lady Margaret's *protégée* was now well known and admired. She was considered charming, as a young woman who would not be who combined such extraordinary advantages of youth, beauty, simplicity, wealth, broad acres, and singleness?—a prize for the youths of good address and suitable connections who indeed presently began to cluster thickly about the noble lady, who performed the duty of being Diana's mamma. She herself, too, was considered rather a good "Mother Hubbard" style of woman, but

nothing to recommend her—found herself of a sudden raised to a high social pinnacle, and treated with a respectful homage, an even tender solicitude—as to getting cloaks taken out to carriage, &c.—which that good lady, who was no fool, set down to its proper motives. It made no difference to her; she found her account.

A new life, indeed, for our Diana. As we look at our *Morning Plush*—brief and abstract chronicle of the fashionable world—we see their names recurring very often. At “Lady Griggs’ *Thé Dansante*” we read here “Lady Margaret Bowman and Miss Gay.” In the course of the night crowd up the young men of the period—the young and Hon. Mr. Longtail, Lord Monboddo’s eldest; young Cubling, of the Royal Guards; a Sir Charles, only nineteen, a baronet, M.P., seven thousand a year, and *no mamma*; Mr. Talboys, the rising statesman, young also, who “had made a speech, my dear, and who, Bowman says, will be under-secretary one of these days” (what a number of promotions are made at *that* undefined period!); and also Canning Bowman, who was very assiduous in his attendance.

With such homage, it may be conceived our Diana began to see life very differently. She very soon picked up the true air, combining it, however, with a little faint rusticity, which was very pleasing. Madame Arise contributed and decked her out richly and sumptuously.

Among the crowd, too, that moved round her was an old friend, Mr. Richard Lugard, M.P., who was living in town, having procured leave from his regiment to attend Parliament, which had just met. There were one or two other petitions of a heavy sort to be disposed of, and much business passing, so the Calthorpe Committee was not yet appointed. Richard spoke contemptuously of it. “He’ll fight shy of it at the last minute. It’s a shabby, pettifogging business, and like our friend Bob. I met him fairly in open battle, and beat him fairly. I think it so characteristic of him to set the attorneys to work and try and beat me that way.”

Often, however, did Diana think of the barrister, whom she had never seen since she left Calthorpe.

Diana was also often observed about twelve o’clock on a charming horse—not at all like the fatal D’Orsay—cantering along the soft course with the vulgar name—a name indeed worthy of the best Paris slang. This would be after some severe night’s work; and by her side was the gentleman who chose the horse, and indeed presented it to her, Mr. Richard Lugard, M.P., grown more handsome, and a little wilder in the eyes. Richard was constantly at Portman-square, and indeed everywhere; or with a young man, otherwise welcome, and under no disability, whose two *letters* are about the best passports that can be conceived. He was indeed married, *mais cela n’empêche pas*. Now, it is no signal for saying-off a ship’s company, or retiring into a hospital; rather, it is fresh enlistment—an entry on a new campaign, with richer and more varied resources. Mrs. Richard Lugard was down somewhere in the

country—no one, indeed, was curious where. Walpole Pepys—"Wally Pepys"—that curious, meddling, ever-buzzing fly of society, who resented the slightest merit in another man—even that of coming into a room better than he did—was soon telling about, that Lugard's wife "was an iron woman, born in a forge, under a boiler somewhere. She couldn't be shown in town, my dear fellow; she is all over rivets." This poor wit was laughed at immensely by the young ladies, with whom Wally Pepys was a favourite; but it only excited fresh interest in Richard, an interest not unalloyed with pity, as for a gentleman sacrificed, thrown away, and what not.

His kindness and attention to Diana was soon remarked, and her foolish little head was greatly flattered and delighted by these attentions. With a young married man there is all the security of a chaperon, none of the responsibility of the bachelor.

These were charming times for Diana: she lived in a whirl; she delighted in everything—the ball, the drive, the dance, the play, the opera. The valse was a new realm, opening slowly and displaying a thousand joys. Many eyes followed that fairy figure as it flew round at Lady Mountattic's rout, at Sir Thomas Longarter's, and many more. With Wally Pepys she was an especial favourite. After many a dinner—and Wally never dined at home—he was over by her side, doing a sort of elderly gallantry, talking some of that unmeaning and dilapidated French, which seems so inferior as a mode of expression to really good English. There are many of these veterans who thus delight in this needless airing of a foreign tongue, and think it a token of elegant accomplishment.

Another of these pseudo-linguists who hobbled round Diana's chair was old Parish, a retired colonel with money, and whom the amiable little lady could not find it in her heart to snub. Perhaps she looked on these old bits of wreck floating about drawing-rooms and ball-rooms, as having but a short time before them, when they would break up and sink to the bottom; or that indeed they were socially under sentence of death, and should have their last few hours of life made easy and comfortable. However that was, these ancient voices, when Diana would draw back her chair, would be heard uttering, "*Reculer pour sauter mieux*, ha ? hey ?" or something equally pointless.

We can see Diana better in her new life on a Thursday night, when Lady Margaret Bowman (and Mr. Bowman) has asked some twenty people to a "state-dinner;" and when the drawing-room is filling with a genteel crowd, the door opening every moment to allow someone to shout, and two or three people to enter at full speed, or with a rush or a faltering nervous way, undecided, as it were, whether they should turn and fly. In the half light, very different from the glorious effulgence which will blaze out in a couple of hours hence, we see all the figures and faces, and Diana herself in a matchless robe, with great *aplomb*, acquired in her short training, grown a little fatter, which

everyone said was just what she wanted, going over at the right moment to take possession of a neglected dowager.

Mr. Bowman has a card concealed in his hand, by which to assort his men and women; for Lady Margaret said she "would not trust Bowman the length of his nose." And with this assistance he is near making some sad mistakes. At the last even, he has not assorted all, and is looking a little wildly for someone.

It is a great procession. The Bowmans have always good people: Brindley the Bishop, and Mrs. Brindley; General McCurdie, of the northern district; Hutton Knatchbull, "the Financial Member," and Director of the Bank of England; Wally Pepys; Captain Hogg; Captain Lugard, M.P.; young Lord Patmore, and a few more rank and file; the "young man of the period," the pawns of dinner-parties, who make a good show on the board. What a glistening, what a rustle as they go down! What alacrity of conversation equals that on the stairs? We are clearly of a sudden elation after the long delay, the hope deferred. We may admire the human mind for this gift of what may be called stair-talk." Some men get afraid; and the youth dragged hurriedly to a second before to a girl whom he never saw, whose arm is forced into his, may be pardoned if he find it a little difficult to invent what is appropriate to the balusters.

Lady Margaret always looks glistening with pride and triumph as she sees her guests triumphantly seated about her,—her table, her servants, her gold and silver, her state, her meats, her wines. The guests seem to feel no obligation, and disdain any worship.

One of Wally Pepys' "good things," said over a cigar, and which, strange to say, did not offend anyone, was this: "Very odd—I never feel the same to a man after I have dined with him." This ungracious philosophy was quite characteristic of Mr. Pepys, yet whose life was indeed one long dinner-party.

Diana had fallen to the bow and spear of the young Lord Patmore, a youth in the Royal Horse Guards, not more than two-and-twenty, endowed with every virtue and generous qualification which in the eyes of a London matron could make him deserving of salvation here, or hereafter. The salvation here was through the saving grace of one of her daughters; that more trifling one of hereafter would follow in due course, and indeed was scarcely her business. A lovely estate, two castles, fifteen thousand a-year, a minority that began "seventeen years ago, my dear;" and no female relation in the way; whose control is so necessary for the direction of girls, but so absurd and ridiculous in the instance of males. Could there be conceived a more engaging or gifted specimen of a young man; or one more suited to the pleasing fetters of the married state?

Such a treasure Lady Margaret was not long in marking down for her protégée; and though she really intended that her son Canning should have the little prize, still the professional instinct of the matron,

and the keener instinct of competition with rival matrons, made her strive hard to secure this young nobleman. Where *partis* find *other partis* at a house, it induces a sense of decent humility; whereas a single *parti*, according to the familiar phrase "cock of the walk," is apt to become overset, arrogant, and worthless for matronly purposes. Competition, in a word, is the life, not merely of trade, but of life itself.

Thus it was that Lord Patmore took down our Diana. The diplomatic Canning contrived, however, to have all the benefit of that mysterious prandial connection without its responsibilities, through going down by himself, and in a sort of privateering way getting round to a place near her. The young lord was a very quaint specimen. Had he been in a plebeian marching regiment, he would have furnished diversion to the monotonous idleness of the corps. His glass was always screwed into his eye; and it was certainly unfortunate that so serious a physical defect should so often coexist with a no less embarrassing mental obtuseness. Thus, the young lord was always "peering," and stooping forward to see his way with both mind and body; and though he was successful with the latter, he too often failed in the former.

Diana was infinitely amused with him. She had no matronly ideas. The glorious golden gates of Hymen glittered afar off at the top of the mountain; in sight, certainly, but with whole valleys and gardens between. She welcomed all, and never dreamed of business.

"Did you hear the news?" he said, after a long silence, during which the diplomatic Canning had been chattering on privately to Diana, who had always the greatest respect for his gifts. "A detachment of us are ordered down to Windsor; all of a sudden, you know! You never heard of such excitement. The Duke changed his mind; and at the barracks we never dreamed of it."

At this revelation Diana smiled. She had grown a little out of the old devotion with which she used to receive statements which those who made them thought all-important. This was droll. She had had some training, and was beginning to open her pretty eyes to the absurdities in the world round her. The youth admired her a good deal, and was nearly, what his military brethren called in their elegant dialect, "spooney upon her." There was then a pause.

"Are you going to see the new opera—the what's-his-name—at Covent Garden?" he asked suddenly, as if inspired.

"O yes," said Diana eagerly; "to-morrow night."

"I hope to go too," he said, "only it's so hard to get a place. Docksey offered three guineas for a stall yesterday; he did indeed."

"And who's Docksey?" Diana asked, not a little amused.

"O Lord! don't you know Docksey? He's captain in our troop. His father allows him a thousand a-year; and you never saw such a black charger as he has got. Gave five hundred for him!"

This impressed Diana, as indeed did any statement of great price,

size, numbers, &c. Then Mr. Canning Bowman struck in on the other side, and the young Lord Patmore was left to screw his glass into his eye, and peer at anyone round the table, as if it had grown dark of a sudden.

How curious, how miscellaneous the chatter on occasions, save for those "left out in the cold," as it were; the men who had come down ignominiously by themselves, and with a loathing for each other. We hear the bishop's mellifluous voice, never at rest; a holy man, gifted with a surprising duality of nature; able to keep a wary eye on the tenderest dishes, and to talk across the table, and carry on an uninterrupted monologue. Clatter, clatter; bursts of laughter down at the end. Now we hear Mr. Manby, a well-known counsel, who is opposite the bishop, and who is very amusing; a mouldy, weak-eyed barrister, who lives in his chambers as in a family, and likes it; but a man who has the odd notion that to be wearing out health, senses, enjoyment, life itself, to become something at sixty-five or seventy, when health, senses, enjoyment, and nearly life itself, are gone, is a foolish thing; which, indeed, it is no doubt discovered to be, about that time, by many then successful, though they do not own it.

"Talking of that," said the bishop, *apropos* of something, "I was at an evening sitting, waiting for that Lord Dolby, who has something on about his hobby, you know—the marriage-service, which he wants to be altered, when I heard a speech from one of *your* people. Really, quite a sensation it produced; the Chancellor told me, going out, he never heard a more exhaustive argument from so young a man."

"My dear lord, that was a great case; it involves all the 'free men' question, and may affect many an election."

"Exactly. Such eloquence, you know—as the Chancellor said, taken by surprise, for he called on him to go on."

For these things Lady Margaret cared no more than she did for the quadrature of the circle, and perhaps understood them as much; but *qui* lady of fashion, hostess, &c., she was bound to take official notice. It was astonishing; *so curious*. And who was this?

Mr. Manby said it was a rising junior, as sound a fellow as they had—Robert Bligh.

Diana eagerly: "O, we know him well! O, he is so clever; and always was. O, I am so glad! You remember Robert?" she added, turning to Lugard.

"I should think so," he said, smiling; "he put a good deal of money out of my pocket, and, I must say, out of his own."

"O yes," said Mr. Manby; "he fought a very plucky battle down there. But he is sure to do, that man; one of our safest juniors."

Diana was quite excited by these public commendations, and asked Mr. Manby many eager questions about her friend, to that gentleman's amusement.

"I know," he said, "Bligh could have had an Indian judgeship the other day, and a hint was given to him to that effect. And his friends told me he was rather dejected," added Mr. Manby, dropping his voice, "about some love-affair, I think. But of course that was absurd; he was more likely to have a hopeless passion for a contingent remainder or an unexpired term. No, he was disgusted at missing his chance at that little borough."

"I know it," said Diana eagerly; "we were there at the time. It was so exciting: we were all in it. It was so amusing, and I was so sorry for poor Robert Bligh."

"O, you were there, Miss Gay?" said the lawyer, with an amused look. He saw a spectral witness-box round Diana's chair; and had he been allowed to cross-examine on the spot, might have extracted some curious admissions. Lugard, half suspicious, and only catching part of what was said, had assumed his scornful look.

Lugard was eager to talk of that subject which is dearest to every man—himself. He was full of a great event that was coming on. He had been longing to begin his career as a parliamentary combatant. His father, now a little gouty, had written to him testily, "For God's sake do something, after all the money that has been spent," and he had determined to make a bold plunge, not in a modest speech on some subject, but in "a regular motion." He had anxiously thought of a subject; a little different from the habit of mere practical men who speak because they have a subject; whereas he was looking for a subject in order that he might speak. This idea had quite possessed him. The difficulty was to procure a *dramatic* one, where there would be a good "part" for Mr. Lugard to play. He had at last found one. He poured it all out to Diana.

"It's the soldiers' wives," he said; "it's shocking the way they are treated—no comforts, no anything. The soldiers are hindered from choosing good ones, and it's a tax on marriage, you know. I am going to move for a committee to inquire into the whole question."

Diana listened with wonder and reverence. How awful, how wonderful this seemed!

"Yes," he went on; "you know it comes from me quite properly—a soldier myself, and having lived all my life among soldiers. These poor women! you can have no idea how they suffer; the discomforts, the squalor, their wretched children—and we not allowed to recognise them. O, it is shocking."

So it seemed to Diana, who was quite touched by this new-born sympathy and humanity in the brave Lugard, who had really warmed himself up, by dwelling on the condition of these unhappy camp-followers, rehearsing to himself "fine" passages on their state with which he was to affect the House. Had some of his brethren been present, they would have been infinitely amused, and have "chaffed" him unmercifully; for he had been the one in the regiment who was down on

the "dirty sluttish creatures" who draggled after it, or who was in a rage if any of his men dared to form an alliance of the kind. Richard never thought of this, but expounded to Diana how he would deal with the subject, and even recited choice passages to her. It was to come on the next night, and she must come to the ladies' gallery. "I will take you in myself."

Diana was delighted ; anything like an expedition was welcome always ; and it was presently settled that Mr. Lugard should come and call for them at a dinner-party where they were going on the following evening.

When the ladies were gone up, the subject was renewed. Bligh was of the barrister's own profession, and the subject was interesting to him.

"I assure you," Mr. Manby said, "it was a most remarkable argument. Begbie, who was on the other side, and in every appeal before the House, said he was perfectly astonished. You know we have our conventional and theatrical successes ; a young fellow does fairly and the Bench compliments him, but this was another order of business altogether. A veteran could not have done it better."

"O, I was struck by it myself," said the bishop, "though I only heard a bit, and I asked the Chancellor, whom I know, and he told me."

"I know him very well," said Lugard, who had listened impatiently ; "have known him from a boy. A very laborious working mind, and all that, but genius—O, no ; dear, no ! Industry, yes. I don't want to depreciate him, of course, and I daresay he does his business very well."

"But nowadays, you see," said the barrister, "work *is* genius. There are so many in the field, and so much false wit, Dutch metal, and all that, and so few able to judge, that we must go back to the original element of value, which is labour."

"O, if you do that," said Lugard with a loud laugh, "better have in Hodge the ploughman, or the pavior out of Fleet-street, who works his dozen hours a-day."

The barrister answered quietly,

"He is working like a navvy at this petition ; it is only fair to warn you, Mr. Lugard. Sloper leads for him, and he won't take up anything that's not tolerably safe—or is sure to make it safe."

The bishop had risen, growing rather tired "of this sort of thing," and had glided up to what he called paradise. The gentlemen followed in a sort of skirmishing order, hanging behind each other, and very noisy. When they had got upstairs they found that Lady Margaret was receiving. And indeed the scaling party soon got "blocked" with the force that was advancing from the hall ; scaling the glacis in good order, with neat and shining accoutrements, and excellent discipline. *The contrast is strange between the flushed diners who are*

at the end of their service, and the calm and unruffled soldiers who are hurrying on to the fray.

Yes, Lady Margaret Bowman was "receiving," as such of us as had not the good fortune to know her ladyship might learn next day from that faithful and accurate chronicle the *Morning Plush*, in a list of company that must have read agonisingly to the *Parvenu*,—those splendid ranks passing before him, a Promised Land into which he durst not enter. This golden river, however, made but "a loop," as it were, at Lady Margaret's house, and after ascending slowly to the high level of the drawing-room, trickled down as slowly and flowed on to other table-lands.

It was surprising all the fine people Lady Margaret got together, and really without difficulty or exertion. A duke, marquises, all the "best" and the right people; Foosha Pasha even, who seldom went anywhere; Baron Brenner and Madame Brenner, and that Christine Brenner of whom Diana had been hearing so much. The curious thing that surprised her not a little, was the slight intimacy that after all appeared to exist between that foreign family and the diplomatist; which seemed a little strange after the rose-coloured picture of Lady Margaret, the exuberant intimacy, that "running in and out fifty times in the day," which seemed to go on always. On the contrary, Diana saw Mr. Canning approach a short little wiry man—dry as one of the queer esculents called "locusts"—who wore glasses, with evident trepidation and obsequiousness, by whom he was received with a polite but distant smile. To that Christine, whose slave he was, or who was reported by Lady Margaret as being *his* slave—a tall, full-faced, fair-haired, German-looking girl, who indeed scarcely seemed the daughter of the wiry little man—he was even more obsequious, that young lady receiving him with a curt, off-hand manner, being busily engaged with the handsome Colonel Goodfellow, Lord Bunham's brother in the Guards, on the staff, Victoria-crossed, Legion-of-honoured, hung all over with labels and ribbons, as Wally Pepys said, "like a prize-ox at a show."

Diana's spirits always rose on these nights. She was delighted with anything like a procession or a raree-show, with the flitting colours, the dazzling lights, the pleasant voices. If you looked at her across the room, she would smile at you from mere enjoyment. Here was Lord Patmore again beside her, "taking her up and down," whispering his *fadaises*,—"that goose Patmore," as various gentlemen rather pettishly described him.

This young nobleman's admiration was indeed getting rather marked, though he could not find any way of showing it. His stock of reserved and delicate compliments failing him very soon, her dress was a happy resource; and with an earnest and marked air he repeated the same praises very often.

The one who said "that goose Patmore" oftenest, was Richard Luard, who was very scornful to his friends.

"Just look at that donkey," he said; "the way he sticks to that girl! She can't get rid of him. I wonder who he got to trim his close? It's most unfair to a young creature like that, in her own house—not able to attend to her guests or *amuse* herself without a public idiot going with her like her shadow. I shut him up at dinner, and you never saw anyone so scared as he was."

We should also have heard other gentlemen speaking of Mr. Lugard. "Ill-conditioned fellow; overbearing; wants taking down a peg. Always bragging about the House and his rubbishy little M.P.-ship. The best of the joke is, they say, there's a petition against him, and that he hasn't a chance; and how will he look then?"

Such is the world; so everybody "tears" everybody. But the comfort is, that with all this scandal little harm is done; these are the "bills" with which the pleasant credit of society is kept floating, and luckily no one requires them to be taken up.

So that evening finished, and we read the whole list the next morning. It seemed to glitter like a harlequin's suit in the light. Lady Margaret would receive again the following week.

Indeed, Diana's life was now a busy one, for on the following night she was abroad again, and also on almost every evening of the week. She had fallen into the round of what is called pleasure, but which indeed has its fatigues and monotony. A young lady in the season goes through a discipline severer and more useful than would be imagined. That drill and drudgery of fashion quite fills in her time, and causes a strict economy of every moment to get through the work. What with the invitations to give and to answer, the visits to pay and to receive, the rides to take, the drives to make—necessary, indeed, to freshen up the delicate soldier for the long night's work before her—the concerts, the operas, the drums, the balls, the dinners at home, the dinners abroad, the choosing of dresses at Madame Cerise's, the pictures, the hundred and one things to be got through,—this was a very busy time for Diana. Not that she was without assistance; and the business mind of Lady Margaret did much in the way of organisation. But under the process, our Diana's little soul was growing steady, calmer, more self-reliant and independent. She began to know, to feel her responsibilities, and to have that fitting sense of her own importance as a young and pretty heiress, and the duties and bearing which such a character involved.

Thus it was that on the following evening, at eight o'clock, Lady Margaret's great Indiaman of a coach stood at the door, closed on this occasion, and rocking heavily with every motion of the great horses, to take the three away to the routine dinner. Indeed, the party dined at home about twice in the week, and we may be sure that the "auditing" of the invitation accounts—the "keeping the books," as it might be called—was a very serious and troublesome business. Lady Margaret, who had indeed the soul of a general, the promptness of a Wel-

lington, settled the thing in a second. As the invitations were opened :

"Lady Pender again! What on earth is the woman at? Third time we have refused them. Nothing but mouldy married barristers all round you."

Or it might be—"Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Malcolm request the honour," &c.

"O, we must go to them—charming things; a little bit of a house, pet, and five hundred a year; but just a dozen of the nicest people you could pick out. Everything in best style. Write, dear, at once."

"But we are engaged that day—"

"To old Sir Richard, one of his foozle parties, an old friend of Bowman's. I'll send to him this evening at the club, and tell him it was a mistake."

Diana was not at all shocked at this little bit of morality. She believed Lady Margaret knew all about these things so much better than *she* did; and these things are dwelt on here, perhaps, more minutely than they deserve, with a view of illustrating this young lady's character, and showing the very natural change which was taking place in her nature.

Away rolled the heavy argosy—a good solid casket for the rich and delicate little piece of jewelry within.

It stopped at "The Fanshaws'" (Major-General), people whom Lady Margaret did not care much for, but she had ascertained that young Lord Patmore was to be there. Indeed, she had found that little or nothing could be done for Canning, that gentleman having diplomatic tact enough to see that he was not, as it is called, making way with the young lady. Indeed, Diana herself, when Lady Margaret's hints had at last grown unmistakable, all but told her, with pleasant frankness, that she considered Mr. Canning as her brother or father. So Lady Margaret determined to leave all to that wonderful necromancer—time. In the mean while she found her account in this patronage of the young girl; as what elderly lady fond of position and of gaiety, without daughters of her own, does not? A sensible person, not foolish enough to think the homage is directed to herself, she improves the shining hour, takes everything as it comes, and enjoys the various fashionable blessings thrown in her way. Indeed, there seems nothing more pleasant than an office of this sort, much more agreeable than the weary responsibility of the mamma. The mamma is unavoidable, she cannot help herself; but the patroness is the object of innumerable little attentions, a delicate and kindly consideration, of a wrapping-up that is almost tender on the part of the young cavaliers of her train. And while Diana was taken down to the carriage and wrapped in her gipsy cloak by one young spark of position and quality, another was no less kindly enshawling the greater proportions of Lady Margaret—a *business* of more difficulty, and taking longer time. A third was

gone to see about the carriage; and when all was ready, and the great vehicle was moored alongside, then emerged the procession. Lady Margaret, wrapped close, assisted down the steps by two obsequious youths, guiding her steps with "lean on me, Lady Margaret;" Diana coming behind with a whole cohort about her. It might be raining, but the politeness of these young Adonises was proof against that. Your true gentleman, in the service of the *belle dame*—when does he care for rain, wind, or even sleet?

CHAPTER IX.

A BOUND OF GAITIES.

HERE then was the Fanshawes' house, a modest mansion in a rather shabby street, whence the great carriage came rolling up, and its horses were checked suddenly with a plunge, a banging of steps let down, and the two ladies had passed into the house between a lane of passers-by, Mr. Bowman following as though he were a little ashamed of himself. The company here again was of the usual pattern, but what Lady Margaret called "nice"—a Mrs. Childers, who "led," Lady Mary Vivian, and the duke her father, whom she had often wished to know; some "nice" young men, young Lord Patmore, a distinguished colonel of good family, and some more. When the new-comers were settled, and the young lord had "poked and peered" his way over to Diana, and had begun conversation with the remark, "I saw you to-day in Regent-street; I was at the door of my bootmaker's," a gentleman, a good deal in shadow, and who had been talking to another gentleman, stooped down and said gravely:

"How do you do, Miss Gay?"

Diana half started from her seat with delight.

"What! O, Robert, I am so glad! Where *have* you been?"

He answered in the same grave way:

"Here in town, in the old chambers."

"But you have never come to us, though we have asked you again and again. We thought it so unkind."

"I am really so busy now," he said; "besides, I have *given up all that sort of thing*."

Now came dinner. The General, an old man with a young wife, knew how to "assort his company;" and though the young Lord Patmore had, by the inflexible law, taken down Mrs. Fanshawe, that lady had discovered in herself an overpowering affection for Diana, who must sit near her; and having brought her and the young lord into conjunction, at once abandoned that nobleman, and devoted herself to a gentleman on the other side, who was another lady's property.

Taking a glance round her, Diana saw that Robert Bligh was beside a young lady whose face was familiar to her, whom she had seen during

the election days walking about Calthorpe. She remembered Miss Bullock. Mrs. Fanshawe had also judiciously cast this pair together. To her, as Diana noticed, Robert was earnestly telling his story. His eyes scarcely ever turned to her. She knew him well enough to be sure that he would not take the trouble of acting, and sometimes when his eyes met hers, she saw that it was with a placid indifference. The well-trained Robert, so practical in all things, had no doubt carried out strictly what he had told her he would do, and had succeeded in so doing. The old fires had gone out for ever. When the lovers in dramas and romances passionately protest that "they have torn her image from their heart" with a demeanour and protestation that seem like insanity, no one knows so well as the image herself that nothing of the kind has been done, and that, on the contrary, the image has been more deeply rooted than ever. It is the indifference quite removed from resentment that brings conviction of the most fatal sort. Diana was deeply pained at this, perhaps from a little pride, to say nothing of other feelings. But at present the noble lord found his account in this change, and to his surprise discovered that his sallies were being received with a zest and devotion really unusual. Compliments even repaid his exertions, and the young lord, who had always a half-suspicion that Diana was laughing at him, now, on that night, came to the resolution that he would no longer delay in bringing matters to a crisis.

By and by Bligh began to speak, not for his neighbour, but for the company, and Diana wondered at the new pleasantry and sense which came from his lips. He "led" the conversation; he had got rid of the "old Bligh" indeed, and had turned into a man of the world. Diana was amazed. The retiring manner was all gone. He was of the world, worldly, and could talk fashion and frivolity with an airy grace.

When the dinner was over, and "the gentlemen had come up," he went over to Diana and spoke to her kindly and easily. He was so glad to hear she was quite taking a leading part in the pleasant world. He saw her name in the *Morning Post* regularly. He admired the wisdom of Lady Margaret, he said, who he always thought had good sense.

"If we do live in the world at all, why, it is as well to follow the stream. And how is my friend, or enemy, Richard Lugard?"

Diana was greatly piqued at his tone, even hurt. Still, she made an advance, and said again:

"You have never called on us—never have come to see us."

"O, you know I am so busy," said Bligh gravely. "I just get out now and again to a dinner, in this sort of way. It helps one on, too, so much, which is the *great aim*. But I certainly shall—. I suppose I sha'n't meet Lugard, who was never in the best temper towards me, and I fear won't be in a week or two."

"Why?"

"O, this election petition; they tell me he *must* go. But it doesn't

to reckon on anything too surely. I myself thought I was quite sure of winning, and if I was a betting person, would have laid twenty to one."

"Indeed, indeed, I often wished to speak to you about that, and how you how grieved I was, how bitterly I have regretted what I did; I know it seemed unkind."

"My dear Miss Gay, unkind! No, nothing of the sort; and do not suppose I think so? Pray don't. I own, in the annoyance of disappointment, I did speak a little excitedly, and I often thought of coming to you to explain that. But the idea that you should have a moment's uneasiness, or even thought, about *that*! No, you do not think that if things turn out fairly, all will be the better for me in the end, because I shall be established without lying under any heavy obligation to anyone."

Diana did not answer for a moment, then said abruptly:

"How is Mrs. Bligh?"

"She is away in France—at Boulogne; she has been there some weeks. By the way," added Bligh, his manner suddenly changing, "I want to give you a little hint—advice even. May I? It is for your good, I recollect."

"Do—anything," said Diana warmly.

"I fear," he went on, "that my mother has taken a dislike—a prejudice, at least—against you. It is very excusable in *her*. She thinks of the finest and cleverest of men. There are plenty of such delusions in the world; they are very pardonable. But still I fear that this has taken hold of her mind; so you must not mind if you should hear that she has not spoken kindly of you."

"Yes," said Diana timorously, "I know it; and she told me as much. But," added she with dignity, "Mrs. Bligh cannot harm me, I am sure."

"I am sure she would harm no one," he said; "and not you, certainly. By the way, about Lugard. I am told he is to make a motion in the House; at least, he has been telling it to everyone."

"O, yes!" said Diana. "And, by the way, I had forgotten—he is all for us."

But just at that moment a servant entered and whispered Lady Margaret, who rose to go with infinite regret and sorrow.

"Di dear," she said later, "between you and me, I was not at all to get off. I think their parties are going off a little. Well, how did Patmore do to-night?"

Lugard was below, not a little excited. The great, awful, and several carriage, with its lamps flashing, was drawn up. Again it stopped and rocked as the ladies ascended. The gigantic footman stood like a statue at the door, then shut up his steps, and closed his door with a low thud, which it was scarcely fanciful to liken to the falling of earth on the coffin. No wonder Diana said that she reposed

more on the cushions of that luxurious vehicle than on her other bed at home.

Richard was in a perfect flutter. He spoke little as they went along.

"Why did you not bring Kitty?" asked Diana suddenly. "She would have so liked it."

"Not she," said Richard bluntly; "she takes little interest in what concerns me."

"O Richard, indeed she does! I know it."

"Well, I mean," he added hastily, "she would sooner be at home over the fire. What does she care about my speaking! My goodness, it is getting very nervous, and it seems as if it was all going out of my head. Here we are."

There they were at Westminster Hall, with the crowds hurrying in, the lamps blazing. Diana took his arm, and with a fluttering heart, as though she were going to speak herself, followed him up to the gallery. Then came the glittering chamber, the great arena below, with the flitting figures, the tranquil solemnity, the dreamy air, the buzz of voices, and the little figure under the shadow of the gallery, who with a faint, wiry voice seemed to be speaking, but to whom no one was attending. It seemed an awful, a majestic spectacle to Diana—so grand, so imposing. Now she saw where was the dignity, the wisdom that made England so great. How grand, how noble it must be "to be in the House of Commons"! Lugard was infinitely pleased with this unconcealed admiration. Lady Margaret, not very comfortable in her seat, and already a little tired, saw only "a lot of men, my dear," whom, had their lot been at all cast in relation to her, she could have dealt with in the same practical way she did with her Bowman.

Lugard pointed out to Diana the various notable chiefs. "You see that old gentleman with the wiry whiskers and his arms folded?"

Diana knew *him* perfectly, and was delighted at seeing the veteran leader, whom she had often noticed riding a steady animal. In these days the old and skilful warrior was still alive, in the flush of his popularity—the prophet of the "let-well-alone" system and "after-me-the-deluge" policy—one of the most comfortable and convenient for the professor himself.

Lugard, too, showed her others of no less note, and certainly less personal in their views; a cold, classical face, close in text, sharp, Roman almost in outline, with much scorn about the mouth, an interrogative eye, and a restless manner—a figure, however, that was never very popular in the ladies' gallery, as being too bloodless, with too much of the "dry bones" about him. They always turned with far more interest to what young Hartley called the "incorruptible sea-green," the strange figure of mystery, who sat impassive, in a torpor, like a great snake coiled up, but about whom there was a fascination almost as of warm blood, and a promise of secret power which would

play itself presently. In this creature there was more of the man; and when he spoke, there came life, and a wicked sarcasm, and an innocent manner, and this with a pleasant air of middle-aged dandyism—the eye-glass, the curls, the colours about his clothes, which were so many links between him and a drawing-room.

But there was the tall, half-stooped figure, with the swinging arms, the large bright face, the lurking humour about the mouth, the sly glance of fun in the eye, with the amazing fluency, the joke—now free and easy, now sarcastic, and now, as it were, stripping off the gauzes and light trappings of jesting, gets into buff and harness, becomes sober, weighty, impressive, splendidly oratorical, vehement, massive, and overpowering. There is an interest about *him* in the ladies' gallery, as they know there how his name has become identified with an injured one of their own order; and they hang on his lips.

Then they listen to that stout, burly, rotund gentleman, who, in his round voice raised a little into a chaunt, pours out weighty sentences, and denounces in good English—scarcely eloquent, but sonorous and fluent—the monopolies of the rich and powerful. He is a little interesting.

Suddenly there comes a lull—a motion has been withdrawn, the debate has collapsed, and Lugard, turning a little pale, hurriedly goes away.

Diana sees him enter, looking quite a little figure—hears other motions called—hears other little figures pop up and sit down with a sense of withdrawal—and finally, and with great nervousness, hears a faint voice below her, and perceives that Lugard is beginning to move in motion.

"O Lady Margaret, listen—listen—it's Richard!" she cried out, not a little to the amusement of some great political ladies near her.

Richard was considered to do it "very fairly." A number of his friends put in "hear, hear," at encouraging moments, which he was too irritated not to think were the signal of universal approbation.

Diana was not a little indignant to see the Roman-looking gentleman talking over his shoulder to his friends, afterwards writing a letter, and then, in one of Dick's "best bits," get up suddenly and, putting on a broad-leaved hat, hurry out as if he had an appointment. The wiry-skinned was asleep, his hat well down over his eyes. The sea-green had an air of insensibility, too; but somehow Diana had a conviction he was not asleep, but was pretending to be insensible. He had the feeling that he would suddenly uncoil, and startle everyone with a spring. A low hum was going on, like a *taum-taum* accompaniment; people started across, flew back again, sat down beside others, and pulled papers out of their breast-pockets to show. The class with whom Diana was most scornfully indignant was that of various good-looking young men with beards, who would come up into the galleries, running round, as Diana thought, to secure a better vantage-point for

listening to her friend; but who, as it turned out, would choose a retired sofa, and lying down at full-length would go off into balm slumbers.

Richard really did his work very fairly indeed, with a spirit and dash which carried off a good many shortcomings. He set the case of the soldiers' wives in the best view; he did all he could for them. Did those ladies read, they would be amazed at the tender feelings with which their patron regarded them; and whose behaviour, as already said, might have led them to suppose he was not a little hostilely inclined to them. He dwelt on their hardships—"on their little children." He told stories "drawn from his own experience," he said modestly, though not with strict truth, but what he had picked up from the intelligent sergeant of his corps.

He presently saw, to his great delight, that the Right Hon. Harding Hanaper, Under-Secretary-at-War—or *for* war—was busy taking notes. At that moment, as he told Diana, "he knew he had the House with him. The fellow was going to tackle my facts." In short, we might borrow the description of one of the clever gentlemen of the gallery, who furnished to an illustrated weekly journal what were called "Thumbnail Sketches in the House," in one of which Richard was thus "etched:"

"But soft! there is a sudden lull; the Speaker's clear voice is heard. Mr. Magruder's motion for the Disinfection of Towns has gone off. What next? The Clerk gives out the order of the day. Some thing about soldiers' wives—Heaven help them!—and a young man good-looking, yet modest withal, in a clear voice begins. The cry! 'new member!' This, reader, is Captain Richard Lugard, of her Majesty's land forces, member for Calthorpe; and a very promising young fellow he is. He is listened to with marked attention; and a strange case he does make out. Those poor drudges—recognised, yet not known—whom the blushing War-office *owls* pretend not to see, yet whom they peck and claw and tear over all the same.

'Lay her out tenderly,
Home she has none!'

save on the rude timbers of the baggage-cart. As he went on he warmed with the subject, and was heartily cheered. A young man of mark and mettle, and that will be heard of again—of ripe abilities, that may, with judicious training, land him in the seat of the right hon. gentleman who now administers the War-office with such skill."

He sat down flushed and triumphant, moving for a committee. The Right Hon. Harding Hanaper then rose, and in a dry, thin voice was understood not so much to oppose it, which it seemed too much trouble to do, but to throw cold water on the matter, in the usual way

It was not opportune. The whole matter would presently be reopened. There was the commission on barrack accommodation, of which a noble member of the other House had given notice. He thought it would appear to the House quite undesirable to go into this matter now; and he was afraid he could not give his consent to the proposal of the hon. member.

Then Mr. Hanaper sat down, crossed the House to speak to another member who had papers to show him, dealing with quite a different matter. Captain Lugard, greatly excited by some private compliments that had been paid him, was prepared to divide the House; but Bodnam, the "manager" of their party, came to him mysteriously, and saying, "Well done! and a great success!" privately advised him (behind the back of his head) to yield: "The House is quite with you; you have gained your point virtually: so better leave it, as Hanaper says. It's a great concession for him."

Richard was persuaded. A military friend told him "he'd have been nowhere if he'd gone on, and not got five men to walk out of the House with him." He flew up to the ladies' gallery. Lady Margaret was very weary indeed. The seats were "dreadful, my dear—not fit for Christian ladies." But Diana was delighted. She was furious with the dry schoolmaster of a creature who had dared to oppose her friend. As it seemed to her, a splendid victory had been gained. The fort had been carried by assault.

"It was *virtually* a defeat for *them*," he said, repeating Mr. Bodnam's formula. "The House was with me from the first."

Diana saw in him already a splendid legislator—a minister, sitting, as was the coiled leader, impassive, with his hat down on his eyes.

"I will come and ask you for places," she said.

"And I shall not refuse you one, whatever it be," he said with *effusion*.

Alas, poor Dick! the handwriting was already on the wall. Within two days the committee to try the Calthorpe election was struck.

Next morning he and Diana also flew to the papers to read the speech. The mean, jealous creatures, who had no humanity for the poor soldiers' wives, had set down something of this sort:

"THE CONDITION OF SOLDIERS' WIVES.

"Captain Lugard moved for a committee to inquire into the condition of the wives of privates and non-commissions. He said their status was unsatisfactory, as being virtually ignored by the authorities, who were yet obliged to recognise them unofficially. He dwelt on the anomaly of this state of things, and mentioned several instances of hardship. He trusted the House would take the matter into consideration.

"Mr. Harding Hanaper opposed the motion, on the ground that

the whole subject would be considered under the Army Accommodation Bill, of which notice had been given in the other House.

"The motion was then withdrawn."

After this triumph Lugard had indeed the usual hope that Bligh would not go on—at the last moment he'd think better of it. To Diana he would come often, explaining his hopes and the vexation of this.

"He does it on purpose to worry and harass me; it's a very poor and unworthy satisfaction. I suppose he can't contain himself at the spectacle of my little success, and thinks that this will be the best way to show his spite. What can be the use? He *knows* he can't win; it's a hopeless game. They tell me the House is always with anyone that seems to make a hit—they don't like losing him; and it *has* an influence on the committee. Why should he throw away his money and mine? If he had some real friend who would set all this before him! Of course it would not suit my dignity, you know; and it's no affair of mine."

"I tell you, Richard," Diana said, seized with a brilliant idea, "leave it to *me*. I met him the other evening at dinner, and I'll just write him a little note to tell him to come here. I *think* I have some little influence over him, though indeed"—and Diana recalled his manner—"he was very *cold* to me."

"Just like him," said Lugard; "he'd like to punish you as well as me. But with all that, you could turn him round your finger, if you *chose* to do it, Miss Diana."

Diana knew the utter ungovernableness of those little muscles about her pretty mouth, and what a business it was to look grave. She could only weigh an opinion, or speak, when she was alone, and bent her mind to it seriously, which was a dreadful business. At all events, a compliment of this kind always made her smile.

When Lugard had gone she put in execution her plan, which was to write a charming little letter to Robert Bligh. Indeed, she yearned to make up with that hero. He had been very indifferent to her, which was the same as being unkind. After all, as Richard Lugard had said again and again with great force, what had she done to him? Now that it was all past and gone, they must make up.

"Portman-square.

"DEAR ROBERT," she wrote, "I *want* you to come and see me, *most particularly*. I want to talk over something *very privately* and confidentially, and Lady Margaret is gone out. Poor Richard is very uneasy and unhappy, and thinks you have a *spite* to him, which I assured him you had not. O, how I wish you two were friends! I have set my heart on it. And he thinks—but I told him he was unjust in *that*—that you are trying to put him out of his seat, merely to punish him. Everyone is talking of his speech, and says he will be *so successful there*. And he has set his heart on *redeeming* all, as

he calls it, by this new life. I know it is very hard for you, who have had so *much expense and trouble*; but he says he is quite *secure*, and that it is *such* a pity you should waste your hard-earned money in such a thing. I know nothing about these things, but I thought I would write you a *little* note about it. For I assure you I feel very much the way you have given me up—you, who I thought was *such* a friend, and who *was* a friend in the old, old happy days. Forgive me, dear Robert, and believe me yours always,
DIANA GAY."

That night she got a prompt answer :

"Chambers.

"MY DEAR MISS GAY,—I am so grieved you should think me neglectful. But I am very busy indeed. As I told you down at Calthorpe, I was then really neglecting business. Now I am gone back to school, and have hardly a moment. When you *really* want me for advice or assistance, you may be sure I shall sacrifice every other thing to attend to your interests. I often *do* think of those old, old happy days—more indeed than you would credit. But they are *old* days, and belong to the past; and therefore it is a very harmless pleasure. As for Lugard, the thing is beyond recall. It *must* go on now. It does not rest with me at all; for if I withdrew, there are the electors to be considered. As for Lugard himself, I have no feeling of any kind towards him. I wish him well, but I think you will admit he was never so kindly disposed to me as to warrant my making a sacrifice of that sort. It would be quite Quixotic; and he will understand it so himself. You see I have gone back to the world again, and have become its obedient humble servant, and am driven to get what I can out of it. I have not found it so 'hollow' hitherto as it has been painted. There is nothing very genial or overflowing; but it is fair. Forgive me for not being able to comply with your wishes. Very likely I shall be punished by defeat, and then you will say I richly deserve it.—Yours sincerely,
ROBERT BLIGH."

Diana was very grave as she read.

"My dear child, don't pucker your little forehead that way," said Lady Margaret, "with that horrid paper."

It left a great impression on her, and she was very silent. There was an under-current of earnestness in Robert's letter; and for the first time she saw clearly that what she had done was more important than she had supposed—was more *ugly*, even more serious. She began to think of herself as cruel and ungenerous.

"I hope to Heaven," said Richard impetuously, when he heard of this result, "he didn't think I had anything to do with it! If I was starving, I wouldn't ask him for a penny. My goodness! he will go about saying that I wanted him to compromise. Yes, he will; I know him well. It's just *what* he would do."

BY THE RIVER

CHOOSE her fairer face, I do not reckon
Man's love such an estimable prize;
Others are there who, did I but beckon,
Would see all earth's pleasure in mine eyes.
Choose her, an thou carest,
If her face be fairest,
Lo! my hatred groweth, and love dies.

Yet remembrance one day like a painter
May limn for thee such a scene as this;
Were the odours of that May-time fainter?
Was there less of passion in my kiss?
On the stream reclining,
See the lilies shining,
As they shone through all those hours of bliss.

Can I pity her? A fate scarce brighter
Than my fate awaits her in the years:
Now she deems thee true, when no heart lighter
Ever played upon a maiden's fears.
Ere her doom be certain,
Shall I draw the curtain,
Show her all the future's endless tears?

Rather would I have her never know it;
Love, while love is lasting, is divine:
I have lived and loved, as sings the poet;
I can see thee change and make no sign.
Hold the spring-flow'rs o'er her,
In the years before her
May she taste no bitter cup like mine!

H. SAVILE CLARKE.



BY THE RIVER.

W. A. Cranston, sc.

COSMETICS FOR THE HAIR

POETS have often expatiated on the harmonies of Nature; and whatever has been the theme of poetic thought and diction from the earliest times is almost certain to be true. Nothing can be more adverse to the truth than to regard poetry, after the manner of some, as the wild outpourings in language of lawless day-dreams void of order or coherence or reference to fact. Rather should the poet's lucubrations be looked upon as the crystallised essence of truths made to him apparent by the light within, and demonstrable hereafter by the slower mechanism of reason and induction. Thus has it come about in the fulness of time that the harmonies of Nature, of which poets sang in days of yore while science yet was not, have been confirmed by investigation and made evident to understanding. Harmony can come through each and every sense, though acoustic harmonies are, to common appreciation, the most evident. In respect to these, study of the science of acoustics has reduced them to order and certainty. Every physiologist knows, and every musician ought to know, that the most perfect of all harmonies is octave to octave; so perfect indeed, that one desiderated effect of harmony is almost lost, the two or more octaves coalescing into one integrate tone; all individuality departed, or rather merged, the general effect being a mere intensification of loudness.

In respect to the acoustics of Nature,—the voices of her streamlets as they murmur past, or the sterner tone of her more impetuous rivers, the seething splash of cataracts, and the wild throb and intermittent bellowing of the mighty sea,—there is nothing inharmonious in all these tones. Swelling together, they come to the ear of man impressed with no quality to shock his acoustic sense. Thus also with the breezy whisper through forest-leaves, or those wild voices that the tempest wakes, even to heaven's artillery, the mighty thunder. Thus too with the voices of birds. Songsters chirp and warble—nay, croak and crow—yet all is harmonious. Birds—ay, think of it, doctors of music and learned maestros and orchestral conductors, each and all whose duty it is to solve the mysteries of acoustic art—birds may sing altogether, each a different song and each in a different key, yet their singing produces no discord. Much has been said and written of this, but much is still unknown. Ingenious Daines Barrington considered that the reason why birds can establish a Dutch concert, each singing his own tune, each in a different key, is because the *timbre* of bird-music

is pitched so high as to lie beyond the range of human acoustic—let me use the word—"vision." Then the harmonies of Nature's colouring, how beautiful they are! Every physicist knows that white light is a compound of three primitive lights—blue, red, and yellow. Into these separate tints a ray of white light may be analysed by the prism, but in different measured proportions. Looking at the prismatic spectrum, we soon perceive that there is less of blue light than either of red or yellow; wherefore it follows that if in any picture the blue light should predominate, a sense of discord would be suggested, violating perfect harmony. Mark, then, how Nature ordains her colour harmonies. Regard the flowers we see in any one tableau of nature, and observe how the red and yellow and white ones predominate; thus preserving the balance between the three tints that should obtain in order to make up harmonious colouring.

In regard to the harmony of taste, Brillat Savarin would have not thought that individual worth argument who should have seriously maintained the reality of it. Why should apple-sauce have come to be accepted as the proper accompaniment for goose and duck, mint-sauce for lamb? Why do we eat mustard with beef and pork and duck and goose, not with lamb or mutton, chicken or game, if not guided and regulated by a sense of this sort of harmony?

And of smell; how is it that certain odorous things go well together, whilst other odorous things go ill together, but for the existence of the functions of gustatory harmony and discord?

To demonstrate the harmonies of touch is not so easy; but instances can be adduced making it evident. If ice felt warm to the touch, or feathers cool, the sense of tactile harmony would be violated.

What has all this to do with the dyeing and bleaching of human hair? for to that at last I am coming. Much—rather, everything. It has soon to be explained that Nature does not give hair tints at random, any more than she gives blue corn-flowers to harmonise with yellow corn, or red poppies to mingle with the green corn-stalks yet immature. The tint of hair has been arranged according to the fixed canon of colour-harmony. We cannot alter that tint without destroying the balance of that harmony. The real amount of power the chemical hairdresser has of changing the colour of hair, or even of dyeing white hair—which represents the simplest case of all—is very limited. If, however, the whole chromatic range were available, the result would not be harmonious to any artistic eye. To make the work perfect, the operator would have to alter the entire tint of skin in order that it might harmonise with the changeling. Nevertheless, hair is sometimes dyed, ay, bleached in order to be dyed; and the writer—recording events as they are, not palliating them—is bound to explain the manner of the doing.

The simplest case that can arise is that of gray, or, better, white, *hair*. The operator wishes to change it to a darker colour—that is

easy enough; but wishing to change it to some particular colour, the artist soon finds himself hampered and shackled in his resources. We will first take the case of black, that being the most simple. Orientalists, Turks, Persians, and Egyptians set great store on having black hair; and when these are not naturally black, they are frequently made so by dyeing. The Persians, who affect a blue-black, are said to use indigo extensively for this purpose; but the Turks and Egyptians more affect a sort of pasty writing-ink, made of pyrogallic acid and the powder of a native ore of iron. Amongst the people of the West these hair-dyes are wholly unused. They mostly employ certain metallic bodies, to be presently noticed; but some are content with the colour given by the juice of walnuts.

In countries where the use of nitrate of silver prevails for any purpose, whether fused and solid, as in surgery, or in solution, as marking-ink, or for photography, the idea must speedily have been suggested of its employment as a hair-dye. Not only solution of nitrate of silver, indeed, but every preparation of silver, blackens when exposed to air and light; accordingly the number of silver reparations which from first to last have been employed as indelible marks and as hair-dyes is very great. We need not specify them here. To one and all the defect attaches of not only dyeing the hair, but everything they come in contact with. The nails, the skin, even the teeth if it should happen to touch them, are dyed black by nitrate of silver, and other silver solutions. This is a serious defect, but it does not stand alone. If the surface of a piece of bone or ivory—the handle of a tooth-brush, for example—be dyed black with nitrate of silver, and continuously exposed to light, a coat of metallic splendour will at length become apparent, mingled with iridescent hues like the tints on the neck of a dove. This chromatic play of tints is very beautiful, in suitable places and under proper circumstances. It is out of place when seen in any part of the human hair; yet I could specify the moustache and whiskers of certain old gentlemen known to me, whereon that silvery splendour and those dove-like tints may be seen in much perfection. Thus, notwithstanding the convenience of application, solutions of silver cannot be recommended as hair-dyes, and accordingly they have much gone out of vogue. A hair-dye, to be as good as it can be, should have the property of dyeing the hair one, leaving the skin untouched. This can be accomplished by the use of some one amongst many metallic solutions, and the rationale is applicable on grounds of physiological chemistry. First, it is needful to state that nearly all the ordinary or calcigenous metals when dissolved yield solutions that are blackened by the contact of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, a compound holding sulphur. Secondly, it is needful to state that the element sulphur is a constituent of hair, which continually evolves, but more especially during sleep, the gas in question. We now begin to perceive what must come to pass if we moisten hair

with the solution of one of the metals capable of blackening under the touch of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The solution, having found its way into each filament of hair by absorption, there remains; and subsequently, the gas during evolution coming into contact with it, change of colour to darkness results. Long before the theory of this action was understood, leaden combs had acquired a celebrity for the change of colour they effected on red hair after continuous use. It is not that the stain of abraded lead is so black, it is more lustrously metallic. But for the hydrosulphuric acid gas evolved—sulphuretted hydrogen—the use of leaden combs would not be efficient. The explanation of their utility has already been set forth. First, the small particles of abraded lead—the actual lead stain—coming into contact with certain acids present naturally amidst the hair flowerets, is dissolved. Being dissolved it is soon absorbed, when the sulphuretted hydrogen taking effect produces blackness. The change effected by a leaden comb, however, is very slow, the operation needing to be performed again and again before any result is apparent. Hence in process of time a readier mode of operation was devised, having reference to the same theory. It was found that a mixture of litharge, or oxide of lead, and lime, made into a paste with water, furnished a convenient means of effecting the dyeing rapidly. It was seen that if hair were daubed with the paste over-night, and secured in an oilskin bag to retain the blackening gas, then next morning, on brushing away the powder and pomading, the hair would be found to be black. I am told that the discovery of this mode of treatment was made by some British military horse doctor, whose name has merged and been lost in the efflux of time. This is a pity, seeing that the discovery is ingenious, and does him credit. I am informed that many of the horses on which our household troops are mounted, notwithstanding the immaculate beauty of their lustrous black coats, are very prone to have tails of less unimpeachable jet. Wherefore again, I am told, the practice still prevails of daubing these defective tails with the lead paste above described, and then enveloping them—not in oilskin bags, but in green cabbage-leaves. Whether applied to skin of horse, or man or woman, any lead compound is objectionable because of its poisonous nature; objectionable in the highest degree, however, in proportion as the seat of its application is nearer to the brain. When this lead blackening has been produced, by whatever modification of the process, what are its advantages and what its defects, to pronounce in an artistic sense? They are many. The blackness is not of that special tint which belongs to any naturally black hair. It is a heavy, harsh sort of blackness, neither begetting reminiscences of the past nor harmonising with the skin tints evolved by age. The result is a violation of nature, hateful and odious. The *ars celare artem*, that glorious canon, not being within the artist's reach, he has missed it. What he has accomplished leaves the poor candidate for youthful appearances a mere dis-

used old man or woman: a phenomenon to be stared at, a butt to be laughed at.

If the problem of dyeing hair black involves the simplest case, and its accomplishment be so difficult, what have we to say about brown and chestnut in all their delicate varieties? Only that the task is more difficult still, the result more incomplete. To the visual appreciation of such people who are content with a sort of smothered black the sufficient representation of browns in all their varieties, the effect of ordinary lead dyes used in a particular manner may suffice. We generally find it specified in the directions for using black hair-dyes that they may be caused to impart a brown tint by a little modification of practice. Thus in respect to the ordinary paste of litharge, lead and water; if instead of water, milk be used, the ordinary fulness of the chemical effect is smothered, and there does not result full blackness. The hair-artists call it brown, and it passes for brown; but I try the chromatic eyesight of anybody who is content to call it brown. It is simply a fusty black; neither more nor less, calling up reminiscences of a grandmamma's black-silk dress treasured from her girlhood; or a black-silk dress of more modern origin that has come across the sea on the back of a deck-passenger.

Lead is not the only metal that has this function of turning black when dissolved and brought into contact with sulphuretted hydrogen. Iron preparations are affected with a similar change, though the tint of blackness slightly differs. Gold is in the same category, and indeed most of the ordinary metals. Four, however, are exceptional, and one of them is iron; yet the belief that iron actually imparts dark colouring matter to certain tints of hair as a natural constituent has suggested the use of iron-salts in the process of artificial dyeing. They may be so used, but not alone. Some second solution must be employed as a way of mordant to develop and fix the colour. The Turks use pyrogallic acid to this end, as I have already announced; common gallic acid would not yield black of such unimpeachable colour. British and other west European hair-dyers, when they avail themselves of iron solutions for dyeing hair, employ usually neither gallic nor pyrogallic acid. They use for this purpose a solution of hydrosulphate of ammonia, which will blacken iron solutions, though uncombined hydro-sulphuric acid will not. I am not aware that iron dye thus mordanted is used for any more extensive purpose than for the dyeing of whiskers and moustaches, or, at the most, beards. The abominable odour of hydrosulphate of ammonia—compounded of the smell of putrid eggs and hartshorn—would, I should think, make the application of this sort of dye to a full head of hair intolerable; and a fellow who could complacently apply this hateful thing to his moustache must be strong of stomach, and not over delicate as to the sense of smelling. To all hair-dyes one general remark applies, and it is the following: if the action of the *change of colour* effected by them is to last, the dyeing

must be gone through continuously. Day by day and, still more, night by night, the hair grows. The root of yesterday is the stem of to-day, and what was underground—to use a metaphor—could not have come under the dyeing influence. No failure of the hair-dyeing art looks more ridiculous than that resulting in a particoloured effect—the body and tips of one colour, the lower part of the stem another. People before committing themselves to the practice of hair-dyeing should well consider this. Let them remember that it must be a practice, not a casualty, or else the deception will stand revealed; let them bear in mind also the precept, that in this affair leaving off is worse than beginning.

It needs a good deal of moral courage to begin to grow a beard. Nothing can well look more disreputable than a beard two days old, except perhaps it be a beard of three days. It takes a week before the scope and design of what the fellow is about becomes apparent, and even then he feels uncomfortable to himself and all about him. The bent and genius of a man's character may be divined by observing the manner in which he begins to grow a beard, having resolved to do so. One man will cultivate the stubble excrescence all over each appointed square inch, suffering resolutely taunts and gibes: the *mens sibi conscia recti*. I like that man: he is an honest man. With my purse I would trust that man—my wife, my daughter. To such a man I incline at once: he is my *beau idéal*. He would tell me my faults at once, and not conceal them, making me morally worse, thinking to please me. Another man, having concluded to grow a beard, will go surreptitiously to work, encroaching a little day by day, thinking you will never discover it. Accursed be that base individual—*carbono notandus*! Even so would he encroach on my landmarks, my purse, my family peace. He would rob a canary-bird of his sugar—the trope is not mine—he would grub up his grandmamma to make knife-handles out of her leg-bones.

If it be a solemn and a serious thing to grow a beard, then by how much more a solemn and serious thing to dye a beard, or a head of hair for a climax? It comes at once, or at most in a night, the portentous change of colour. White, or caroty, or foxy, as the case may be, you come under the operation of art; then, hey presto! out you go fully metamorphosed. However I may reprobate the act itself, the deed, the thing, I must needs admire the prompting courage of it. Talk of suicide—hanging one's self, drowning one's self, poisoning one's self, or cutting one's throat, the supreme moment is all in all; the deed is done, and your friends shudder, but yourself are out of it. But to dye one's hair, and live! To stand the gibes and staring, the chaff and innuendoes and allusions and questioning, that indeed *is* courage.

This is a digression; we come back again to capillary chromatics. Life is short and art is long; the triumph of hair-dyeing has been reserved for modern time to achieve and the latter part of this thesis

to chronicle. The dyeing of hair black or brown—such as it is—I call mere child's play; to impart the fashionable golden glow is a modern triumph. This achievement resolves itself into one of two cases. Either the hair to be dyed is naturally red, coaxable into golden, or it is actually and unmistakably dark. In the latter case preliminary bleaching will be needed, in the former not. Of red hair there are various tints; the designations cherry, caroty, scorched, and foxy, will mostly comprise them. The two former are colours that generally go together with a rich animal growth; they are accompanied with an exuberance of gloss, and, I think, an exuberance of temper. The two latter seem as though they had grown on poor soil; they want lustre—surface, finish, hot-pressing; they are poor and meagre, suggestive of flocks of dingy oakum untwisted from ropes by convict hands. Out of each and all of such raw materials then it were idle to expect the same final amount of artistic golden beauty.

To understand the principles whereon the imparting of this fashionable golden tint to hair is founded, it is necessary to revert to the chemistry of calcigenous metals. Most of the metals in this category, as I have already announced, when in solution yield a black tint by the reaction of hydrosulphuric acid (sulphuretted hydrogen), and still a few others by hydrosulphate of ammonia, iron being amongst the number of the latter. Two metals of this class, however, yield a golden-yellow colour under similar treatment; and this brings us to the point to which we have been tending. The metals in question are arsenic and cadmium; wherefore it should follow from application of the principles already expounded, that whereas a lead component applied to the hair under conditions indicated should cause blackness, an arsenical or cadmium compound should produce yellowness. Now, cadmium is, so far as a metal can be, innocuous; the character of arsenic we all know. It has the evil repute of being a violent poison, and that character it merits. To exaggerate the poisonous danger of arsenic, whether taken internally, or applied to the skin, or its fumes breathed, would be difficult. Yet, terrible to state, solutions of this awful poison are slopped upon ladies' heads when the cherished golden tint of hair is aimed at; and, worse still, sold to ladies for private domestic use. Recklessness could not well further go, even in the behests of fashion. Many cases of poisoning have already occurred from this cause, the origin unsuspected. What appears to me strange is, that cadmium compounds, though comparatively harmless and yielding a tint hardly less aureate than those evolved by arsenic, have not commonly, if at all, been employed as hair-dyes. The theory of this process of dyeing is identical with that already described under the head of dyeing black by lead compounds. The sulphuretted hydrogen evolved reacts upon arsenic and cadmium, producing yellow, whereas it would have evolved black with a lead compound; in this is all the difference. Evidently this process is inapplicable to hair

naturally dark until some preliminary bleaching has been adopted. Several fluids have the property of bleaching hair. Alkaline solutions bleach it to a certain extent; solution of chlorine, and the so-called chlorides of soda and of lime, more effectually. Solution of sulphurous acid will also bleach hair; so will solutions of bisulphate of magnesia and of lime; peroxide of hydrogen has acquired great celebrity under many imaginative names. Whatever process be had recourse to, the subsequent operation of yellow-tinting is prosecuted as already set forth.

Copper solutions are sometimes used for imparting a tint to fair hair not very unlike a tint sometimes seen in natural beards and whiskers. To understand the *rationale* of this use, we must again refer to our chemistry. If a copper solution be tested with a solution of prussiate of potash (ferrocyanide of potassium), a brown tint, condensing into a precipitate of the same colour if the solution be strong, results. Solutions of three other metals—viz. titanium, uranium, and molybdenum—yield a similar tint under similar treatment; but I am not aware that either metal of the group save copper has been ever employed as the basis of a hair-dye. Our ideal laboratory experiments have shown that the mordant, or second application, must be solution of prussiate of potash. Hair moistened with sulphate-of-copper solution first, and prussiate of potash solution to follow immediately, turns brown; as to the precise tint of brown evolved, it is exactly that of old Spanish mahogany. *De gustibus non disputandum*: the process is easy, let those who like use it.

For the dyeing brown of small tufts of hair such as whiskers, moustachios, and imperials, solution of the chloride of gold might be used, but I am not aware that it ever is used. I have tried it experimentally, and find the result to be more satisfactory than of most hair-dyes. Chloride of gold, however, has the disadvantage of acting as a substantive colour. It needs no second application or mordant, and it dyes both skin and hair alike. Treating of arsenical solutions applied as hair-dyes, I allowed the reader to infer that they acted by virtue of the naturally evolved sulphuretted hydrogen alone, needing no second application. That is, indeed, the fact, if people so like to employ them; but artists using these terrible things have usually the sagacity to employ hydrosulphate of ammonia as a mordant, whereby the effect is sooner gained, and the chances of absorption through prolonged application to the skin diminished.

Any paper on hair cosmetics would be imperfect that should omit to specify certain body paints, not dyes at all, that are frequently used to impart colour to facial hair—beards, moustachios, and whiskers. These things are crude and unphilosophical; they hardly merit our regard. Any possible powder may be mingled with grease and applied to the hair this way—washing-blue, were the aspirant so minded, or chimney-soot, or black-lead, or brick-dust. There is actually no limit

sort of application. The individual's taste is all in all. The
is large; he may please himself; and he had better please
for that will comprise the sum-total of all the pleasure his
culated to beget.

thus do we conclude the subject of hair-dyes. It is a silly
and withal prejudicial. Even the most innocent applications
to this end do some harm, and the use of arsenical hair-dyes is
ble to think about. Better remain as we are than have re-
to these stupid disfigurements. In respect to the modern whim
ting golden hues to the brown hair of brunettes, it is strongly
vised that the brunette pay regard to the unities: let her get
chlorine bath, and bleach her skin to match, by all means. If
can be bleached, then a brunette *à fortiori*. It would be pain-
what lady heeds pain inflicted at the beck of fashion?

J. SCOFFERN, M.B.

A MILLION A MINUTE

THAT was my fortune. This is no dream, no romance. I set down the simple truth, strange as it will appear to many. During a portion of my life that was my income—a million sterling per minute—secured to me by papers held in my own hands. Never had I conceived of so much wealth as those papers entitled me to, and even as I read them I did not believe in their reality. They were real, nevertheless. So was the fortune. So, I am persuaded now, were the circumstances, romantic as they seemed, under which I gained and lost it.

The money came to me under the will of old Rodney Gaundless. Everybody in the City knew him in his lifetime—knew him as a shrewd, active, hot-tempered man, and called him “old,” while he was yet in his prime. As far as my memory goes back, he justified the epithet. He looked old, withered, dried up, yet there was plenty of life in him, as those found who crossed his path, or tried to overreach him in the business transactions that took him every day into the chief places of resort in the City. His black eyes burnt under frost-white brows, and, when contradicted or opposed, the purple blood would rush into his cadaverous cheeks, or swell the veins in his forehead, till he was fearful to look at.

At ordinary times he was mild and gentle. Except that he was always absorbed in business, he might have been kind and tender. To me he sometimes was so. If he ever unbent, it was to his little Julie, as he called me, and that was more often, I think, when I had grown out of my childhood and become a woman, and so more of a companion to him. In my younger life, I remember fancying that he avoided, and even regarded me with dislike. It might have been so. There was no apparent reason why he should regard me in any other light. I was only, as I knew quite soon enough, the child of an old friend—one Colonel Anthony Wyvern—whom he had adopted out of charity.

Having so adopted me, he did his duty by me. All admitted that; the praise of him in that particular rang as a ceaseless psalm in his ears—and in mine. And I was daily bidden to take note how good he was, how loving and how generous; and what infinite return, by way of goodness, gratitude, docility, perseverance, and I know not what other virtues, all this demanded at my hands. I am afraid I sometimes wished he had been less to me, so that there might have been some hope of my being to him what it was declared my duty to become.

I tried my best, however; and he, I believe, was satisfied. Ours

was not a very lively home. Our house was an old one that had held its own in the City when the City had even its palaces. But in the long course of time it had yielded, foot by foot, to encroachments on all sides, until it was fairly bricked-in, and utterly lost to public gaze. It could only be reached by means of a passage through another house, which had planted its great broad back right in front of our windows, and so obstructed our view and shut out our light. This want of light was what I always most severely felt; for the rooms were large, lofty, and proportionately gloomy; and there was one with a painted ceiling that I dared not enter, for the figures, gaunt and writhing, always seemed alive up there in the gloom, and that notion haunted even my dreams.

Old Rodney Gauntlett's own rooms were on the ground-floor; they were like dungeons, but he never saw them so. All the year round he breakfasted and dined by candle-light; yellow wax-lights, in old plated candelabra, red as copper, were always lit for him night and morning. That was his fancy, and like all his other habits, had taken firm root in him.

Bridget and I lived upstairs. Bridget, by the way, was our one domestic—housekeeper, nurse, and general servant in one. She was as old as her master. Thin white locks peeped out from under her mob-cap bound round with a black ribbon, and shone like silver. Her skin was yellow and wrinkled; her hands suggested claws, they were so hard and fleshless. But she had an eye bright and true as a hawk's; it defied age. Bridget was my good friend and almost sole companion. If I could have wished her other than she was, it would have been in respect of her sense of Rodney Gauntlett's goodness to me, and of the hard measure of gratitude she thought proper to exact from my unhappy self in return. In this respect she was unflinching. I was never suffered to forget that I subsisted on charity, or that persons so circumstanced had no rights—they had only duties.

As I was saying, our rooms were upstairs; they were three in number, and formed the whole of the second-floor. My share comprised a very large bedroom, that had been a reception-room in the old times, and a smaller apartment opening out of it. Bridget's chamber was outside mine, her door close to the top of the great staircase; so that sleeping there she, in a manner, kept watch and ward over me.

The smaller room, in which I lived, was like a room borrowed from the last century. It was wainscoted, and had a high mantelpiece carved over with Cupids engaged in festooning heavy wreaths about it. Above, there was an oval glass, slanting forward so that it reflected all below it, only a fraction of its surface being hidden by a small clock, on which it appeared to rest. The furniture was in keeping: tables with curved legs and brass handles and fittings; chairs with oval backs and striped moreen cushions; *escritoirs* with drawers, and Indian jars—all these were conspicuous. But most conspicuous of all was a

Japanese cabinet, very large and cumbrous, black as ebony, with quaint figures in gold and dead colours, in slight relief. It must once have been very costly; but was now out of repair, and was only used as a receptacle for papers.

I never recall my room without a thought of this cabinet. It is especially associated with the first visit of a friend of Rodney Gauntlett's, who afterwards came often to the old house—far oftener than I cared to see him. I recall that visit like a dream. I seem to see myself, a pale, slim girl, with hair of a reddish hue, so thick that it will never keep its place in any knot into which I twist it, but is always hanging about my shoulders, studded with hair-pins. 'Tis evening, and I am close to the window, straining my eyes over a book in the failing light. The book touches me deeply, and I am conscious that my eyelids are red, and that there are tears on my cheeks. While I am thus absorbed, the door opens, and Bridget enters, bearing in one hand one of the old plated candelabra with wax-lights flaring in it, and so preceding two other persons. One is Rodney Gauntlett himself; the other a stranger—a fine, tall, square-shouldered man, with an olive face, black eyes, and shining white teeth. As I give a scared look, and toss back my cumbrous hair, it is Mr. Gauntlett who says, pointing to the stranger, "Mr. Hugh Dimsdale, my dear, an esteemed friend of mine." Wholly unused to visitors, I am confused; but mutter something to the purpose, and am conscious of having my hand squeezed in a broad palm, and held there, a trifle—only a trifle—longer than I feel to be necessary. The memory of what follows is made up of three incidents: the impression that Mr. Gauntlett is gayer and brighter than I have ever seen him before; that Mr. Hugh is embarrassingly polite; and this further, that whenever I catch his eyes wandering, it is always in the direction of the Japanese cabinet, which appears to have a strange fascination for him.

That night's introduction was, as I have said, followed by many a visit on the part of Mr. Hugh Dimsdale. It was not long before he declared himself my devoted admirer, and begged me to regard him as a suitor for my hand. My patron, too, hinted as delicately as he could that such an arrangement would be gratifying to him. As for Bridget, she declared him to be the finest gentleman in the whole world, and was perpetually regarding me with her head on one side and her hands raised in a sort of ecstasy of admiration at my good fortune.

But I received him coldly; I could not like him; his coming chilled my heart. The touch of his hand distressed me so that I dreamed of it in the night, and woke up with a shudder.

Still he came and came. I had a suspicion that he knew how I loathed him, and gloried in his power to inflict the torture of his presence on me; gloried still more in suggesting a further horror.

"Am I never to prove my love by showing how happy I can make you?" he would ask.

"I am very happy," would be my cold reply.

"But as my wife? Ah, if we could only realise the future I have planned!"

"The present amply contents me."

So it went on.

At last he lost all patience, and grew fairly angry with me. Whenever we met, his words were harsh and his looks threatening. I could not endure this, and, in one passionate outburst, bade him begone and trouble me no farther.

"I will never be your wife," I said. "I will die first. I hate you. Leave me!"

He obeyed; but there was a malignant glitter in his eyes as he strode from the room; and I saw that he bit his thin lips to bleeding to keep in the words with which he would have cursed me.

For more than a month I saw him no more. This might have surprised me; but during the latter part of that time I had no leisure to give a thought to him. My benefactor was taken ill. It was the winter time, and he was seized with a slight cold, of which he took no heed until inflammation followed; and he was soon really ill. Even then he would not deem himself an invalid, would not see a doctor, or give up his daily pursuits. Within a week he was worn to a shadow; his eyes sank, his shoulders rounded, and a cough tore fiercely at his lungs. I was terrified; but he only laughed at my fears, and declared that he would soon be better.

On the eighth night of his illness I sat late in my room. I could hear him coughing below; but Bridget had brought a message that he was busy over his papers, and did not care to be intruded on. Having given this message, and assured me he had all he could need for the night, she had gone to bed. I was wretched, for I felt certain he was very ill and needed advice. Sitting there over the dying embers, I half persuaded myself to go to him, in spite of his message, and entreat him to comply with my wishes in this respect. But he was not a man whose will could be thwarted, or who was open to persuasion. So I tried to bethink me of some friend to whom I might appeal—someone who had influence over him. One name alone suggested itself—the hateful name of Hugh Dimsdale. At the bare suggestion of it I cowered over the grate with a shudder. But it seemed to act as a spell; under its influence thoughts crowded upon me, my mind grew morbidly active, and soon I was almost lost to consciousness in the bewildering perplexities of my own reflections.

For an hour I might have brooded thus. When I at length started, as out of a vision, I was conscious of a chilliness, and of its being very late. I put my hand to my waist for my watch. It wanted three minutes to two. Was that right by the clock on the mantelpiece? I asked myself. Instinctively I looked up. The leaning oval glass reflected me *as I sat*. I saw my own face and figure; and I saw

more. There was another face looking over my shoulder—another figure standing at my back!

Yes, clearly and unmistakably I saw my benefactor, Rodney Gauntlett, standing there, and bending over me with a strange pitying look in his face.

"You here, sir!" I cried, turning round frightened—I knew not why.

There was no answer.

I half rose.

As I did so, the form receded from me. It went slowly, with the shuffling gait of an enfeebled man. The face was toward me even when there was the width of the room between us. Then it turned away. It turned toward the Japanese cabinet; and I saw an uplifted forefinger beckoning me to observe what followed. The movement was so natural, so real, that it scared away the fears which were beginning to paralyse me.

"Speak to me, sir!" I cried out, stepping forward as I spoke. "Or if you are too ill—"

The finger was raised again; this time as if to silence me. Then the face half turned. I could catch the expression of the eyes, and followed them. They seemed to single out a spot—a rose-bud in the flower-pattern of the cabinet—and then the pointing finger went straight to that spot.

Unless I dreamed, the bud yielded under the pressure of the fingertip!

I saw it sink and spring back to its place. Then almost instantly, a long narrow panel fell out and dropped on the ground.

"You wish to show me the secret of this?" I gasped, looking up from the spot where the panel lay.

To my dismay I addressed vacancy. The figure was gone!

My alarm was intense. Had I seen the ghost of Rodney Gauntlett? My conviction was that I had. Yet the finger had touched the spring, the rose-bud had yielded, and there was the result before me! Could a spirit have done that? If so, for what purpose? While, more dead than alive, I asked of myself this second question, my eyes involuntarily turned toward that part of the cabinet from which the panel had dropped. A small aperture had been laid bare; evidently a secret recess; and what it contained was clearly revealed to my gaze.

It was a folded paper.

Here again was something real and tangible. It helped me to fight against the conviction that what I had seen was supernatural; though my frame shook with the terror of a ghostly visitation. With a trembling hand I snatched at the paper and tore it open. Casting my eyes hurriedly over it, I saw that it was a will—Rodney Gauntlett's will. Through a mass of blurred letters, I gathered that by means of it he revoked all former wills; and then I lighted on these words, glowing, *as they seemed*, in letters of fire:

"— all my real and personal estate, amounting at this present writing to three millions sterling, to Julia Gauntlett, otherwise known and designated by me as Julia Wyvern, my own true and lawful daughter—"

I could read no more. The words swam before my eyes.

What! Was I Rodney Gauntlett's own child? Was it a fiction that he had reared me out of the love he bore his old friend? What mystery was here? What could have prompted so strange, so cruel a course? And now, why did he seek to atone for all by securing to me a fortune vast beyond computation?

These questions crowded to my lips. The awe, the marvel, the mystery of what was passing confounded me. My only proof of the reality of all was the crackling of the paper I grasped in my hand. That was real, that, and the cabinet from which I had taken it. Yes; and hark! The great bell of St. Paul's was chiming. Real enough, that. I stood and counted the quarter-chimes; and then the first for the hour—One; the second—Two.

As the last echo died away, I glanced again at the will. In the act of doing so, and stooping my head for the purpose, I suddenly fell heavily forward with a crashing sound in my ears. A blow had been dealt from behind, by an unseen hand, and under the force of it I dropped bleeding and senseless.

More than a week had elapsed before the sense of life returned to me. I was in my own bed, and Bridget's kindly face was bending over me. Pain racked my brow, and I was conscious of having suffered intensely. It was some time before I was permitted to ask questions, or to receive information as to what had happened. At length Bridget gratified my curiosity to an extent.

She informed me that my patron, Rodney Gauntlett, had died on the night to which I have alluded, at three minutes to two, as nearly as Bridget could calculate, she being then the only person in the house except myself. Her reason for fixing the hour was, that at three minutes to two—the time at which the house-clock gave "warning"—she being startled by a strange noise, had gone into his room only to find him dead in his chair. While there, a sound overhead apprised her of my fall, and at the same moment St. Paul's struck two. On rushing upstairs, she had found me on the floor where I had fallen, as she supposed, in hurrying to the sick man's aid, and with the back of my head bleeding.

At this stage I interrupted her with two questions of the utmost moment to me. Was she quite certain that there was no person in the house besides ourselves? She was quite certain. Did she observe anything peculiar about the Japanese cabinet, or see any paper on the floor? No.

These answers startled me. It was hard to believe that I had been dreaming, and yet was it not more probable than that all of which I

seemed to have a remembrance should really have happened? The apparition, the will, the enormous fortune, the disclosure of my relationship to Gauntlett, the brutal attack by which I was overpowered—who would believe in the reality of these things? How could I even believe in them myself? It was well-nigh impossible: yet it had all been so real, so terribly real to me, that I could not forego belief in it without a struggle.

However, I kept my own counsel. I said nothing to Bridget; nothing to the doctor when he came. In time I formed this further resolution—I would say nothing unless my impressions received some confirmation through subsequent events. One such confirmation they did receive—it was a very startling one. When Rodney Gauntlett's will came to be read, it was found that his fortune exceeded all belief. He had been money-grubbing and speculating all his life, but no one suspected that he had died worth—three millions of money! His will disclosed that fact for the first time. When I heard the words I fainted. Here was a corroboration of what I had discovered in my dream, or whatever it was, so strong that it utterly overpowered me. Unless I had read it in the paper I took from the Japanese cabinet, how could I have thought of that sum? Such a thing was beyond coincidence; and when I came to myself, I eagerly demanded a sight of the will. It was handed to me, and one glance dispelled all my illusions. It was not written on the paper I had seen, and it contained no mention of my relationship to the testator. My name was there, but only for an annuity of three hundred pounds for life. The bulk of the vast fortune was left in other ways, a very large slice falling to the share of the man I detested and had rejected, Hugh Dimsdale.

Time passed on. I had quitted the old house. All I have related had become a thing of memory. Bridget was dead. Hugh Dimsdale had gone. I knew not where—to the Indies I had heard, but neither knew nor cared. I was receiving my annuity, and enjoying a simple country life, over which the shadows of the past fell lightly. In the process of time I had almost persuaded myself out of the reality of what I long held as the mystery of my life.

One winter evening an adventure occurred to me.

I was returning home from a long walk. Tired, and anxious to reach my cottage before dark, I took a short cut through a field adjoining a farm. In that field were several stacks of hay and corn, and as I passed these I saw that a group of persons, evidently from the farm itself, were bending over some object lying on the ground. My curiosity was aroused. I quitted the path, and went towards them. As they moved aside on my drawing near, I saw that it was a man who was the object of their attention—a squalid man in the rags of a beggar. He was ill, haggard, starving—yet I could not mistake that face.

gh Dimsdale!" I exclaimed aloud.

shuddered as he lay, then looked up feebly, shading his eyes
emulous hand. With that hand he then beckoned me to his
weak to speak aloud, it was only by drawing my ear towards
that he could make me understand what he had to say. It
form:

a Gauntlett,—for that is your true, right name,—I robbed you
did it. Yes, yes: no need to hide it now. I knew Gaunt-
will was hidden in that cabinet—knew it from the first;
purport, and strove to make you mine in consequence. Had
anted, we should have shared the old man's millions—you and
rejected me, and I had recourse to other means to get the
destroyed, so that I might benefit by a former one under
was entitled. I was in the house when he died, his life
by my means. I passed from his room to yours, when I had
of the old will that left me so much. I came upon you as
the will you had found—the true will, in which he had acknow-
you as his child, and left you all. It was I who struck you
secured that paper. I swear to you that this is the truth."
tell me," I cried, "what do you know of my father's motive
ing me—of my mother—"
hing."

this other will?"

royed. Consumed in the flames. The fortune can never be

were his last words, spoken with his stiffening lips—and they
. Without the will, it was impossible for me to gain one
re of my father's princely fortune than I now enjoy. The
had designed as a recompense for the wrong he had done me
alone knows why!—had flowed away into other channels,
never be recovered. I had held the right to it for three
only: from the moment of his death—that in which he had
to me—until the villain's hand snatched it away. Only for
utes out of a whole lifetime; but during that space my in-
eeded that of any potentate in the world. It was at the rate
on a minute.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MICHELET

HE who undertakes to write about the mountain undertakes to write about the world; and, indeed, not only is every mountain a little world in itself, but how are the grand chains of the Himalayas, the Andes, the Rocky Mountains, and the Alps, to be considered apart from the deep heart of the globe, which has thrown them up to the surface, and with which they are in living contact? M. Michelet was the last person of all others to omit contemplating the mountain in its place in the order of nature, in the bosom of *terra parens*, and to endeavour not only to characterise it as a prominent feature of the mighty planet which whirls us about the sun in never-ending ellipses, but to derive from it what sort of a soul it is which animates our common mother,—for “*Mens agitat molem*” is the device of M. Michelet for all nature. He has discovered a soul in birds, in fishes, and in insects, and he now finds souls in trees and in plants, and gives the earth likewise a soul and a personality.

Very contemptuous, indeed, is M. Michelet of city people, who laugh at the notion of trees and plants having souls. He says humanity for six thousand years believed that trees had souls. Did the Greeks not believe in hamadryads? Was Xerxes not in love with a plane-tree? Did Adonis not weep after death in a pine? Was Narcissus not changed into a flower? Have not Persians and Tartars and Arabs worshipped trees; and do not some people worship them still? And why should not M. Michelet worship trees, since he tells us he has found among them the “golden bough” of Virgil, with which he too, like another pious Æneas, has been brought back to upper air, safe and sound, from Hades and the habitations of the dead?

Indeed, if trees are to be worshipped anywhere, it should certainly be on mountains, where they perform the part of saviours and protectors of the dwellers of the valleys, and of all things below them. In Switzerland, as is well known, forests in certain places are religiously respected as the defenders of houses and hamlets from avalanches; and there is a belief in some parts, immortalised by Schiller in his *William Tell*, that if a hand is so impious as to assault one guardian tree of such a sacred forest, it will grow out of the grave when its owner is dead. As for the earth, M. Michelet argues, how shall we be so presumptuous as to declare it has no soul and no individuality? Has not science proved that there is no barrier between the animal and vegetable world? and does it not do its best to prove there is no barrier between the vegetable and mineral world likewise? Milk can be extracted from flints, and alcohol from pebbles. Crystals grow, and continents are being rapidly built

up by the polypi of the Pacific Sea. The deep hills of chalk are but the dead bodies of infusoria heaped up together. All Paris is built up of animal matter. That animal plant, half rock itself, the polypus, is, in M. Michelet's view, but a copy in miniature of the earth, which works with a perfect consciousness of what it is about, and has produced these habitable continents, with their varieties of mountain, valley, and plain, after as regular laws and as beautiful an order as is to be observed in astronomy; and he quite envies Von Humboldt the long hours of mute adoration which he passed in the *georama* (a terrestrial theatre, like Wyld's Globe formerly in Leicester-square), where the spectator stood in the centre of a sphere, with the external crust of the earth turned outside in, and the grand chains of mountains and the magnificent outlines of continents all spread around the observer.

How shall we begin the history of the mountain? We are almost under the necessity of beginning, with M. Michelet, like L'Intime in *Les Plaideurs*, "*Avant la naissance du monde et la création*;" and it is not permitted to cry out with George Dandin, "*Avocat ah! passons au déluge*;" for M. Michelet makes very light work of creation, and says that which was an enigma for the middle ages is now simple enough, and that creation is nothing more than the energy of life which we see still all around us: like Topsy, the world is inwardly "specting she grewed." The world, he says, had never any reason to be impatient in her growth, since she had eternity before her for her work, and she was quite capable of doing it all for herself; and that there is no need of supposing with Scrope that a runaway star or two came in occasionally to give it a fillip by collision, and that the playful tail of some wild colt of a comet has given it occasional spasms and convulsions.

The earth, according to the latest conclusions of science, is no longer to be regarded as a molten globe with an outside skin of solid matter, which would present, if cut in halves, much the same sort of appearance as the inner side of a divided orange; but it is supposed now to have a solid rocky skeleton or main structure, with numerous cavities filled up with the fiery fluid which explodes in the volcano. The mountain-ranges too are now generally considered not to have been raised, as Elie de Beaumont's theory was, by the revolutionary methods of violent crises and catastrophes; we are by degrees becoming more peaceful in our scientific notions; and gradual transformation, such as the Englishman loves in his Constitution, appears also to be the general method of nature. This is the result of the observations and theories of Goethe, Geoffroi Saint-Hilaire, Oken, Darwin, and Lyell. We observe the growth of the world now as we would that of an elephant or a whale, says M. Michelet; and geology is but a section of natural history.

We have no time at present to lose ourselves and our readers amid the jungles and gigantic ferns of the Himalayas, and to drag the readers of *Belgravia* after us down the craters of Chimborazo or the

Gunnung Tenger, but will confine ourselves to the mountain region, the best-known and the best-loved by all, the Alps—which, *pace* the Pyrenees, we think M. Michelet is right in declaring to be more beautiful, more worthy of our love, than all mountain ranges in the world. For have they not their delightful lakes, which give life and light and space to the valleys, and double the splendours and the altitudes of their snowy peaks? Besides which, one capital point always to be considered about a mountain is, not what is its absolute, but what is its apparent height? Does it give you the impression of loftiness equal to its elevation? For the first duty of a mountain is to keep up appearances, and to give us sublime and æsthetic impressions to the utmost of its capabilities; and tried by this rule our beloved Alps are the very best-behaved of mountains in the whole world.

Our tourists usually commit the mistake of going to see Mont Blanc first; which is entirely a wilful error on their part, since Mont Blanc lives, as Michelet says, quite like a hermit, shut up in his own valley; if you want to see him, you must do like Mahomet, and go to the mountain—on no side will you come upon him unawares, as you may on Monte Rosa or the Ortler Spitz; he forms no part of a chain, as they do. If you go to see the Matterhorn, you cannot fail to see Monte Rosa, and the high-road of that splendid pass, the Stelvio, passes under the foot of the Ortler Spitz, which towers up before the traveller in a starry-pointing pyramid of ice and snow. But to see Mont Blanc, you must either go a long journey up the *culs-de-sac* of the Allée Blanche, or the valley of Chamouni, or you must climb to the top of the Col de Balme or the Col de la Seigne.

Much wiser would it be, as a rule, to reserve the highest mountain till the last, to begin Alpine experience with Lucerne and the Righi; then to take Grindelwald and the magnificent panorama of the Oberland Alps from the Faulhorn; then to take Zermat and the Riffel, and the still grander scene from the Cörner Grat of the amphitheatre of snowy mountains shut in by the towering long-necked sphinx-like form of the Matterhorn on the one side, and the rugged aerial edge of Monte Rosa on the other, and to reserve Mont Blanc as a separate final study, when the experience already acquired of mountain scenery will enable the visitor to approach the solitary giant with a duly-educated critical mountain-judgment.

However, there must always be some disadvantage from whatever side one begins a tour of the Alps, and one will have to retrace one's steps on more than one occasion. Perhaps the disadvantage of beginning by way of Lucerne is, that it will spoil you somewhat for the Lake of Geneva; for the sublimity and austerity of the Lake of Lucerne, the rugged shoreless crags, buttresses, and escarpments of rock which pen-in the blue waters of the Lake of Uri, impress their grand forms so deeply on the mind, that the more expansive but tamer *beauties* of the Lake of Geneva suffer somewhat by comparison. Those

who prefer a softer style of beauty in scenery will, however, find the Italian lakes more admirable than anything in Switzerland; and the most delicious contrast to Lucerne is offered by the Lake of Como, the queen among the more delicate lake-beauties.

The lakes indeed, as we have said, endow the Swiss Alps with an elemental charm which no other mountains possess in the same degree of variety. They are scattered among the mountains like a broken necklace of sapphires and emeralds. M. Michelet calls them the eyes of the Alps; and indeed mountain scenery without water has a painful, blind, eyeless appearance.

The Swiss lakes are so many mirrors in which the mountains can admire themselves, which double the effect of light and sky, and add a twofold glory to the magnificence of mountain line and form. A lake has always a charm which is not shared either by the river or by the ocean. The river flows ever onwards in its restless course, and typifies the fleeting state of existence; and the ocean may oppress us with its eternal symbolism of infinity; but the lake, the little finite inland sea, conveys an idea of repose and security and sequestered being which is always enchanting. Even lakes on plains have some of this fascination about them; but the effect is indefinitely increased if the lake is set in such a frame of mountains as those of Como, as those which protect with their craggy precipitous flanks the little gem of the Königssee in Bavaria, the finest of all the northern lakes on a miniature scale, just as the Lago d'Orta is the prettiest of the southern.

What, says M. Michelet, is the duty of the lake? what function does it fulfil in the general economy of European natural agencies? His reply is expressed in the idiomatic language of the mountaineers: it has to receive the savage water,—*l'eau sauvage*,—and make living water of it. The savage water is the whitish, gritty, cold, pasty water which is drained out of the death of the glacier, which roars along in its violent course over rock and stone, tearing along and sweeping up in a wildly-leaping torrent masses of triturated rock and rubble—cold, unsympathising, deathly, horrible liquid, of which the chamois-hunters will not drink, and which it would be cruelty to offer even to a goat. This milky, poisonous fluid comes rushing madly into the lake, is received into its genial bosom, and there it deposes the white, sepulchral, pasty opacity of its wild nature, is baptised in light and air, and finally emerges from the lake a blue, laughing, transparent, sparkling stream, to begin a new life, and carry to every quarter of Europe fertility and delight.

One could hardly devise a better summer tour than to take one of the great rivers like the Rhone at its mouth, and hunt it upwards, across the Lake of Geneva, to its glaciers in the central Alps. One would then be in a fit mood for feeling the stupendous, beneficent influence of this mighty mountain-chain, which rightly represents the heart of Europe; from which the waters of life are distributed through-

out the Continent in as regular a circulation as that of the veins of the human body, and whither it comes back again, wafted by all the winds of heaven, to replenish the unexhausted springs; and where a slight variation in a single gust of wind often determines whether a rain-cloud shall discharge its tribute so as to reach the Euxine or the German Ocean, so near do the Po and the Rhone and the Inn and the Rhine rise together in their sources. The Alps, indeed, are the reservoir of Europe: they form a bank of inexhaustible munificence, which collects all the stray vapours of the liquid element of life floating about in the atmosphere, stores them up in their slopes and in their caverns, or hides them in their crevices as in the pores of a mighty sponge, and then distributes them equitably to the four quarters of the Continent. The south wind and the west wind come charged with the vapours of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and make their deposit here in deep layers of snow, from which they are liberated by the warm breath of the Desert wind, the Föhn (the Sirocco, the Simoom), which rides swiftly from the Sahara across the Mediterranean, and enters upon the fulfilment of its spring-duties with boisterous violence. The arrival of this yearly African visitor is not unfrequently signalised by immense catastrophes. The demon breath of the great Wizard of the Sahara changes, as with the touch of enchantment, the whole aspect of the Alps, dissolves deep layers of snow with inconceivable rapidity, and loosens the icy chains and bonds which hold whole continents of ice and snow together, and sends them roaring and crashing in avalanches down the steep sides of the mountains, sometimes sweeping whole forests of sturdy pines away with them like straws, and overwhelming valleys and hamlets in irresistible desolation. These, however, are but exceptional tricks played by the Föhn. His ordinary play is to launch down enormous blocks of stone from mountain-heights, and send them spinning like cannon-balls down slope and glacier and torrent; he tears off, in his wild play, the roofs of the *chalets*, while the cow lows and bellows in panic in her stall, and all nature is in a state of terror until the grand transformation-scene be effected, and the decorations of spring be fairly in place on the stage, disencumbered of the snows of winter. Eight months of accumulation of snow are then swept away by the indomitable Föhn into the roaring, foaming, fleecy torrents; the grassy slopes become green once more, and the Alpine plants start up again to begin their brief career of summer triumph and felicity. Nowhere in the world can the feeling of the rejuvenescence of the earth in spring be so intense as in the high Alpine regions; the jubilant satisfaction of every living thing, from the pine down to the blue gentian and campanula, must be witnessed to be believed. The rivulets and torrents all join in one mighty symphony of exultation; the flowers have a fresh beauty and odour more fine and sweet than those of the valleys; the small bright butterflies *twinkle and glisten* in the sunlight; the marmots whistle and call out

to each other that a new good time has come for them; and the herdbells tinkle with a clear, lingering, loving sound, such as one hears nowhere else but in the uncontaminated air of the upper Alpine valleys in the spring season.

Yet the sentiment of the inhabitants of these regions towards their Alpine fatherland is not one of simple love and attachment: there is a good deal of superstition and terror in their manner of regarding these regions full of death and destruction, rigour and mystery, as well as of enchantment. How few of the mountains and mountain-gorges have a well-omened name! Have we not the Maladetta, the Shreckhorn, the Finster-Aar-horn? and how many Devil's-gorges and Devil's-bridges are to be found in all mountainous districts? The famous galleries of the Simplon give M. Michelet himself the notion of a cloister for evil spirits. Does the Jungfrau represent a benignant lady, or is she not rather like the terrible virgin queen of the Scandinavian legend, who sits withdrawn deep in her awful fortress, whose bastions are mountains of crystal, with a blazing crown of gigantic diamonds on her brow, and with gnomes for attendants, who keep her treasures in caverns of ice and snow? The adventurous spirits who advance near her retreat are drawn on with irresistible fascination, and she laughs ironically at their endeavours, in tones more bitter than the icy blasts of winter. Nevertheless they pass on; they arrive at her fatal couch, and there they perish in her icy embraces, and remain as trophies of her supernatural power, sleeping an eternal sleep by the side of their everlasting crystal bride. Few of the mountains, as we say, have a well-omened name; but decidedly the prettiest of all is that of the Engelberg, or Hill of Angels.

The above Scandinavian legend characterises very well the ungovernable attraction which the mountain-summit exercises upon the wanderers on these heights. Why are they drawn up thus irrepressibly to the top of the mountain-peak which has thus fascinated them? "The sublime is almost always the useless," says M. Michelet—*on monte pour monter*. Raymond, who was the first to scale the Maladetta, wandered restlessly for years about the lower peaks and gorges of the mountain to find a path to the summit. The shepherds in the valleys, who saw a small dark form moving along the upper crests of the mountain with the evil name, said, "*C'est un esprit*." No one feels this fascination more than the chamois-hunter: as soon as he has engaged himself in pursuit of a chamois, a true chamois-hunter must kill it, or perish himself. He will follow it for days; no danger will check him—no abyss, no gulf, no unknown glacier with unfathomable crevices and depths of cavern below; wherever he finds the light-blue marks of the small hoofs of the little horned demon before him, there he must go. "My father died so," said a chamois-hunter to Saussure; "and I must die so too." And he kept his word in three months.

There are also legends of treasures of all kinds in these inaccessible regions, which have lured the mountaineers to their ruin. Jacques Bal-

mat, after having found the path up Mont Blanc, perished in this way quite alone. He was engulfed, while treasure-seeking, by a glacier, which gave up his remains forty years later, having carried them down to the valley.

The crawling of the glacier too—that Alpine riddle which aroused the indomitable scientific curiosity of a Forbes and a Tyndall—who can tell how immense a part it has played in the history of the world? how it has pulverised mountains and rocks, and prepared the soil for cultivation. But have the glaciers done the main part of their labours? Are they driven back for ever to the rocky fastnesses of their birthplace? or are they ever again to invade the world, overrun Europe, and cover the globe with a mountainous mantle of ice? One can only say it might be so. Do not some astronomers tell us that the moon is a worn-out planet, fallen into the glacier condition, with nothing alive on its surface or within it but its volcanoes; a world with a solid crust of ice, and sublunar fire leaping up from time to time from gaping gigantic ulcerous craters.

But to study the Alps further from an economical or scientific point of view would take us beyond our intentions: we prefer to call to mind here their perhaps greater value to Europe as a means of sanitary and moral regeneration. The mountain and the ocean both fill the winds which sweep them and hover over them with subtle healing influences inexpressibly grateful and beneficent to enfeebled natures, enervated by the close atmosphere of excessive civilisation. And it may be observed that, like tea and coffee, ocean-air and mountain-air came into public use and estimation at particular crises of civilisation. Perhaps it is the abuse of tea and coffee, among other things, which has made the frequentation of the ocean-shores and mountain-villages a necessity for over-stimulated nerves. All our sea-side villas and watering-places are modern inventions; the tough sinews of the people of the middle ages required no such help from nature; and indeed the middle ages had rather a horror of the sea than otherwise. So too the mountain, as a sanitary place of resort and a region of æsthetic delight, is quite a modern invention. Indeed the very foot of Mont Blanc was only discovered by two strolling Englishmen in 1741, and the world received the revelation of their discovery with almost as much surprise as if they had found a new island in the Pacific Ocean. But we believe that the mountain, even more than the sea, is calculated to invigorate the over-strained nerve, and make the weight and tension of existence easier for the overtaxed fibre and brain; and there is this wide difference moreover between the influence of the sea and that of the mountain on the mind, that the former incites more to imaginative dreaminess, is more inviting for physical repose and idle saunterings and loiterings on the shore, while the latter inspires in most a desire for physical and consequently mental activity, and its general effect is of a more bracing character and more conducive to cheerfulness. This cheerfulness

moreover meets with little temptation to degenerate into the low and the funny. M. Michelet speaks with proper disgust of tourists skylarking on the glaciers, and has not much patience with the Genevese Toepffer, who, writing with the Alps always in view, is hardly serious in a single page, and ends by being insufferably fatiguing. Frivolity and the Alps; Harlequin and Pantaloon cutting capers before the severe brow of the Jungfrau, are not in very good keeping; they may as well play at leap-frog on the altar under the *baldachino* in St. Peter's as on the Wengern Alp; and indeed M. Michelet very well calls the Alpine range *l'autel commun de l'Europe*, and Switzerland may be looked on as a sort of Place de la Concorde for humanity, containing the most majestic of altar-stones, upon which all nations may meet in common adoration.

But even in the mountain M. Michelet cannot forbear from some sad presentiments, which he has summed up in two chapters called *La Mort de la Montagne* and *Décadence de l'Arbre et de l'Homme*. The "death of the mountain" has a melancholy sound; nevertheless there is too much truth in the idea for the phrase to be one wholly of affectation. And the death of the mountain is too often brought about by the ravaging hand of man. You may come sometimes in the mountains upon barren hideous desolate spots, a labyrinth of chaotic rubble and stone, devoid of all vegetation, looking like a conglomeration in shapeless heaps of the bones of the mountain; these the mountaineers call the *cimetières du diable*. Countless are the lovely mountain forms, clothed with waving forests of chestnut, beech, and pine to their very summits, which the savage improvidence of man has turned into mere *cimetières du diable*—mere skeleton craggy frames, once clothed with verdure and foliage in lines as soft and beautiful as those of the bosom of the Venus of Milo. But the forests, which were the guardians and fosterers of all their grace and beauty, fell beneath the axe laid against their roots for the vile uses of a temporary need; and all the careful tenderness which Nature for millenniums had bestowed on the mountain was exposed without defence to the elements, and the soft drapery of its rocky form was deluged with cataracts from the clouds, and the thunderstorm, and torn and wrenched in fragments from its frame, and sent down in devastating torrents to the valley.

In many places, as at Como, you may see the work of destruction still going on; the grace of the mountain may be seen day after day descending the mountain-paths in the shape of loads of charcoal upon sledges, directed by charcoal-burners, all of a blackness suited to the diabolical work they have in hand; and you may see mountains, which but a few years ago were paragons of form and line and verdure, being rapidly converted into *cimetières du diable*. Not only are forests too disappearing, but the graceful creatures of the mountain, the chamois and the bouquetin—that prince of horned creatures—are rapidly disappearing too; and the son of the celebrated Colani, who has

left the greatest reputation as a chamois-hunter remembered in the Eugadine, has given up the profession of his father, and become not a hunter of chamois, but a hunter of plants—an Alpine botanist.

We would gladly follow M. Michelet in his botanical *rêveries* among the trees and plants of the Alps; though even here too he lights upon a melancholy train of thought started by certain observations of Candolle and Agassiz, which he translates thus—*La vulgarité prévaut*. Both Candolle and Agassiz have remarked that local Floras are losing their originality, and that the commoner species tend more and more to extinguish the rarer. Agassiz indeed makes this singular observation: "That the indigenous species of American plants are disappearing before the advance of the imported species from Europe, just as the red-skin disappears before the white;" and M. Michelet makes the following analogical lament: "Dear trees, your fate is that of man. What you suffer from is the universal characteristic of the age—an ingenious, inventive age, but with little taste for the great. No age ever laboured so hard to make level everything lofty. None ever took such pains to extinguish the hero. The plain is the mistress of the age, and makes war on mountains." However M. Michelet, as a heroic worker and striver, cannot resign himself to this view; for to believe things to be incurable is often to make them so; and he thinks with some justice that communion with the spirit of the mountains is one of the most efficacious remedies for re-creating the feeling of *exceelsior* in desponding humanity. No false greatness and not much false sentiment can wear their masks comfortably in face of the Alps; while faith and conscience, if they have any roots at all, are both braced and purified in that uncontaminated atmosphere. And we should not even despair of Barnum's becoming as simple as Tom Pinch, if he would only consent to live long enough in a solitary's hut on the Jardin, under the shadow of the *aiguilles* of Mont Blanc, in the steady contemplation of mountain scenery.

We believe Alpine tourists of this summer will find M. Michelet's last volume not an unfit companion for their journey, which is giving it as much praise as we can bestow. Admiration, too, is due to the freshness of heart and feeling with which a man of his advanced years threw himself into the study of natural history, after having, with much energy, genius, and sympathy, held incessant communion for many years with the dead of about twenty centuries.

VAGUENESS

We are so constantly informed of the fact, in one shape or another, that the age in which we live is a very highly remarkable one, that there is but little danger of our forgetting, even for a moment, the marvellous achievements of the nineteenth century. "The spirit of the times" might, indeed, be most aptly symbolised by some gigantic steam-engine of unprecedented power rushing along on its onward course, bound no one can tell whither, while all the world stands by and wonders. It is not only that our existence is cast in the days of the electric telegraph and gas, that the inventive and creative powers of mankind are increasing in a ratio that is little less than alarming; but it seems to be taken for granted that the receptive faculties of humanity must be developing themselves in the same overwhelming proportion. It will be quite sufficient for our purpose if we confine ourselves to the contemplation of one branch of the manifestation of the vast intellectual resources which the present generation appears to have at its disposal—the literature of the day. Let us picture to ourselves, if we can, the feelings that would rise in the breast of some veteran who lived towards the end of the last century, if he could suddenly be aroused to take a bird's-eye view of the literary wealth which it is now ours to enjoy. Would he not turn dizzy at the prospect? And if he were told that he must not only wonder but examine clearly and *know* all that he beheld, would he not be fairly horror-struck, and surrender himself to the inactivity of despair? Where could he begin? Works on science, art, politics, theology; periodical literature in every possible shape and form, from the ponderous quarterlies down to the last production of the penny press, would all lie in hopeless profusion before him. And must he know something of all these? The purifying of the Augean stables, or the draining of the ocean at a single draught, could be no more desperate task. What, too, would be his compassion for those wretched mortals on whom fate imposed the hard necessity of dipping into each of the multitudinous wells of knowledge that lay open before him? Would he not feel devoutly thankful that it was only for a moment he had left his comfortable coffin, and retire shivering with dread to his charnel once again?

It would be ungrateful to depreciate the literary blessings of our age; but yet there is something undeniably terrible to contemplate in the cant expression, "keeping up with the literature of the day." To a person who thoroughly engages in such an occupation as this there is *absolutely no rest*. Each day as it dawns will bring new

trials: fearful will it be for him to glance at the advertising columns of a newspaper or magazine. With a nervous horror will he scan the "announcements of new books," dreading to find something which must be read. Not even in the hours set apart for social intercourse and friendly communion will he be able to shake off the avenging demon of current literature. Has he seen Mr. So-and-So's new novel? Did he notice that capital article in the last number of the *Saturday Slug*? Of course he has read Mr. Twaddle's new volume of poems? and, by the by, what did he think of the Kamschatkan Reminiscences of Colonel Dunderhead? This is not all; he must be "up" in current politics as well. With an ominous air he must shake his head at the mention of "that leading article in this morning's *Times*;" he must be able to give a sneer of sapient contempt when his opinion is asked as to the remarks in that evening's paper on the "foreign policy of the Liberals;" he must have a fair amount of acquaintance with all the most striking cases in the police-court; and of course, if a sensation murder has occurred, he must have every detail at his fingers' ends. When we add to these requirements the fact that, as is probably true, he has business to attend to as well, some slight idea may be formed of the mental alertness indispensable to a satisfactory performance of his duties. And every morrow brings with it a repetition of the same work. There are fresh newspapers to be read, fresh magazines to be skimmed, new works of fiction or science or politics through which he must gallop at express rate, without cessation or pause. *Ars longa, vita brevis*; and the torrent of knowledge by which he is remorselessly deluged seems as if it would never cease.

It is easy to picture the horrible phantasmagoria of chaotic images that may haunt the dreams of a reader thus oppressed; neither is it difficult to imagine that the waking life of this victim of the "current literature of the day" will not be much more fortunate in point of clearness and distinctness of conception. What, in fact, is likely to be the nature of the ideas acquired by the universal reader who endeavours to gain a smattering of everything? There are certain faults, half intellectual and half moral, more or less peculiar to different states of society and thought. Now it may be an error of intolerance, now of flippancy. If there is one such weakness which it may be the tendency of the present age to generate and foster, that fault is assuredly the fault of vagueness—a vagueness that pervades the moral no less than the intellectual faculties. The diffusion of knowledge, and the enlightenment of all ranks of men, are doubtless attractive themes to the eulogisers of progress and the panegyrists of the age. Doubtless, also, it is immensely gratifying to the individual himself to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that there are very few subjects on which he has not more or less information, and to be able to reflect with a complacent air, when he reviews the list of various publications for the month or year, that there are only an insignificant

few which he has not managed to skim through. He may not, of course, remember very much about any of them, but still he remembers something; and if "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," is there not another counterbalancing adage to the effect that "half a loaf is better than no bread"? a legitimate inference from which is, that half a notion is better than no notion at all. Whatever erudition he has picked up, and however slight that erudition may be, he finds comfort and pleasure in the conviction that some day or other it is quite certain to be useful. As for the exactness of his impressions he cares little: an impression is an impression all the world over, and he could not expect to gain much more than "a general idea of the thing." When one has only a very limited time for the perusal of three volumes, one must be quick about it. It is quite out of the question to dwell upon the particular meaning of each passage that occurs—it means something or other, and that is enough to know; and after all, by endeavouring to puzzle out the hidden significance of every sentence and every word, one is not likely to do much good, and very likely indeed to get out of one's depth, and so to become densely and hopelessly mystified and perplexed.

Now if these acquirements were only employed by a schoolboy who has a certain amount to "cram" by a certain day, at the expense of a "pluck," we should admit their applicability and their perfect satisfactoriness. But as men of matured years are not exactly to be compared with lads who are straining every nerve to get a commission in the line or a post in the civil service, they do not appear relevant or opportune. It may be quite true, in a certain sense, that every man's life consists of a series of examinations; but it does not therefore follow that every man is nothing more than a *vile corpus* upon which it is right and fitting that the experiment of "cram" should be made. If it were true that the great end of every man who has the gift of a sound understanding, were to devour as much literature as his mental dimensions would allow, regardless of such minor facts as intelligent comprehension and digested matter, there would be nothing to find fault with in such a view; but if in reading it is not of less importance that the thoughts should be stimulated, the intellect invigorated, and hard, clear conceptions acquired, than that a fixed quantity of crude information should make its temporary, or even permanent, abode in the memory, then such a view as this must fail; and it must be obvious that if, after a course of literature of this kind, vagueness is predominant, the sooner the course is changed the better. The truth really is this: there is such a thing as a mental as well as a physical surfeit, and hasty reading is as bad as hasty eating. Unless the mind is allowed time to take in and digest what is given it to feed upon, it does not receive good, but positive harm. And this is what is too generally the case in the present days of rapid and careless perusal. A volume is taken up, gone through as quick as

the eye can follow the printed lines, and then put down as finished. Often and often, if the volume in question is worth anything at all, sentences will have occurred repeatedly, which, when only glanced at with a hurried eye, can have conveyed no distinct meaning at all. But neither eye nor mind has been allowed to recur to them; the reader has felt that he has been running, as it were, a race against time, and that the one paramount object has all along been, how to get through the book in the shortest possible space, and then to rush on to some other which is waiting him, and which is to be disposed of in a similar manner. Now this is the precise way in which the whole discipline and good of reading is missed. To be stopped short in a paragraph or sentence, to be compelled to look at it once and again before its full significance can be gleaned, is the most salutary thing that can happen to anyone. Unless this happens, and unless, when it does happen, the proper attention is paid to the warning voice of the intellectual conscience, the study of the volume, whatever it may be, is merely lost time. If, when pregnant sentences occur, they are rattled through without any distinct conception being evolved from them, but merely with a vague sort of impression that "they are all right," and contain something which is doubtless very wise, a habit of slovenliness is engendered which is absolutely destructive of all mental improvement or discipline. "Reading a great deal about a thing"—is the remark of a modern critic—"is not worth a pin unless a man takes care that his mind works at ideas instead of allowing it to absorb their pale shadows; for absorption only gives you a shadow, and not the vigorous reality."

"Some books," says Bacon, "are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously (*i. e.* attentively); and some few to be read wholly and with great attention." And if Bacon had lived in the present state of extravagant literary fertility, he might perhaps have seen occasion to strike the second class wholly out of his catalogue. It is at any rate impossible to doubt that the effects of this prevalent vagueness are often as pernicious as can well be imagined. Nor is it to be supposed that vagueness is or can be confined to literature alone; it must extend itself to the less strictly intellectual occupations of life as well. A man who, through an indolent turn of mind, will not give himself the trouble to gain clear and definite conceptions in the case of the books which he reads, will be apt not to take sufficient pains to gain clear and definite conceptions in other matters as well. He will be likely to take a hazy, indistinct view of things in general; he will be perpetually magnifying molehills into mountains; nor is it impossible that he should fall into the absurdity committed by the venerable antiquary Martinus Scriblerus, who exulted over the discovery of what he devoutly supposed to be the shield of some hero, till by a process of *too-diligent* scrubbing an over-zealous housemaid displayed it in its undeniable reality of a tin pot. People who do not concentrate their

attention on one occasion are not very likely to do so on another; and the want of penetration which cannot discern between mere tricks of style in writing and sound thought, which cannot separate the shadow from the substance, is not apt to discern readily between the spurious and the genuine in the more general and important matters of life. It cannot be sufficiently insisted upon, that the habit of attention, as opposed to that of vagueness, which is here meant, is no special faculty. The man who has all his wits about him, whose mental abilities are always on the alert, will be just as well able to detect shallow devices in literature or art as in the practical business of every-day existence; and his powers of general comprehension cannot but be strengthened and increased by the habitual practice of sifting to the utmost passages whose full force may be unintelligible at first, and which it may be his first impulse to pass by without another look.

It is a mistake to suppose that the persons in whom this vagueness is invariably found are those whose natures are the dullest and slowest of apprehension: on the other hand, the exact opposite is very often the case. There is a certain order of minds quick, restless, and impatient. Directly a question is started, the true solution, it may be indistinctly flashes upon them. They fancy that they can grasp the whole case at once; and because they see so much at first sight, they believe that nothing can be hidden from their view. Practically quick, they delude themselves with the idea that they are wholly sound. They will brook no stoppages, and are impatient of any delay. Supposing themselves to have a satisfactory acquaintance with one matter, they rush on to another; they allow themselves no time for the assimilation of the idea which has thus suddenly dawned upon them. It is not difficult to foresee the consequences; a notion no sooner comes than it goes. They touch the hem of the garment of knowledge, and then the goddess eludes their grasp. These are the persons who are mainly unsuccessful in life. Beginning with a general smattering, they end in total ignorance; and at the root of all their failures and errors lies that vagueness which results from an impatient and undisciplined mind. Application is not more the lesson and the duty of the school-boy than of the busy man of the world.

It is hardly possible to leave this subject without saying a few words on some of the most obtrusive and objectionable developments of vagueness that exist—the vagueness that is discernible in so much of the composition of the popular literature of the day. People who write hastily fall into precisely the same errors as people who read hastily, or who will not permit themselves to reflect calmly, in consequence either of a fatal facility or of a retarding dulness. They, too, may touch knowledge by the skirt; floating conceptions of wisdom may be in their minds as they write, but they never come to the birth or are embodied in any visible form. This is the reason that we get such an amount of *mistily grandiloquent* writing, so slender a background of

ideas behind such an imposing array of words. It is with this as with other phases of vagueness: there never was a time when it was so pernicious or so prevalent as at the present day. Notwithstanding that in certain quarters it would be regarded as a crime, almost amounting to high treason, to venture upon the assertion that the penny press has been productive of anything else than of unmixed national good, the fact cannot be concealed that a great portion of its writing is vagueness personified. What else is that constant parade of what is sonorously termed "philosophical discussion"? what else is that eloquence before which the unlettered reader stands fairly aghast in admiration and awe? and in what else does the inspiration of those "sensational articles" consist, which can, if need be, manufacture a hero out of an assassin, and a thrilling romance out of a murder in a back garret? It would be difficult, too, to say to what else except to a skilfully-managed vagueness those injudicious—to use no stronger word—displays of pseudo-sentiment and appeals to a false philanthropy, which are so lamentably frequent an occurrence in the columns of certain productions of the penny daily press, owe their origin and inspiration. All these are of course grosser forms of the tendency which has here been noticed; but that they are forms of it is undeniable. Cheap newspapers are not the only culprits in this matter: the press teems with more expensive productions marred by the same fatal fault—a fault that, while it disgusts those whose minds have received due discipline and education, is a perilous lure to the ignorant and unlettered. For this reason, if for no other, the literary works, whether of the present or the past, which are free from all traces of these worst of weaknesses are so peculiarly precious.

And here we may take leave of vagueness and its votaries. Enough has been said to show its causes, its dangers, and its consequences. We cannot, perhaps, quite venture upon the Socratic assertion, that vice is nothing more nor less than a certain form of ignorance and intellectual uncertainty; but still it may be said with perfect safety and truth that an error which is at first purely mental may spread till it becomes moral as well, and from being originally confined to one particular class of objects may, by a process of infinite ramifications, at last more or less penetrate into all.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

PAIRING

It was the time of the hawthorns,
The time of flowers and of love,
The time for the pipe of the blackbird,
For the wooing notes of the dove;

The time of the cowslip bell-buds,
Of the honeysuckles sweet,
When with mutual shower of kisses
The Spring and the Summer meet.

Under the bloom of the lilacs,
Under the blue of the sky,
Airiest dreams pursuing,
Wandered Linda and I.

She with her brown eyes glancing
Now and anon at my face,
Woman-like, arch yet bashful,
Mixture of wiles and of grace.

I with my thoughts all tender,
Half ashamed to be caught,
Loving, and yet defiant
I by a girl should be taught.

Sweet mysterious compound
Of love, of shame, and of pride;
O, I felt its thorns and its roses,
And so did she at my side.

But at last were the words low-spoken,
And heard with a smile and a sigh:
"Love, the whole of the world is pairing,
Then why not you and I?"

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Third.

THE HORATIAD.

CHAPTER I. CHIEFLY RETROSPECTIVE.

CAPTAIN PAGET went his way to Rouen in a placid but not an exulting mood, after parting with his young friend Valentine Hawkehurst at the London Bridge terminus of the Brighton line. He was setting out upon an adventure wild and impracticable as the quest of Jason and his Argonauts; and this gallant captain was a carpet-knight, sufficiently adventurous and audacious in the diplomatic crusades of society, but in nowise eager to hazard his life on tented field and in thick press of war. If the Fates had allowed the accomplished Horatio to choose his own destiny, he would have elected to live in the immediate neighbourhood of St. James's Street, from the first day to the last of the London season, and to dine artistically and discreetly at one of those older and more exclusive clubs dear and familiar to him from the bright years of his youth. He was by nature a *flâneur*, a gossip, a lover of expensive luxuries and frivolous pleasures. He was not only incapable of a high thought himself, but was an unbeliever in the possibility of high thoughts or noble principles in the world he lived in. He measured the universe by that narrow scrap of tape which was the span of his own littleness. To him Caesar was an imperial brigand, Cicero a hypocritical agitator. To him all great warriors were greedy time-servers like John Churchill; all statesmen plausible placemen; all reformers self-seeking pretenders. Nor did Captain Paget wish that it should be otherwise. In his ideal republic, unselfishness and earnestness would have rendered a man rather a nuisance than otherwise. With the vices of his fellow-men the diplomatic Horatio was fully competent to deal; but some of his most subtle combinations on the chess-board of life would have been eheckmated by an unexpected encounter with intractable virtue.

The necessity of living was the paramount consideration to which this gentleman had given his mind from the time when he found himself a popular subaltern in a crack regiment, admired for his easy manners and good looks, respected by meaner men for his good blood, and rich in everything except that vulgar dross without which the life of West-end London is so hollow a delusion, so bitter a comedy of means and lying devices.

That freebooter of civilisation, the man who lives by his wits, is subject to strange fluctuations from prosperity to adversity. He is the miner or gold-digger of civilised life; and as there are times when his pickaxe strikes suddenly on a rich lode, so there are dreary intervals in which his spade turns up nothing but valueless clay, and the end of each day's work leaves him with no better evidence of his wasted labour than the aching limbs which he drags at nightfall to his dismal shanty.

For some months Captain Paget had found Philip Sheldon a very useful acquaintance. The stockbroker had been the secret inaugurator of two or three joint-stock companies, though figuring to the outer world only as director; and in the getting-up of these companies Horatio had been a useful instrument, and had received liberal payment for his labours. Unhappily, so serene an occupation as promoting cannot go on for ever; or rather, cannot remain for ever in the same hands. The human mind is naturally imitative, and the plagiarisms of commerce are infinitely more audacious than the small larcenies of literature. The joint-stock company market became day by day more crowded. No sooner did Philip Sheldon float the Non-destructive Laundry Company, the admirable organisation of which would offer a guarantee against the use of chloride of lime and other destructive agencies in the wash-tub, than a rival power launched a colourable imitation thereof, in the Union-is-Strength Domestic Lavatory Company, with a professor of chemistry specially retained as inspector of wash-tubs. Thus it was that, after the profitable ripening of three such schemes, Mr. Sheldon deemed it advisable to retire from the field, and await a fitter time for the further exercise of his commercial genius.

Captain Paget's relations with the stockbroker did not, however, terminate with the cessation of his labours as secretary, jack-of-all-trades, and promoter. Having found him, so far, clever, and to all appearance trustworthy—and this was an important point, for no man so much needs honourable service as a rogue—Philip Sheldon determined upon confiding to Horatio the conduct of a more delicate business than anything purely commercial. After that discovery of the telegraphic message sent by his brother George to Valentine Hawkehurst, and the further discovery of the advertisement relating to the unclaimed wealth of the lately deceased John Haygarth, Mr. Sheldon lost no time in organising his plans for his own aggrandisement at the expense of his brother.

"George refused to let me in for a share of chances when I showed myself willing to help him," thought Philip. "He may discover by and by that I have contrived to let myself into his secrets; and that he might have played a better game by consenting to a partnership."

A life devoted to his own interests, and a consistent habit of selfishness, had rendered Mr. Sheldon, of the Lawn, Bayswater, and Stags Court, City, very quick of apprehension in all matters connected, im-

mediately or remotely, with the making of money. The broken sentences of the telegram betrayed by the blotting-pad told him a great deal. They told him that there was a certain Goodge, in the town of Ullerton, who possessed letters so valuable to George Sheldon, as to be bought by his agent Valentine Hawkehurst. Letters for which George Sheldon was willing to give money must needs be of considerable importance, since money was a very scarce commodity with that hunter of unconscious heirs-at-law. Again, a transaction which required the use of so expensive a medium as the electric telegraph rather than the penny-post, might be fairly supposed a transaction of some moment. The letters in question might relate to some other estate than that of John Haygarth, for it was quite possible that the schemer of Gray's-Inn had other irons in the fire. But this was a question of no moment to Philip Sheldon.

If the letters—or the information contained therein—were likely to be useful to George, they might be useful to him. If George found it worth his while to employ an agent at Ullerton, why should not he (Philip) have his agent in the same town? The pecuniary risk, which might be a serious affair to George, was child's-play for Philip, who had always plenty of money, or, at any rate, the command of money. The whole business of heir-at-law-hunting seemed to the stockbroker a very vague and shadowy piece of work, as compared to the kind of speculation that was familiar to him; but he knew that men had made money in such a manner, and any business by which money could be made was interesting to him. Beyond this, the notion of cutting the ground from under his brother's feet had a certain attraction for him. George's manner to him had been somewhat offensive to him on more than one occasion since—well, since Tom Halliday's death. Mr. Sheldon had borne that offensiveness in mind, with the determination to "take it out of" his brother on the earliest opportunity.

It seemed as if the opportunity had arrived, and Philip was not one of those men who wait shivering on the shore when Fortune's tide is at the flood. Mr. Sheldon launched his bark upon the rising waters, and within two hours of his discovery in the telegraph-office was closeted with Horatio Paget in the little parlour in Omega-street, making arrangements for the Captain's journey to Ullerton.

That Horatio was the right man for the work he wanted done, Mr. Sheldon had been quick to perceive.

"He knows Hawkehurst, and will be able to reckon up any manoeuvres of his better than a stranger; and is, I think, altogether as deep an old gentleman as one could hope to meet with, barring the traditional gentleman who did odd jobs for Dr. Faustus," the stockbroker said to himself, as his hansom sped along Park Lane on its way to Chelsea. The eagerness with which Captain Paget took up the idea of this business was very agreeable to his patron.

"This is an affair in which success hinges on time," said Mr. Shel-

don; "so, if you mean to go in for the business, you must start for Ullerton by the two o'clock express. You'll have just time to throw your razors and a clean shirt into a carpet-bag while I talk to you. I've got a cab outside, and a good one, that will take you to Euston Square in half-an-hour."

The Captain showed himself prompt in action. His bedchamber was a small apartment at the back of the parlour, and here he packed his bag while conversing with his employer.

"If you get upon the ground in time, you may obtain a look at the letters before they are handed over to Hawkehurst, or you may outbid him for them," said Mr. Sheldon; "but remember, whatever you do must be so done as to keep Hawkehurst and George completely in the dark as to our proceedings. If once they find out we are on their track, our chances will be gone, for they have got the information and we haven't; and it's only by following close in their footsteps we can hope to do anything."

"That is understood," replied the Captain, stooping over his bag; "I shall keep myself as close as possible, you may depend upon it. And it sha'n't be my fault if Valentine sees me or hears of me. I shall want money, by the by; for one can't stir a step in this sort of affair without ready cash."

"I am quite aware of that. I stopped at the West-end branch of the Unitas and cashed a cheque for forty pounds. You can do a good deal in the way of bribery for forty pounds, in such a place as Ullerton. What you have to do is to keep your eye on Hawkehurst, and follow up every channel of information that he opens for you. He has the clue to the labyrinth, remember, the reel of cotton, or whatever it was, that the young woman gave that Roman fellow. All you have to do is to get hold of it, and follow your leader," continued Philip, with his watch in his hand. "This business of the letters will be sharp work, for the chances are against us here, as it's more than likely the papers will have changed hands before you can get to Ullerton. But if you can't buy the letters, you may buy the information contained in them, and that is the next best thing. Your first move will be to ferret out this man Goodge. Everybody knows everybody else in such a place as Ullerton, large and busy as the town is, and you won't find that difficult. When you see Goodge, you'll know how to deal with him. The mode and manner of your dealing I leave to yourself. You are a man of the world, and will know how to manipulate the gentleman, whoever he may be. And now lock your bag, and cut down stairs as fast as you can. Time's up. Here's your money—three tens, two fives. Good-day."

CHAPTER II.

EPISTOLARY.

From Horatio Paget to Philip Sheldon.

Royal Hotel, Ullerton, Oct. 7, 1886—.

MY DEAR SIR,—I arrived here last evening just in time to run against Hawkehurst on the platform, which was rather a provoking encounter at the outset. He went further north by the same train that brought me from London. This train only stops at three places after Ullerton—Slowport, Black Harbour, and Manchester; and I shall take pains to discover which of these towns was Hawkehurst's destination. There was one satisfaction in seeing his departure by this train, inasmuch as it assured me that I had the ground clear for my own operations.

I had no difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of Goodge—the Goodge we want—and at eight o'clock was comfortably seated in that gentleman's parlour, talking over the affair of the letters. Tolerably quick work, I think you will allow, my dear sir, for a man whose years have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.

Mr. Goodge is a Methodist parson—a class of person I have always detested. I found him peculiarly amenable to monetary influence. I need scarcely tell you that I was careful to conceal my identity from this person. I made so bold as to borrow the cognomen of an old-established firm of solicitors in the Fields, and took a somewhat high tone throughout the interview. I informed Mr. Goodge that the young man who had called on him with reference to certain letters connected with the affairs of the Haygarth family—and I perceived from Mr. Goodge's face that we were on the right track—was a person of disreputable character, engaged in an underhand transaction calculated to injure a respected client of our house. I saw that the words "house" and "our" were talismanic in their effect upon the Methodist parson. You see, my dear sir, there is no one can manage this sort of thing so well as a gentleman. It comes natural to him. Your vulgar diplomatist seldom knows how to begin, and never knows when to stop. Here I had this low-bred Methodist fellow impressed by the idea of my individual and collective importance after five minutes' conversation. "But this comes too near the praising of myself; therefore hear other things," as the Bard observes.

A very little further conversation rendered Mr. Goodge malleable. I found that Hawkehurst had approached him in the character of your brother's articled clerk, but under his own proper name. This is one point gained, since it assures me that Valentine is not skulking here under a feigned name; and will enable me to shape my future inquiries about him accordingly. I also ascertained Hawkehurst's whereabouts when in Ullerton. He stays at a low commercial house called the *Black Swan*. It appears that the man Goodge possesses a packet of letters

written by a certain Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth, wife of one Matthew Haygarth. In what relationship this Matthew may stand to the intestate is to be discovered. It is evident he is an important link in the chain, or your brother would not want the letters. I need not trouble you with our conversation in detail. In gross it amounted to this : Mr. Goodge had pledged himself to hand over Mrs. Haygarth's letters, forty or so in number, to Hawkehurst in consideration of twenty pounds. They would have been already in Hawkehurst's possession, if Mr. Goodge had not objected to part with them except for ready money. In consideration of a payment of twenty pounds from me, he was willing to let me read all the letters, and select any ten I pleased to take. This bargain was not arrived at without considerable discussion, but it certainly struck me as a good one.

I opened the packet of papers then and there, and sat up until six o'clock the next morning, reading Mrs. Haygarth's letters in Mr. Goodge's parlour. Very fatiguing occupation for a man of my years. Mr. Goodge's hospitality began and ended in a cup of coffee. Such coffee ! and I remember the Mocha I used to get at Arthur's thirty years ago,—a Promethean beverage, that illumined the dullest smoking-room bore with a flash of wit or a glimmer of wisdom.

I enclose the ten letters which I have selected. They appear to me to tell the history of Mrs. Haygarth and her husband pretty plainly ; but there is evidently something mysterious lurking behind the commonplace existence of the husband. That is a matter for future consideration. All I have to do in the present is to keep you as well informed as your brother. It may strike you that the letters I forward herewith, which are certainly the cream of the correspondence, and the notes I have made from the remaining letters, are scarcely worth the money paid for them. In reply to such an objection, I can only say that you get more for *your* money than your brother George will get for his.

The hotel at which I have taken up my quarters is but a few paces from the commoner establishment where Hawkehurst is stopping. He is to call on Goodge for the letters to-day ; so his excursion will be of brief duration. I find that the name of Haygarth is not unknown in this town, as there are a family of Judsons, some of whom call themselves Haygarth Judson. I intend inviting my landlord—a very superior person for his station—to discuss a bottle of wine with me after my chop this evening, and hope to obtain some information from him. In the mean time I shall keep myself close. It is of vital consequence that I should remain unseen by Hawkehurst. I do not believe he saw me on the platform last night, though we were as close to each other as we well could be.

Let me know what you think of the letters, and believe me to be,
my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

H. N. C. PAGET.

PHILIP SHELDON, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

Philip Sheldon to Horatio Paget.

Bayswater, Oct. 8, 186-.

DEAR PAGET,—The letters are mysterious, and I don't see my way to getting much good out of them, but heartily approve your management of matters, and give you *carte blanche* to proceed, according to your own lights.

Yours truly,

P. S.

Horatio Paget to Philip Sheldon.

Royal Hotel, Oct. 9, 186-.

MY DEAR SIR,—The cultivation of my landlord has been very profitable. The house is the oldest in the town, and the business has descended in a direct line from father to son since the time of George the Second. This man's grandfather entertained the officers of William Duke of Cumberland, honoured by his contemporaries with the sobriquet of Billy the Butcher, during the "forty-five." I had to listen to and applaud a good many stories about Billy the Butcher before I could lead my landlord round to the subject of the Haygarths. But he was not more prosy than many men I have met at dinner-parties in the days when the highest circles in the land were open to your humble servant.

The Haygarth family, of which the intestate John Haygarth was the last male descendant, were for a long period inhabitants of this town, and obtained their wealth by trading as grocers and general dealers in a shop not three hundred yards from the room in which I write. The building is still standing, and a curious, old-fashioned-looking place it is. The last of the Haygarths who carried on business therein was one Jonathan, whose son Matthew was the father of that Reverend John Haygarth, lately deceased, intestate. You will thus perceive that the letters I sent you are of much importance, as they relate solely to this Matthew, father of our intestate.

My next inquiries related to the Judson family, who are, it appears, descended from the issue of a certain Ruth Haygarth's marriage with one Peter Judson. This Ruth Haygarth was the only sister of the Matthew alluded to in the letters, and therefore was aunt of the intestate. It would herefrom appear that in this Judson family we must naturally look for the rightful claimant to the fortune of the deceased John Haygarth.

Possessed of this conviction, I proceeded to interrogate my landlord very cautiously as to the status, &c. of the Judson family, and amongst other questions, asked him, with a complete assumption of indifference, whether he had ever heard that the Judsons expected to inherit property from any branch of the Haygarth family.

This careless interrogatory produced information of, as I imagine, a very valuable character. A certain Theodore Judson, attorney of

this town, calls himself heir-at-law to the Haygarth estates; but before he can establish his claim, this Theodore must produce evidence of the demise, without heirs, of one Peter Judson, eldest surviving grandson of Ruth Haygarth's eldest son, a scamp and ne'er-do-weel—if living, supposed to be somewhere in India, where he went as supercargo to a merchant-vessel about the year '41—who stands prior to Theodore Judson in the succession. I conclude that the said Theodore, who, as a lawyer, is likely to do things *secundum artem*, is doing his possible to obtain the necessary evidence; but in the mean time he is at a dead-lock, and the whole affair appears to be in a charming condition for speculative interference. I opine, therefore, that your brother really has hit upon a good thing this time; and my only wonder is, that instead of allowing his agent, Hawkehurst, to waste his time hunting up old letters of Matthew Haygarth's (to all appearance valueless as documentary evidence), he does not send Valentine to India to hunt for Peter Judson, who, if living, is the rightful heir to the intestate's fortune, and who, as a reckless extravagant fellow, would be likely to make very liberal terms with anyone who offered to procure him a large sum of money.

I confess that I am quite at a loss to understand why your brother George does not take this very obvious course, and why Valentine potters about in this neighbourhood, when a gold mine is waiting to be exploited on the other side.

I shall be very glad to have your views upon this subject; for at the present moment I am fain to acknowledge that I do not see my way to taking any further steps in this business, unless by commencing a search for the missing Peter.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

H. N. C. PAGET.

Philip Sheldon to Horatio Paget.

Bayswater, Oct. 10, 186—.

DEAR PAGET,—When so old a stager as G. S. does not take the obvious course, the inference is that there is a better course to be taken—not obvious to the uninitiated.

You have done very well so far, but the information you have obtained from your landlord is only such information as anyone else may obtain from the current gossip of Ullerton. You haven't yet got to the *essous des cartes*. Remember what I told you in London. G. S. has no clue to this labyrinth; and what you have to do is to hold on to the coat-tails (in a figurative sense) of his agent, V. H.

Don't put your trust in prosy old landlords; but continue to set a watch upon that young man, and follow up his trail as you did in the matter of the letters.

If the Peter Judson who went to India three-and-twenty years ago

were the right man to follow, G. S. would scarcely give twenty pounds for the letters of Mrs. Matthew Haygarth. It appears to me that G. must be looking for an heir on the Haygarth side of the house; and if so, rely upon it he has his reasons. Don't bewilder yourself by trying to theorise, but get to the bottom of G.'s theory.

Yours truly,

P. S.

Horatio Paget to Philip Sheldon.

Royal Hotel, Oct. 12, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR,—Considering the advice contained in your last very good, I lost no time in acting upon it. I need hardly tell you that to employ the services of a hired spy, and to degrade myself in some sort to the level of a private inquirer, was somewhat revolting to a man who, in the decadence of his fortunes, has ever striven to place some limit on the outrages which that hard taskmaster, poverty, may have from time to time compelled him to inflict upon his self-respect. But in the furtherance of a cause which I conclude is in no manner dishonourable, since an unclaimed heritage must needs be a prize open to all, I submitted to this temporary degradation of my higher feelings; and I trust that when the time arrives for the settlement of any pecuniary consideration which I am to derive from these irksome and uncongenial labours, my wounded self-respect may not be omitted from the reckoning.

The above exordium may appear to you tedious; but it is only just to myself to remind you that you are not dealing with a vulgar hireling.

My first step, after duly meditating your suggestions, was to find a fitting watch for the movements of Hawkehurst. I opined that the best person to play the spy would be that class of man whose existence seems for the most part devoted to the lounging at street-corners, the chewing of straw, and that desultory kind of industry known in the *patois* of this race as "fetching errands." This is the man, or boy, who starts up from the pavement (as through a trap-door in the flags) whenever one alights from or would enter any kind of vehicle. Unbidden, unrequired, and obnoxious, the creature arises, and opens a door, or lays some rag of his wretched attire on a muddy wheel, and then whines, piteous, for a copper.

Such a man or such a boy, I felt convinced must exist among the hangers-on of the Royal Hotel; nor was I mistaken. On inquiring for a handy lad, capable of attending upon my needs at all hours in the day, and not a servant in the hotel, but a person who would be wholly at my own disposal, I was informed that the Boots had a younger brother who was skilled in the fetching of errands, and who would be happy to wait upon me for a very reasonable remuneration; or in the words of the waiter himself, would be ready to leave it—*i.e.* the remuneration—to my own generosity. I know that there are no people who

so much as those who leave the assessment of their claims to your generosity ; but as I wanted good service, I was prepared to pay

the younger Boots made his appearance in due course—a sharp fellow enough ; and I forthwith made him my slave by the promise of five shillings a day for every day in which I should require his

I then told him that it was my misfortune to own—with a predilection to disown—a reprobate nephew, now an inhabitant of every town. This nephew, I had reason to believe, was going at a rapid rate to the dogs ; but my affectionate feelings would not permit me to consummate his own destruction without one last effort on my part. I had therefore followed him to Ullerton, whither I suspected him to be led by the worst possible motives ; and having done my next business was to keep myself informed of his whereabouts.

Knowing that the younger Boots accepted these statements with unhesitating faith, I went on to inquire whether he felt himself equal to the arduous duty of hanging about the yard of the Black Swan and watching the doors of exit from that hotel, with a view to following my nephew wherever he might go, even if considerably beyond the limits of Ullerton. I saw that the lad's intelligence was likely to be put to the test in this transaction, unless there should arise any difficult or embarrassing position by reason of the suspicion of Hawkehurst, or any other mischance. “Do you think you can watch the gentleman without being observed?” I asked. “I'm pretty well sure I can, sir,” answered the boy, who is of an enterprising, and indeed audacious, temper.

“Well,” said I ; “you will go to the Black Swan Inn. Hawkehurst is the name by which my nephew is known there, and it will be your duty to find him out.” I gave the boy a minute account of my nephew's appearance, and other instructions with which I need not trouble you.

I further furnished him with money, so that he might be able to follow Hawkehurst by rail, or any other mode of conveyance, as he might see fit ; and then despatched him, with an order to come back to me when he had seen our man safely lodged in the Black Swan after his perambulations. “And if he shouldn't go out at all?” suggested the lad. “In that case you must stick to your post till night, and pick up all the information you can about my unfortunate nephew from the hangers-on of the hotel,” said I. “I suppose you know the place at the Black Swan?” The boy informed me, in his untutored way, that he knew “a'most all of 'em,” and thereupon departed.

At nine o'clock at night he again appeared before me, big with the fatigue of his day's work. He had seen my nephew issue forth from the Black Swan within an hour of leaving my presence, and had followed him to Mr. William Judson's, in Ferrygate, where he waited and loitered nearly an hour, keeping himself well out of view round the corner of Chalkin-street, a turning close to Mr. Judson's house. After this gentleman's house, my renegade nephew had proceeded—

carrying a letter in his hand, and walking as if in very good spirits (but that fellow Hawkehurst would walk to the gallows in good spirits—to the Lancaster-road, where he was admitted into Lochiel Villa house belonging, as my Mercury ascertained from a passing bad boy, to Miss Judson, sister of the William Judson of Ferrygate. I will perceive that this town appears to teem with the Judson family. My messenger, with praiseworthy art, contrived to engage in a game of tip-cat (what, I wonder, *is* a tip-cat?) with some vagrant boys displaying themselves in the roadway, within view of Miss Judson's house. Hence, after the lapse of more than an hour, Boots-Mercury being my recreant relative emerge, and from this point followed him—always with extreme caution—back to the Black Swan. Here he hung about the yard, favoured by his close acquaintance with the ostler, until eight o'clock in the evening, no event of the smallest importance occurring during all those hours. But at eight there arrived a young woman with a packet from Miss Judson to Mr. Hawkehurst. The packet was small, and was sealed with red wax. This was all my Mercury could ascertain respecting it; but this was something.

I at once divined that this packet must needs contain letters. I asked myself whether those letters or papers had been sold to Hawkehurst, or only lent to him, and I immediately concluded that they could only have been lent. It was all very well for Goodge, the Methwold parson, to traffic in the epistles of Mrs. Matthew Haygarth, but it was to the last degree unlikely that a well-to-do maiden lady would part with family letters or papers for any pecuniary consideration whatever. “No,” I said to myself, “the documents have been lent, and will be returned;” and thereupon I laid my plans for the next day's campaign, with a view to obtaining a peep at those letters, by fair means or foul. I told the boy to be at his post in the inn-yard early the morning; and if my nephew did not leave the inn, my agent was to ascertain what he was doing, and to bring me word thereof. “I'll tell you what it is, Boots,” I said; “I have reason to believe that my disposed nephew of mine has some wicked intention with regard to Miss Judson, who is nearly related to a young lady with whom that unprincipled young man is, or pretends to be, in love; and I very much suspect that he means to send her some letters, written by this foolish nephew of mine to my more foolish nephew, and eminently calculated to wound the good lady's feelings. Now, in order to prevent this very shameful conduct on his part, I want to intercept any packet or letter which my mistaken youth may send to Miss Judson. Do you feel yourself capable of getting hold of such a packet, on consideration of a bonus of a sovereign in addition to the five shillings per diem already agreed upon?”

This, in more direct and vulgar phraseology, was what I said to the boy; and the boy departed, after pledging himself to bring me the packet which Hawkehurst might despatch from the Swan Inn.

My fear was that Hawkehurst might carry the packet himself, and a contingency appeared unpleasantly probable.

Fortune favoured us. My reprobate nephew was too ill to go out. He intrusted Miss Judson's packet to the waiter, the waiter confided it to the Boots, the Boots resigned his responsibility in favour of my boy Mercury, who kindly offered to save that functionary the trouble of a walk to the Lancaster-road.

At eleven A.M. the packet was in my hands. I have devoted the best part of to-day to the contents of this packet. They consist of letters written by Matthew Haygarth, and distinguished by a most admirable orthography; but I remember my own father's epistolary composition to have been somewhat deficient in this respect; nor is it singular that the humble citizen should have been a poor hand at spelling at an age when royal personages indulged in a phonetic style of orthography which would provoke the laughter of a modern charity-boy. That the pretender to the crown of England should murder the two languages in which he wrote seems a small thing; but that Frederick the Great, the most accomplished of princes, bosom-friend of Voltaire, sworn patron of the *litterati*, should not have been able to spell, is matter for some astonishment. I could but remember this fact, as I read the epistles of Matthew Haygarth.

I felt that these letters had in all probability been carefully numbered by the lady to whom they belong, and that to tamper with them to any serious extent might be dangerous. I have therefore only ventured to retain one insignificant scrawl as an example of Matthew Haygarth's caligraphy and signature. From the rest I have taken copious extracts. It appears to me that these letters relate to some *liaison* of the gentleman's youth; though I am fain to confess myself surprised to discover that, even in a period notorious for looseness of morals, a man could enter into such details in a correspondence with his sister. *res temps, autres mœurs*. I have selected my extracts with great care, and hope that you may be able to make more use of them than I at present imagine possible. I shall post this letter and enclosure by my own hands, though in order to do so I must pass the Blackfriars. I shall despatch my messenger to Lochiel Villa, with Miss Judson's packet, under cover of the darkness.

In much haste, to catch the London mail,

Truly yours,

H. N. C. P.

From Philip Sheldon to Horatio Paget.

City, Oct. 12, 186—.

DEAR PAGET,—Come back to town. You are only wasting money, and trouble.

Yours,

P. S.

CHAPTER III.

TOO CLEVER FOR A CATSPAW.

CAPTAIN PAGET returned to town, mystified by that sudden summons from his patron, and eager to know what new aspect of affairs rendered his further presence in Ullerton useless or undesirable.

Horatio arrived in the great city half a dozen hours before his old time protégé, and was comfortably installed when Valentine returned those lodgings in Omega-street, Chelsea, which the two men occupied in common.

Captain Paget went into the city to see Philip Sheldon on the day of his return, but did not succeed in finding the stockbroker. The evening's post brought him a letter from Philip, appointing an interview at Bayswater, at three o'clock on the following day—the day of Valentine's return from Ullerton.

Punctual to the moment appointed by this letter, Captain Paget appeared at the Lawn on the following day. He was ushered into Mr. Sheldon's study, where he found that gentleman awaiting him in a grave and meditative of mood, but friendly, and indeed cordial, in manner to the returning traveller.

"My dear Paget, sit down; I am delighted to see you. Your return has made you look five years younger, by Jove! I was sorry to hear you had called while I was out, and had waited for me upwards of an hour yesterday. I have a good deal of worry on my shoulders, now; commerce is all worry, you know. The Marquis of Lambeth has come into the market and bought up two-thirds of the Astrakhan Government Trunk debenture bonds, just as our house had speculated for the same. And since it has got wind that the Marquis is sweet upon the bonds, the bonds are going up like a skyrocket. Such is life. I thought I had better have our little talk here; it's quieter than in the City. I'll get you some sherry and soda; you like that Manzanilla of mine, I know."

And the hospitable Philip rang the bell, without thinking it necessary to wait for his guest's answer.

There was a cordiality, a conciliating friendliness about the stockbroker's manner which Horatio Paget did not like.

"He's too civil by half," the Captain said to himself; "he never does me any harm, but he never does me any good."

"And now about this Ullerton business," Mr. Sheldon began, and the wine and soda-water had been brought, and a tall tumbler of the refreshing compound filled for the Captain; "you have really managed the matter admirably. I cannot too much applaud your diplomatic management. You would have put a what's-his-name—that fellow of Napoleon's—through the blush by your management of the whole business. But, unfortunately, when it's all done, it comes to nothing; the whole affair is, in the end, from beginning to end, a mare's-nest. It is one of those

geese which my brother George has been chasing for the last ten years, and which never have resulted in profit to him or anybody else; and I should be something worse than a fool if I were to lend myself any longer to such a folly."

"Humph," muttered the Captain, "here is a change indeed!"

"Well, yes," Mr. Sheldon answered coolly. "I daresay my conduct does seem rather capricious; but you see George put me out of temper the other day, and I was determined, if he had got a good thing, to cut the ground from under his feet. All your communications from Ullerton tend to show me that he has *not* got hold of a good thing, and that, in any attempt to circumvent him, I should only be circumventing myself, wasting your time, and my own money. This Judson family seems numberless, and it is evident to me that the Reverend John Haygarth's fortune will be a bone of contention amongst the Judsons in the High Court of Chancery for any indefinite number of years between this and the millennium. So I really think, my dear Paget, we'd better consider this transaction finished. I will give you whatever honorarium you think fit to name for your trouble, and we'll close the affair. I shall find plenty more business, as good, or better, for you to do."

"You are very good," replied the Captain, in nowise satisfied by this promise. It was all too smooth, too conciliatory. And there was a suddenness in this change of plan that was altogether mysterious. So indeed might a capricious man be expected to drop a speculation he had been eager to inaugurate, but Philip Sheldon was the last of men to be suspected of caprice.

"You must have taken an immense deal of trouble with those extracts, now," said the stockbroker carelessly, as Horatio rose to depart, offended and angry, but anxious to conceal his anger. "What, are you off so soon? I thought you would stop and take a chop with us."

"No, thanks; I have an engagement elsewhere. Yes, I took an inordinate trouble with those extracts, and I am sorry to think they should be useless."

"Well, yes, it is rather provoking to you, I daresay. The extracts would be very interesting from a social point of view, no doubt, to people who care about such things; but in a legal sense they are waste-paper. I can't understand why Hawkehurst was in Ullerton; for, as you yourself suggested, that Peter Judson who went to India must be the Judson wanted for this case."

"Your brother may be in league with some other branch of the Judson family. Or what if he is hunting for an heir on the Haygarth side?" asked the Captain, with a very close watch upon Mr. Sheldon's face. Let the stockbroker be never so skilful a navigator of the high-seas of life, there was no undercurrent, no cross trade-wind, no unexplained veering of the magnetic needle to the west, in the mysteries whereof the Captain was not also versed. When Columbus wanted to

guard.

"Well, I don't see how there can be any claimant on the house," he said carelessly. "You see, according to your lord's statement—which I take to be correct—Jonathan Haygarth had but one son, a certain Matthew, who married one Rebecca S. and had, in his turn, one only son, the intestate John. Now, in this case, where is your heir to come from, except through Matthew Ruth, who married Peter Judson?"

"Isn't it just possible that Matthew Haygarth may have married twice, and had other children? Those letters certainly suggest the idea of a secret alliance of some kind on Haygarth's part, and the existence of a family, to whom he appears to have been warmly attached. My idea of this affair was that it must have been a low *liaison*; but I could hardly realise the fact of Matthew's confiding in his sister in any such circumstances, however lax in his morals that gentleman may have been. Mrs. Matthew Haygarth's letters hint at some interference in her husband's life. Is it not likely that this hidden family is a legitimate one?"

"I can't quite see my way to that idea," Mr. Sheldon answered in a meditative tone. "It seems very unlikely that any marriage of Haygarth's could have remained unknown to his townsmen; and even were so, I doubt the possibility of our tracing the heirs from the marriage. No, my dear Paget, I have resolved to wash my hands of the business, and leave my brother George in undisturbed possession of his ground."

"In that case, perhaps you will return my notes; they are waiting for me."

Here again the faintest indication of annoyance in the stock

suppose your copies were faithful in all matters except the orthography. And in the names, you of course adhered to the original spelling?"

"Most decidedly," replied Captain Paget, opening the door to depart, and with a somewhat cynical smile upon his face, which was hidden from Mr. Sheldon.

"I suppose there is no doubt of your accuracy with regard to the name of Meynell, now?"

"Not the least. Good afternoon! Ah, there's our young friend Hawkehurst!" exclaimed the Captain, in his "society" voice, as he looked out into the hall, where Valentine was parting with Diana.

He came and greeted his young friend, and they left the house together.

This was the occasion upon which Valentine was startled by hearing the name 'Meynell' pronounced by the lips of Philip Sheldon.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN PAGET IS PATERNAL.

HORATIO PAGET left the Lawn after the foregoing interview, fully convinced that Mr. Sheldon was only desirous to throw him off the scent, in order to follow up the chase alone, for his sole profit and advantage.

"My last letter conveyed some intelligence that altered his whole plan of action," thought the Captain; "that is perfectly clear. He was somewhat wanting in tact when he recalled me so suddenly. But I suppose he thought it would be easy to throw dust in my poor old eyes. What was the intelligence that made him change his mind? That is the grand question."

Captain Paget dined alone at a West-end restaurant that evening. He dined well, for he had in hand certain moneys advanced by his patron, and he was not disposed to be parsimonious. He sat for some time in meditative mood over his pint bottle of Chambertin, and the subject of his meditation was Philip Sheldon.

"Yes," he murmured at last, "that is it. The charm is in the name of Meynell. Why else should he question me about the orthography of that name? I sent him information about Matthew Haythornthwaite in the wife's letters, and he took no special notice of that information. It was only when the name of Meynell cropped up that he changed his tactics and tried to throw me over. It seems to me that he must have some knowledge of this Meynell branch, and therefore thinks himself strong enough to act alone, and to throw me over the bridge. To throw me over," the Captain repeated to himself slowly. "Well, we'll see about that. We'll see; yes, we'll see."

At noon on the following day Captain Paget presented himself again at the Bayswater villa, where his daughter ate the bread of dependence. He appeared this time in a purely paternal character. He

came to call upon his only child. Before paying this visit the Captain had improved the shining hour by a careful study of the current and two or three back volumes of the Post-Office and Trade Directories; but all his researches in those interesting volumes had failed to reveal to him the existence of any metropolitan Meynells.

"The Meynells whom Sheldon knows may be in the heart of the country," he said to himself, after these futile labours.

It was a fine autumnal morning, and as Miss Paget was at home and disengaged, her affectionate father suggested that she should take a walk with him in Kensington Gardens. Such a promenade had very little attraction for the young lady; but she had a vague idea that she owed a kind of duty to her father not remitted by his neglect of all duties to her; so she assented with a smile, and went out with him, looking very handsome and stylish in her simple but fashionable attire, no part of which had been provided by the parent she accompanied.

The Captain surveyed her with some sense of family pride.

"Upon my word, my dear, you do me credit!" he exclaimed with a somewhat patronising kindness of tone and manner; "indeed, any man might be proud of such a daughter. You are every inch a Paget."

"I hope not, papa," said the girl involuntarily; but the Captain's more delicate instincts had been considerably blunted in the press and jostle of life, and he did not feel the sting of this remark.

"Well, perhaps you are right, my love," he replied blandly; "the Pagets are an unlucky family. Like those Grecian people, the Atri—, what's-his-name—the man who was killed in his bath, you know. His wife, or the other young person who had come to visit his daughters, made the water too hot, you know—and that kind of thing. I am not quite clear about the story, but it's one of those farragos of rubbish they make young men learn at public schools. Yes, my dear, I really am amazingly pleased by your improved appearance. Those Sheldon people dress you very nicely; and I consider your residence in that family a very agreeable arrangement for all parties. You confer a favour on the girl by your society, and so on, and the mother provides you with a comfortable home. All I wonder is that your good looks haven't made their mark before this with some of Sheldon's rich stockbroking fellows."

"We see very little of the stockbroking fellows, as you call them, at the Lawn, papa."

"Indeed! I thought Sheldon kept a great deal of company."

"O no. He gives a dinner now and then, a gentleman's dinner usually; and poor Mrs. Sheldon is very anxious that it should all go off well, as she says; but I don't think he is a person who cares much for society."

"Really, now?"

"His mind seems completely occupied by his business, you see, papa. That horrible pursuit of gain seems to require all his thoughts,

all his time. He is always reading commercial papers, the 'Money Market,' and 'On Change,' and the 'Stockbroker's Vade-Mecum,' and publications of that kind. When he is not reading, he is thinking; and by his manner one would fancy his thoughts were always gloomy and unpleasant. What a miserable, hateful, unholy life to lead! I would not be that man for all the money in the Bank of England. But it is a kind of treachery to tell these things. Mr. Sheldon is very good to me. He lets me sit at his table and share the comforts of his home, and I must be very ungrateful to speak against him. I do *not* mean to speak against him, you see, papa—I only mean that a life devoted to money-making is in itself hateful."

"My dear child, you may be assured that anything you say to *me* will go no further," said the Captain with dignity; "and in whom should you confide, if not in your father? I have a profound respect for Sheldon and his family—yes, my love, a profound respect; and I think that girl Sarah—no, I mean Charlotte—a very charming young person. I need scarcely tell you that the smallest details of your life in that family possess a keen interest for me. I am not without a father's feelings, Diana, though circumstances have never permitted me to perform a father's duties."

And here the solitary tear which the accomplished Horatio could produce at will trembled in his eye. This one tear was always at his command. For the life of him he could not have produced a second; but the single drop never failed him, and he found one tear as effective as a dozen, in giving point and finish to a pathetic speech.

Diana looked at him, and wondered, and doubted. Alas, she knew him only too well! Any other creature in this wide world he might deceive, but not her. She had lived with him; she had tasted the bitterness of dependence upon him,—ten times more bitter than dependence on strangers. She had shown him her threadbare garments day after day, and had pleaded for a little money, to be put off with a lying excuse. She could not forget this. She had forgiven him long ago, being of too generous a nature to brood upon past injuries. But she could not forget what manner of man he was, and thank him for pretty speeches which she knew to be meaningless.

They talked a little more of Mr. Sheldon and his family, but Diana did not again permit herself to be betrayed into any vehement expression of her opinions. She answered all her father's questions without restraint, for they were very commonplace questions, of a kind that might be answered without any breach of faith.

"Amongst the Sheldons' acquaintances did you ever hear of any people called Meynell?" Captain Paget asked at length.

"Yes," Diana replied, after a moment's thought, "the name is certainly very familiar to me;" and then, after a pause, she exclaimed, "Why, the Meynells were relations of Charlotte's! Yes, her grandmother was a Miss Meynell; I perfectly remember hearing Mrs. Shel-

don talk about the Meynells. But I do not think there are any descendants of that family now living. Why do you ask the question, papa? What interest have you in the Meynells?"

"Well, my dear, I have my reasons, but they in no manner concern Mr. Sheldon or his family; and I must beg you to be careful not to mention the subject in your conversation with those worthy people. I want to know all about this Meynell family. I have come across some people of that name, and I want to ascertain the precise relationship existing between these people and the Sheldons. But the Sheldons must know nothing of this inquiry for the present. The people I speak of are poor and proud, and they would perish rather than press a relationship upon a rich man, unless fully justified by the closeness of family ties. I am sure you understand all this, Diana?"

"Not very clearly, papa."

"Well, my dear, it is a delicate position, and perhaps somewhat difficult for the comprehension of a third party. All you need understand is the one fact that any information respecting the Meynell family will be vitally interesting to my friends, and, through them, serviceable to me. There is, in fact, a legacy which these friends of mine could claim, under a certain will, if once assured as to the degree of their relationship to your friend Charlotte's kindred on the Meynell side of the house. To give them the means of securing this legacy would be to help the ends of justice; and I am sure, Diana, you would wish to do that."

"Of course, papa, if I can do so without any breach of faith with my employers. Can you promise me that no harm will result to the Sheldons, above all to Charlotte Halliday, from any information I may procure for you respecting the Meynell family?"

"Certainly, Diana, I can promise you that. I repeat most solemnly, that, by obtaining such information for me, you will be aiding the cause of justice."

If Horatio Paget might ever be betrayed into the inconsistency of a truthful assertion, it seemed to his daughter that it was likely to be in this moment. His words sounded like truth; and on reflection, Diana failed to perceive that she could by any possibility inflict wrong on her friends by obliging her father in this small affair.

"Let me think the matter over, papa," she said.

"Nonsense, Diana; what thinking over can be wanted about such a trifle? I never before asked you a favour. Surely you cannot refuse to grant so simple a request, after the trouble I have taken to explain my reasons for making it."

There was some further discussion, which ended in Miss Paget consenting to oblige her father.

"And you will manage matters with tact?" urged the Captain at parting.

"There is no especial tact required, papa," replied Diana; "the

matter is easy enough. Mrs. Sheldon is very fond of talking about her own affairs. I have only to ask her some leading question about the Meynells, and she will run on for an hour, telling me the minutest details of family history connected with them. I daresay I have heard the whole story before, and have not heeded it: I often find my thoughts wandering when Mrs. Sheldon is talking."

Three days after this, Captain Paget called on Mr. Sheldon in the City, when he received a very handsome recompense for his labours at Ullerton, and became repossessed of the extracts he had made from Matthew Haygarth's letters, but not of the same Mr. Haygarth's autograph letter: that document Mr. Sheldon confessed to having mislaid.

"He has mislaid the original letter, and he has had ample leisure for copying my extracts; and he thinks I am such a consummate fool as not to see all that," thought Horatio, as he left the stockbroker's office, enriched, but not satisfied.

In the course of the same day he received a long letter from Diana, containing the whole history of the Meynells, as known to Mrs. Sheldon. Once set talking, Georgy had told all she could tell, delighted to find herself listened to with obvious interest by her companion.

"I trust that you have not deceived me, my dear father," Diana concluded, after setting forth the Meynell history. "The dear good soul was so candid and confiding, and seemed so pleased by the interest I showed in her family affairs, that I should feel myself the vilest of wretches if any harm could result to her, or those she loves, from the information thus obtained."

The information was very complete. Mrs. Sheldon had a kindly and amiable nature, but she was not one of those sensitive souls who instinctively shrink from a story of bitter shame or profound sorrow, as from a cureless wound. She told Diana, with many lamentations, and much second-hand morality, the sad history of Susan Meynell's elopement, and of the return, fourteen years afterwards, of the weary wanderer. Even the poor little trunk, with the name of the Rouen trunk-maker, Mrs. Sheldon dwelt upon with graphic insistence. A certain womanly delicacy had prevented her ever telling this story in the presence of her brother-in-law, George Sheldon, whose hard worldly manner in no way invited any sentimental revelation. Thus it happened that George had never heard the name of Meynell in connection with his friend Tom Halliday's family, or had heard it so seldom as to have entirely forgotten it. To Horatio his daughter's letter was priceless. It placed him at once in as good a position as Philip Sheldon, or as George Sheldon and his coadjutor, Valentine Hawkehurst. There were thus three different interests involved in the inheritance of the Reverend John Haygarth.

Captain Paget sat late by a comfortable fire, in his own bedchamber,

that night, enjoying an excellent cigar, and meditating the following jottings from a pedigree:

CHARLOTTE MEYNELL, married JAMES HALLIDAY.
 |
 THOMAS HALLIDAY, only son of above, married GEORGINA,
 | now Mrs. SHELDON; had issue,
 CHARLOTTE HALLIDAY.

SUSAN MEYNELL, only and elder sister of the above-named Charlotte, ran away from her home, in Yorkshire, with a Mr. Kingdon, brother to Lord Durnsville. Fate unknown during fourteen years of her life. Died in London, 1835. Buried under her maiden name; but no positive evidence to show that she was unmarried.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTAIN'S COADJUTOR.

ONCE in possession of the connexion between the intestate John Haygarth and the Halliday family, Captain Paget's course was an easy one. He understood now why his investigations had been so suddenly brought to a standstill. Philip Sheldon had discovered the unexpected connection, and was eager to put a stop to researches that might lead to a like discovery on the part of his coadjutor.

"And Sheldon expects to prove his stepdaughter's claim to this fortune?" thought the Captain. "He will affect ignorance of the whole transaction until his plans are ripe, and then spring them suddenly upon his brother George. I wonder if there is anything to be made out of George by letting him into the secret of his brother's interference? No; I think not. George is as poor as a church mouse; and Philip must always be the more profitable acquaintance."

On the broad basis afforded by Diana's letter, Captain Paget was able to build up the whole scheme of the Haygarthian succession. The pedigree of the Meynells was sufficiently simple, if their legitimate descent from Matthew Haygarth could be fairly proved. Charlotte Halliday was heiress-at-law to the fortune of John Haygarth, always provided that her great-aunt Susan died without legitimate issue.

Here was the one chance which appeared to the adventurous mind of Horatio Paget worth some trouble in the way of research. Fourteen years of Susan Meynell's life had been spent away from all who knew her. It was certainly possible that in that time she might have formed some legitimate alliance.

This was the problem which Horatio set himself to solve. Your adventurer is, of all manner of men, the most sanguine. Sir Walter Raleigh sees visions of gold and glory where grave statesmen see only a fool's-paradise of dreams and fancies. To the hopeful mind of the Captain these fourteen unrecorded years of Susan Meynell's life seemed a very Golconda.

He did not, however, rest satisfied with the information afforded by his letter.

"I will have the story of these Meynells at first-hand as well as at second-hand," he said to himself; and he lost no time in presenting himself again at the Villa—this time as a visitor to Mrs. Sheldon.

With Georgy he had been always a favourite. His little stories of the great world,—the Prince and Perdita, Brummel and Sheridan,—though by no means novel to those acquainted with that glorious page of British history, were very agreeable to Georgy. The Captain's florid flatteries pleased her; and she contrasted the ceremonious manners of that gentleman with the curt, business-like style of her father, very much to the Captain's advantage. He came to thank her for her goodness to his child, and this occasion gave him ample opportunity for sentiment. He had asked to see Mrs. Sheldon alone, her daughter's presence would have been some hindrance to the carrying out of his design.

"Here are things I have to say which I should scarcely care to say before my daughter, you see, my dear Mrs. Sheldon," he said, with earnestness. "I should not wish to remind the dear child of her isolated position; and I need scarcely tell you that position is *very* isolated. A father who, at his best, cannot provide a fitting home for a delicately-nurtured girl, and who at any moment may be snatched from his post as but a poor protector. And were it not for your friendship, I know not what my child's fate might be. The dangers and temptations that beset a handsome young woman are very terrible, my dear Mrs. Sheldon."

It was intended to lead up to the subject of Susan Meynell; but it did not rise to the bait. She only shook her head plaintively in answer to the Captain's proposition.

"Yes, madam; beauty unallied with strength of mind and high principles, is apt to be a fatal dower. In every family there are sad examples," murmured the sentimental Horatio.

But this remark did not produce the required result; so the Captain went on upon his invention for a specimen history from the annals of his own house, which was a colourable imitation of Susan Meynell's

and what was the end of this lovely Belinda Paget's career, my dear Mrs. Sheldon?" he concluded. "The gentleman was a man of rank, but a scoundrel and a dastard. Sophia's brother, a cornet in the First Life-Guards, called him out, and there was a meeting on honourable terms, in which Lavinia's seducer was mortally wounded. It was a trial, and the young captain of hussars, Amelia's brother, attended to transportation for life. I need scarcely tell you that sentence was never carried out. The young man fell gloriously at Waterloo, at the head of his own regiment, the Scotch Fusiliers, and so—a—I beg pardon, Amelia; nay, what am I saying, the girl's

she would be scarcely likely to adhere to it afterwards in conversation with Mr. Sheldon; more especially as that gentleman was not in the habit of wasting much of his valuable time in small-talk with members of his own household.

Captain Paget had duly calculated this, and every other hazard attending the intricate path he had mapped out for himself.

Satisfied by Mrs. Sheldon's repetition of Susan Meynell's story, and possessed of all the information he could hope to obtain from that quarter, Horatio set himself to consider what steps must next be taken. Much serious reflection convinced even his sanguine mind that the enterprise was a difficult one, and could scarcely be carried to successful issue without help from some skilled genealogist.

"George Sheldon has given his lifetime to this sort of thing, and is a skilled lawyer to boot," Captain Paget said to himself. "If I am to go in against him, I must have someone at my elbow as well as myself in this sort of business as he is."

Having once admitted this necessity, the Captain set himself to consider where he was to find the right person. A very brief reflection settled this question. One among the numerous business transactions of Captain Paget's life had brought him in contact with a respectable little French gentleman called Fleurus, who had begun his career as a notary; but finding that profession unprofitable, he had become a hunter of pedigrees, and heirs-at-law—for the most part insignificant legacies—unclaimed stock, and all other jetsam and flotsam thrown up on the shadowy shores of the Court of Chancery. Fleurus had not often been so fortunate as to put his indomitable fingers into any large pie, but he had contrived to make a good deal of money out of small affairs, and had found his clients grateful

the man Meynell; and after we will go to Susan Meynell. Her box came from Rouen—that we know. Where her box came from she is likely to have come from. So it is at Rouen, or near Rouen, we must look for her. Let me see: she die in 1835! that is long time. To look for the particulars of her life is like to dive into the ocean for to find the lost cargo of a ship that has gone down to the bottom, no one knows where. But to a man really expert in these things there is nothing of impossible. I will find you your Susan Meynell in less than six months; the evidence of her marriage, if she was married; her children, if she had children.”

In less than six months—the margin seemed a wide one to the impatient Horatio. But he knew that such an investigation must needs be slow, and he left matters in the hands of his new ally with a sense that he had done the best thing that could be done. Then followed for Horatio Paget two months of patient attendance upon fortune. He was not idle during this time; for Mr. Sheldon, who seemed particularly anxious to conciliate him, threw waifs and strays of business into his way. Before the middle of November, M. Fleurus had found the register of Matthew Haygarth's marriage, as George Sheldon had found it before him, working in the same groove, and with the same order of intelligence. After this important step M. Fleurus departed for his native shores, where he had other business besides the Meynell affair to claim his attention. Meanwhile the astute Horatio kept a close eye upon his young friend Valentine. He knew from Diana that the young man had been in Yorkshire; and he guessed the motive of his visit to Newhall, not for a moment supposing that his presence in that farmhouse could have been accidental. The one turn of affairs that utterly and completely mystified him was Mr. Sheldon's sanction of the engagement between Valentine and Charlotte. This was a mystery for which he could for some time find no solution.

“Sheldon will try to establish his stepdaughter's claim to the fortune; that is clear. But why does he allow her to throw herself away on a penniless adventurer like Hawkehurst? If she were to marry him before recovering the Haygarth estate, she would recover it as his wife, and the fortune would be thrown unprotected into his hands.”

More deliberate reflection cast a faint light upon Philip Sheldon's motives for so quixotic a course.

“The girl had fallen in love with Val. It was too late to prevent that. She is of age, and can marry whom she pleases. By showing himself opposed to her engagement with Val, he might have hurried her into rebellion, and an immediate marriage. By affecting to consent to the engagement, he would on the contrary, gain time, and the advantage of all those chances that are involved in the lapse of time.”

Within a few days of Christmas came the following letter from M. *Fleurus*.

From Jacques Rousseau Fleurus to Horatio Paget.

Hôtel de la Pucelle, place Jeanne d'Arc, Rouen,
21st December 186-.

MONSIEUR,—After exertions incalculable,—after labours Herculean, I come to learn something of your Susanne Meynell—more, I come to learn of her marriage. But I will begin at the beginning of things. The labours, the time, the efforts, the courage, the patience, the—I will say it without to blush—the genius which this enterprise has cost me, I will not enlarge upon. There are things which cannot tell themselves. To commence, I will tell you how I went to Rouen, how I advertised in the journals of Rouen, and asked among the people of Rouen—at shops, at hotels, by the help of my allies, the police, by means which you, in your inexperience of this science of research, could not even figure to yourself—always seeking the trace of this woman Meynell. It was all pain lost. Of this woman Meynell in Rouen there was no trace.

In the end I enraged myself. “Imbecile!” I said to myself, “why seek in this dull commercial city, among this heavy people, for that which thou shouldst seek only in the centre of all things? As the rivers go to the ocean, so flow all the streams of human life to the one great central ocean of humanity—PARIS! It is there the Alpha and the Omega—there the mighty heart through which the blood of all the body must be pumped, and is pumping always,” I say to myself, unconsciously rising to the sublimity of my great countryman, Hugo—in whose verse I find an echo of my own soul, and whose compositions I flatter myself I could have surpassed, if I had devoted to the Muses the time and the powers which I have squandered on a *vilain métier*, that demands the genius of a Talleyrand, and rewards with the crust of an artisan.

In Paris, then, I will seek the woman Meynell, and to Paris I go. In my place an inexperienced person would advertise in the most considerable papers; would invite Susanne Meynell to hear of something to her advantage; and would bring together a crowd of false Susanne Meynells, greedy to obtain the benefice. Me, I do nothing in this style there. On the contrary, in the most obscure little journals of Paris I publish a modest little advertisement as from the brother of Susanne Meynell, who implores his sister to visit him on his deathbed.

Here are follies, you will say. Since Susanne Meynell is dead it is thirty years, and her brother is dead also. Ah, how you are dull, you insulars, and how impossible for your foggy island to produce a Fouché, a Canler, a genius of police, a Columbus of the subterranean darknesses of your city.

The brother, dying, advertises for the sister dead; and who will answer that letter, think you? Some good Christian soul who has pity for the sick man, and who will not permit him to languish in

waiting the sister who will come to him never. For us of the Roman Catholic religion, the duty of charity is paramount. You of the Anglican faith—bah, how you are cold, how you are hard, how you are unpitiable!

My notice appears once, my notice appears twice, three times, four times, many times. I occupy myself about my other business, and I wait. I do not wait unusefully. In effect, a letter arrives at last at the address of the dying, from a lady who knew Susanne Meynell *before her marriage with M. Lenoble*.

Think you not that to me this was a moment of triumph? *Before her marriage with M. Lenoble*. Those words appear under my eyes in the writing of the unknown lady. "It is found!" I cry to myself; and then I hasten myself to reply to the unknown lady. Will she permit me to see her?

With all politeness I make the request; with all politeness it is answered. The lady calls herself Mademoiselle Servin. She resides in the street Grande-Mademoiselle, at the corner of the Place Lauzun. It is of all the streets of Paris the most miserable. One side is already removed. In face of the windows of those houses that still stand they are making a new Boulevard. Behind, they are pulling down edifices of all kinds in the formation of a new square. At the side there is a yawning chasm between two tall houses, through which they pierce a new street. One sees the interior of many rooms rising one above another for seven stories. Here the gay hangings of an apartment of little master; there the still gaudier decoration of a boudoir of these ladies. High above these luxurious salons—ah, but how much more near to the skies!—one sees the poor gray paper, blackened and smoky, of a garret of sempstress, or workman, and the hearths black, deserted. These interiors thus exposed tighten me the heart. It is the autopsy of the domestic hearth.

I find the Mademoiselle Servin an old lady, gray and wan. The house where she now resides is the house which she has inhabited five-and-thirty years. They talk of pulling it down, and to her the idea of leaving it is exquisite pain. She is alone, a teacher of music. She has seen proprietors come and go. The *pension* has changed mistresses many times. Students of law and of medicine have come and passed like the shadows of a magic lantern; but this poor soul has remained still in her little room on the fourth, and has kept always her little old piano.

It was here she knew Susanne Meynell, and a young Frenchman, who became in love with her, for she was beautiful like the angels, this lady said to me.

Until we meet for all details. Enough that I come to discover where the marriage took place, that I come to obtain a copy of the register, and that I do all things in rule. Enough that the marriage is a *good marriage*—a *regular marriage*, and that I have placed myself

already in communication with the heir of that marriage, who resides within some few leagues of this city.

My labours, my successes, I will not describe. It must that they will be recompensed in the future. I have dispensed much money during these transactions.

Agree, monsieur, that I am your devoted servitor,

JACQUES ROUSSEAU FLEURUS

It was in consequence of the receipt of this missive that the Captain trusted himself to the winds and waves in the cheerless December weather. He was well pleased to find that M. Fleurus had made discoveries so important; but he had no idea of letting that astute practitioner absorb all the power into his own hands.

"I must see Susan Meynell's heir," he said to himself; "I must give him clearly to understand that to me he owes the discovery of his claims, and that in this affair the Frenchman Fleurus is no more than a paid agent."

Book the Fourth.

GUSTAVE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

HALCYON DAYS.

ONCE having offered up the fondest desires of her own heart on the shrine of duty, Diana Paget was not a person to repent herself of the pious sacrifice. After that Christmas night on which she had knelt at Charlotte's feet to confess her sad secret, and to resign all claim to the man she had loved so foolishly, so tenderly, with such a romantic and unselfish devotion, Miss Paget put away all thought of the past from her heart and mind. Heart and mind seemed empty and joyless without those loved tenants, though the tenants had been only fair wraiths of dreams that were dead. There was a sense of something missing in her life—a blank, dull calm, which was at first very painful. But for Charlotte's sake she was careful to hide all outward token of despondency, and the foolish grief, put down by so strong a hand, was ere long well-nigh stifled.

Those dark days which succeeded Christmas were a period of halcyon peace for Valentine and Charlotte. The accepted lover came to the villa when he pleased, but was still careful not to encroach on the license allowed him. Once a week he permitted himself the delight of five-o'clock tea in Mrs. Sheldon's drawing-room, on which occasions he brought Charlotte all the news of his small literary world, and a good deal of useful information out of the books he had been reading. When

Mr. Sheldon pleased to invite him to dinner on Sunday, he gladly accepted the invitation, and this Sunday dinner became in due course an established institution.

"You may as well make this your home on a Sunday," said Mr. Sheldon one day, with careless cordiality; "I daresay you find Sunday dull in your lodgings."

"Yes, papa," cried Charlotte, "he does find it very dull—dreadfully dull—don't you, Valentine?"

And she regarded him with that pretty, tender, almost motherly look, which young ladies who are engaged are apt to bestow on their affianced lovers.

Miss Halliday was very grateful to her stepfather for his kindness to her landless adorer, and showed her appreciation of his conduct in many pretty little caressing ways, which would have been infinitely bewitching to a person of sentiment.

Unfortunately, Mr. Sheldon was not sentimental, and any exhibition of feeling appeared to have an irritating effect upon his nerves. There were times when he shrank from some little sudden caress of Charlotte's as from the sting of an adder. Aversion, surprise, fear, what was it that showed in the expression of his face at these moments? Whatever that strange look was, it departed too quickly for analysis; and the stockbroker thanked his stepdaughter for her little affectionate demonstration, with his wonted smile—the smile he smiled on Change, the smile which was sometimes on his lips when his mind was a nest of scorpions.

To Valentine, in these rosy hours, life seemed full of hope and brightness. He transferred his goods and chattels from Omega-street, Chelsea, to the pleasant lodging in the Edgware-road, where he was nearer Charlotte, and out of the way of his late patron Captain Paget, in the event of that gentleman's return from the Continent.

Fortune favoured him. The gaiety of heart which came with his happiness lent a grace to his pen. Pleasant thoughts and fancies bedecked his pages. He saw everything in the rosy light of love and beauty, and there was a buoyant freshness in all he wrote. The Pegasus might be but a common hackney, but the hack was young and fresh, and galloped gaily as he scented the dewy morning air. It is not every poet whose Pegasus clears at a bound a space as wide as all that waste of land and sea the watchman views from his tall tower on the rock.

Mr. Hawkehurst's papers on Lanzun, Brummel, Sardanapalus, Rabalais, Lord Chesterfield, Erasmus, Beau Nash, Apelles, Galileo, and Philip of Orleans, were in demand, and the reading public wondered at this prodigy of book-making. He had begun to save money, and had opened a deposit account at the Unitas Bank. How he gloated over the deposit receipts in the stillness of the night, when he added a fresh one to his store! When he had three, for sums amounting in all to

forty pounds, he took them to Charlotte, and she looked at them, and he looked at them, as if the poor little bits of printed paper had been specimens of virgin ore from some gold-mine newly discovered by Mr. Hawkehurst. And then these foolish lovers kissed each other, as William Lee and his wife may have embraced after the penniless young student had perfected his invention of the stocking-frame.

"Forty pounds!" exclaimed Miss Halliday, "all won by your pen, and your poor fingers, and your poor, poor head! How it must ache after a long day's work! How clever you must be, Valentine!"

"Yes, dear; amazingly clever. Clever enough to know that you are the dearest girl in Christendom."

"Don't talk nonsense, sir! You are not clever enough to have the privilege of doing that yet awhile. I mean, how learned you must be to know such lots of things, all about Erasmus, and Galileo, and—"

"No, my darling, not Erasmus and Galileo. I knew all about Erasmus last week; but I am working at my paper on Galileo now, an exhaustive review of all the books that were ever written on the subject, in ten pages. I don't ask other people to remember what I write, you know, my dear, and I don't pledge myself to remember it. That sort of thing won't keep. There is a kind of sediment, no doubt, in one's note-book; but the effervescence of that vintage goes off rather quickly."

"I only know that you are a very clever person, and that one obtains an immensity of information from your writings," said Charlotte.

"Yes, dearest, there is a kind of wine that must be made into negus for such pretty little toppers as you—the 'Wine of Cyprus,' as Mrs. Browning called it. It is better for pretty girls to have the negus than to have nothing, or only weak home-brewed stuff that results in headache. My dearest, Fate has been very good to me, and I love my profession of letters. I am sure that of all educational processes there is none better than book-making; and the man who begins by making books must be dolt, dunce, and dunderhead, if he do not end by writing them. So you may yet hope to see the morning that shall make your Valentine famous—for a fortnight. What man can hope to be famous for *more* than a fortnight in such a railroad age as this?"

During this halcyon period, in which Mr. Hawkehurst cultivated alternately the society of the Muses and his mistress, he saw little or nothing of George Sheldon. He had washed his hands of all share in the work of establishing Charlotte Halliday's claim to the Reverend John Haygarth's thousands. Indeed, since that interview in which Philip Sheldon had made so light of his stepdaughter's chances, and ratified his consent to her marriage with so humble a literary adventurer as himself, Mr. Hawkehurst had come to consider the Haygarthian inheritance as altogether a visionary business. If it were certain, or even probable, that Charlotte was to inherit a hundred thousand pounds, *was it likely* that Mr. Sheldon would encourage such an alliance? This

question Mr. Hawkehurst always answered in the negative; and as days and weeks went by, and he heard no more of the Haygarth fortune, the idea of Charlotte's wealth became more and more shadowy.

If there were anything doing in this matter, the two brothers were now working together, and George had no further need of Valentine's help.

The two brothers were not working entirely together. Philip Sheldon had taken the matter into his own strong hand, and George found it very difficult to hold an inch of ground against that formidable antagonist. The papers and information which George had boasted of to Valentine, and the possession whereof was, as he asserted, the very keystone of the arch, proved to be of such small account that he ultimately consented to hand them over to his brother on the payment of expenses out of pocket, and a bonus of one hundred and fifty pounds, together with a written undertaking from Miss Halliday to pay him the fifth share of any fortune recovered by means of those papers.

This undertaking had been executed in the easiest manner.

"My brother has taken it into his wise head that there is some unclaimed stock standing in your grandfather's name which you are entitled to, Lotta," Mr. Sheldon said one morning; "and he wants to recover the amount for you, on condition of receiving a clear fifth when the sum is recovered. Have you any objection to sign such an undertaking?"

"Dear papa, how can I object?" cried Charlotte gaily. "Why, stocks are money, are they not? How fortunate we are, and how rich we are getting!"

"We!"

"Valentine and I," murmured the girl, blushing. "I cannot help thinking of him when any windfall of good fortune comes to me. What do you think, papa? He has saved forty pounds in little more than three months—all earned by his pen!"

"Behold

The arch-enchanter's wand! Itself a nothing;
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyse the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless!"

And Miss Halliday spouted the glowing lines of the noble dramatist with charming enthusiasm. She signed the required undertaking without looking at it, and it was duly witnessed by her stepfather.

"In your talk with your mother and Valentine, I should advise you to be as silent about this small business as about your own little fortune," Mr. Sheldon remarked presently.

"Mustn't I tell Valentine?" cried Charlotte, making a wry face; "I should so like to tell him—just about these stocks. I daresay *he* knows what stocks are; and it would be such cheering news for him, after he has worked his poor brain so for that forty pounds. I don't

so much care about telling poor mamma; for she does exclaim and wonder so about things, that it is quite fatiguing to hear her. But please let me tell Valentine?"

Miss Halliday pursed-up her lips and offered her stepfather one of those kisses which she had of late been prompted to bestow on him out of the gratitude of a heart overflowing with girlish joy. He took the kiss as he might have taken a dose of medicine, but did not grant the request preferred by it.

"If you want to be a fool, you can tell your lover of this windfall; but if you wish to prove yourself a sensible girl, you will hold your tongue. He has saved forty pounds by hard work in the last three months, you say: do you think he would have saved forty pence if he had known that you had five thousand pounds at his disposal? I know that class of men; look at Goldsmith, the man who wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and *Rasselas*, and *Clarissa Harlowe*, and so on. I have read somewhere that he never wrote except under coercion—that is to say, want of money."

Charlotte acknowledged the wisdom of this argument, and submitted. She was not what is called a strong-minded woman; and, indeed, strength of mind is not a plant indigenous to the female nature, but an exceptional growth developed by exceptional circumstances. In Charlotte's life there had been nothing exceptional, and she was in all things soft and womanly, ready to acknowledge, and to be guided by, the wisdom of her seniors. So Valentine heard nothing of the undertaking executed by his lady-love.

After this, Mr. Sheldon took counsel's opinion, and set to work in real earnest to recover the estate of the deceased John Haygarth from the yawning jaws of that tame but all-devouring monster, the Crown. The work was slow, and the dryasdust details thereof need not be recorded here. It had but just begun when Horatio Paget suddenly returned from his Continental expedition, and established himself once more in the Omega-street lodgings.

BELGRAVIA

JUNE 1868

DEAD-SEA FRUIT

J. Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII. A SUMMER STORM.

MRS. COLTON entered the drawing-room by the door as Laurence Desmond came in by the window. "I have given you the sparkling Rudesheimer instead of champagne, Mr. Desmond," she said cheerily: "Donner has put it in a basket of rough ice; and Vokes has brought me in the finest peaches I have seen this year, Emily. He is quite proud of them."

After this came Lucy, pale and grave, but looking the picture of innocent prettiness in her white dress, and little sailor hat with ribbon of Oxford blue.

"Not dressed, Emily!" exclaimed Laurence, as he shook hands with Mrs. Jerningham.

The exclamation was purely mechanical. His mind must indeed have been preoccupied, or he would have noticed the icy coldness of the hand that lay so listlessly in his own.

"I have only my hat to put on. Wilson has seen to the shawls and cloaks, no doubt. I am quite ready."

Mrs. Jerningham took her hat from the sofa where she had thrown it an hour before; a very archetype of hats, bordered with the lustrous plumage of a peacock's breast. Of these glories she had tasted to satiety; all the bliss that millinery can give to the heart of woman had been hers. But there comes a time when even these things seem vanity. To-day the peacock's plumage might have been dust and ashes for any pleasure it afforded her.

They went out to the boat. The day was warm to oppressiveness, and Mrs. Jerningham's attire of the thinnest.

"I hope you have plenty of wraps," said Laurence; "there's rather an ugly cloud to windward."

"O yes; Wilson always gives us an infinity of that kind of thing," Mrs. Jerningham answered, glancing at the bottom of the boat, where lay a heap of shawls and cloaks of the bernous order, just a little less gauzy in texture than the dresses of the two ladies.

"I really am almost afraid of the day," muttered Laurence, looking to the south-west, where a stormy darkness brooded over the landscape.

"I am not afraid," replied Emily; "it is to be our last day, remember, Laurence. Let us have our last day together."

Something in her tone startled and touched him. He looked at her earnestly, but the proud face gave no sign.

"It shall be as you please," he said; "but I must not forget that you are not out of the hands of Dr. Leonards, and you have told me he enjoined you to be careful."

"O yes; a physician always says that, when he can find nothing else to say."

There was a little more discussion, and presently the boat shot away, swift as a dart, with the strong sweep of the sculls. They were to land at Chertsey, picnic at St. Ann's-hill, and come home to Hampton in the evening. Laurence Desmond had the proprietorial mandate in his pocket, that for him and his friends the gates of St. Ann's should be opened.

Only a few big splashing drops of rain overtook them between Hampton and Chertsey, and when they landed the stormy darkness seemed to have vanished from the south-western horizon. Mr. Desmond had made all his arrangements; a fly was in waiting, and in half an hour the little party were wandering in the groves which have been sanctified to history by the name of Fox.

The picnic was to all appearance a success. The almost feverish gaiety which had distinguished Emily Jerningham of late was especially noticeable in her manner to-day. *Carpe diem* was the philosophy which sustained her in this bitter crisis. This last day would she snatch. It was her festive supper on the eve of execution. Like that bright band whose laughter echoed in Trophonian caves of grim Bastille before the dawn that was to witness their slaughter, did Emily Jerningham pour out the sparkling vintage of the Rhineland as a libation upon that altar where she was so soon to sacrifice her selfish love.

The western sky was dark and louring when the revellers left the groves of St. Ann, to be driven back to the boat-builder's yard, where they had landed.

"I really think it might be better to go back by road," Laurence said doubtfully, as he looked at the cloudy horizon. Six o'clock chimed from the tower of Chertsey church as he spoke. "It will be nearly nine before I can get you home, you see," he added; "and if there should be rain—"

"We will endure it without a murmur," interposed Emily. "I am bent on going back by water."

"Would Dr. Leonards approve?"

"I will not hold my life on such terms as Dr. Leonards would dictate. We shall have moonlight before we reach Hampton. Come, Laurence, I am quite ready."

Mr. Desmond submitted, and placed his fair companions in the boat with all due care. Then, after the preliminary pushing-off, the oars dipped softly in the water, and the boat sped homewards.

Mrs. Jerningham's gaiety left her with a strange abruptness. She leant back against the cushioned rail of the boat, silent and thoughtful, with fixed dreamy eyes.

"You are tired, I fear," Laurence remarked by and by, wondering at her silence.

"Yes; I am a little tired."

It would seem as if Lucy too were tired, for she also was silent, and sat watching the changing landscape with a thoughtful gaze. But upon her silence Laurence Desmond made no remark. She had indeed been silent and thoughtful all the day, and yet not unhappy. Unhappy!—he loved her! She had been telling herself that fact over and over again with ever-delightful iteration. He loved her! To know that it was so constituted an all-sufficient happiness.

The water-journey with one pair of sculls between Chertsey and Hampton is a long one, and many are the locks which arrest the swift progress of the voyager, and often echoes the cry of "Lo-o-ock!" over the quiet waters; but so bright and changing is the landscape, so soothing the influence of the atmosphere, that the voyager must be dull indeed who finds the way too long.

The changing banks shifted past Mrs. Jerningham like pictures in a dream. A profound silence had fallen upon the boat. The rower dipped his oars with a measured mechanical motion, and his grave face might have been the countenance of Charon himself conveying a boat-load of shadows to the Rhadamanthine shore. To Emily it seemed as if they were indeed voyagers on some mystic symbolical river rather than on the friendly breast of Thames. The end of her life had come. What had she to do but die? All that she held dear,—the one sustaining influence of her weak soul, the very keystone of the edifice of her life,—this she was to lose. And what then?

Beyond this point she could not look. That a dismal duty, a bitter sacrificial act, must be performed by her, she knew. But that by the doing of that act she might possibly attain peace, consolation, release from a long and harassing bondage, she could not foresee.

"I will give him up," she said to herself; "soon—to-night. It is like the bitter medicine they made me take sometimes when I was a child. I cannot take it too soon."

And then she looked at Lucy, and her lip curled ever so little as she scrutinised the fair but not altogether perfect face.

She measured her charms against those of her happier rival, and

told herself that all the advantage was on her own side. And yet, and yet—this fair-faced girl was dearer to him, by an infinite degree, than she who had loved him nearly ten years.

While silence still held the voyagers as by a spell, the rain came splashing heavily down, and the perils of the journey began. They had not yet reached Sunbury, and some miles of winding water lay between them and Hampton.

"I am afraid we are in for it," Laurence said. "We had better land at Sunbury, and get back in a fly."

Mrs. Jerningham was opposed to this. She declared that she had not the slightest objection to the rain; she was wrapped up to an absurd degree; and she drew her gauzy burnous round her in evidence of the fact, while Lucy adjusted a second cloak of thin scarlet fabric over the gauzy white burnous. Laurence, however, insisted on landing, and did his utmost to procure a vehicle; while the two ladies shivered in a chilly hotel-parlour, their garments already damp with the heavy rain. He came back to them in despair. No fly was to be had at Sunbury for love or money. There was a Volunteer ball at Chertsey that very evening, and every vehicle was engaged.

"I had much rather go back in the boat," said Emily.

"But the doctor said you were to be so careful," suggested Lucy.

"I do not believe in the doctor. Come, Laurence, it is better to encounter another shower than to wait shivering here for unattainable flies."

To this Mr. Desmond unwillingly assented. There was a pause in the summer storm,—a faint glimmer of watery sunlight low in the cloudy west. The boat seemed the only possible means of getting home.

"If you would stay here all night," he suggested, "it would be better than running any risk."

"I could not exist a night in a strange hotel," replied Mrs. Jerningham, glancing round the bare bleak-looking room with a shudder. "Please take us home, Mr. Desmond, if you are not afraid of the rain yourself."

There seemed no alternative, so Laurence assented to an immediate return to the boat, comforting himself with the hope that the gleam of sunlight was the harbinger of a fine evening. He insisted, however, upon borrowing a thick shawl and a railway-rug from the landlady at Sunbury, in case of the worst.

For half a mile the faint streak of sunshine lighted the voyagers; and then the worst came; the floodgates of the sky were opened, and a summer deluge descended upon the quiet river. Mr. Desmond packed his two charges in the borrowed wraps, and sculled with a desperate vigour.

"It's most unlucky," he said; "there's nothing for it between this and home."

The rain fell in torrents and without ceasing, until the lights of Hampton shone upon them, blotted and blurred by the storm. Long peals of thunder grumbled in the distance; vivid lightnings lit the pale faces of the women; while Mr. Desmond pulled steadily on, lifting the boat over a broad sweep of water with every swoop of his sculls.

One of the voyagers in that boat took a kind of pleasure in the storm. To Emily Jerningham this splashing of rain and sonorous pealing of thunder seemed better than the summer twilight, the calm June sky and glassy water—that outward peace which had so jarred upon the tempest within.

“O, if we could go on through storm and rain to the end! if we could drift out of this earthly river into the thick darkness of the great ocean!” she said to herself; “if the tangled skein of life could be severed with one stroke of the witch’s scissors! But we have to unravel the skein with our own weary fingers, and lay the threads smoothly out before we dare say our work is done, and lie down beside it to die.”

They were at River Lawn by this time, drenched to the skin, despite the borrowed wraps. Mrs. Jerningham’s butler was waiting at the top of the landing-stage with umbrellas, and within there were fires burning and warm garments ready for the drenched travellers. Wilson took forcible possession of her dripping mistress in the hall.

“O mum, with your cough!” she exclaimed in tones of horror, while Mrs. Colton assisted in drawing off the pulpy mass of limp gauze that had been such airy silken fabric in the morning.

“Never mind my cough, Wilson,” said Mrs. Jerningham impatiently. “Pray see to Lucy, aunt; she was less protected by the railway-rug than I.—Good-night, Laurence, since I suppose I shall not be allowed to appear again this evening.—Mr. Desmond will stop here to-night of course, aunt; will you see that he has a warm room, and that he drinks brandy-and-water, and that kind of thing?—Let me see you to-morrow, please, Laurence; good-night.”

After this Mrs. Jerningham consented to be carried off by the devoted Wilson, who did all she could to undo the mischief done by that watery voyage from Sunbury.

More than one dweller beneath the pretty fantastic roof of that river-side villa lay wakeful and restless throughout the summer night, listening to the pattering of the rain, the sobbing gusts of wind among the trees, and at daybreak the shrill clamour of distant farmyards. Three there were in that house for whom life’s journey seemed to lie through the thick wilderness—a wilderness unlighted by sun, moon, or stars; pathless, painful obscurity.

In the breakfast-room that morning there was no sign of Mrs. Jerningham. Wilson sent to say that her mistress had slept very little, and was altogether too ill to rise; and on this Mrs. Colton repaired to her niece’s room, leaving Lucy and Laurence alone together at the breakfast-table, *sorely embarrassed to find themselves so left.*

Lucy looked down at her plate, and to all appearance became absorbed in a profound meditation upon the pattern of the china. Laurence cut open the *Times*, and made a conventional remark upon the previous night's debate, concerning the subject whereof Lucy knew about as much as she knew of lunar volcanoes.

Mrs. Colton returned very quickly, much alarmed by her niece's condition. She sent a messenger for the local doctor immediately, while Lucy ran away from the breakfast-table to see if she could be of any use to the invalid.

"I trust Emily is not much the worse for last night's business," said Laurence, alarmed by Mrs. Colton's evident anxiety.

"I fear it has done her great harm," replied the matron; "her cough is very trying, and she is in a high fever. I hope Mr. Canterham will come at once."

"I will wait to see him, and then run up to town for Dr. Leonards," said Laurence.

The local doctor came speedily. He looked very grave when he returned from his patient's room. He confessed that there was fever, and some danger of inflammation.

"I will bring down Dr. Leonards," said Laurence.

"I think it would be wise to do so," replied the Hampton surgeon, wondering who this gentleman was who took so decided a part.

Mr. Desmond lost no time in carrying out his intention; and Dr. Leonards arrived at River Lawn at four o'clock that afternoon, accompanied by Laurence, who could not rest in London.

"I warned Mrs. Jerningham of her danger," said the physician gravely.

"Indeed? I never heard that there was any cause for alarm. Did you make her understand as much?"

"I spoke as plainly as one dares speak to a patient, and I begged her to let me talk to her aunt. But she forbade this, and promised to take all possible care."

"And she has taken no care. Great God, it is a kind of suicide!"

The passionate exclamation startled the doctor, and he looked at Laurence, wondering what relationship he bore to the lady of whom they had been speaking. Laurence saw the wondering look, and divined its meaning.

"I have known Mrs. Jerningham for many years," he said. "Her father was one of my oldest and closest friends. It was at my instigation that she consulted you, but I had no idea there was danger."

There was no more said. Dr. Leonards saw the patient, and conversed with the Hampton surgeon. That there was danger he made no attempt to deny, when closely questioned by Mrs. Colton, who was half-distracted by this sudden calamity. He did not indeed say that the case was hopeless, but his manner was by no means hopeful.

"The cough has been obstinately neglected for months," he said; "and the maid tells me there has been frequent spitting of blood."

"And it has all been hidden from me," cried Mrs. Colton; "how cruel—how cruel!"

"Yes, it is sad that there should have been such concealment. I was very angry with the maid; but she told me she dared not disobey her mistress. I cannot conceal from you that there has been great mischief done."

This interview took place in the drawing-room, while Mr. Desmond paced to and fro the lawn outside the open windows, anguish-stricken.

This sudden peril to the woman he had loved—to whom he was so closely bound by a tie so binding, so intangible—came upon him as an overwhelming calamity. A sense of guilt, remorse unspeakable, smote his heart. He had grown weary of his bondage; yet the possibility of his freedom appalled him. There was grief, there was horror in the thought of liberty so regained. In this hour of Emily Jerningham's peril, the man who had loved her forgot everything except that she had been dear to him. The old tenderness reawoke in his breast. He forgot her jealousies, her sneers, her caprices, her fretfulness,—everything but the one alarming fact of her illness.

He intercepted Dr. Leonards, and obtained from him a clearer statement than the physician had cared to make to Mrs. Colton. Dr. Leonards admitted that the symptoms were as bad as they could be.

"I shall see Mrs. Jerningham again to-morrow," he said. "If we can get her safely through this crisis, and send her to a warmer climate for the autumn, we may patch her up. But a permanent cure is quite out of the question; *that* was hopeless from the first."

"From the first? From the time of her first visit to you?"

"Yes."

Laurence went back to London sorely distressed. The remorseful sense of shortcoming that oppresses the mourner in every earthly severance weighed heavily upon him. Few and infrequent had been the reproaches that had escaped his lips; but in his heart he had often rebelled against Emily Jerningham's tyranny. And she had loved him only too dearly; her jealousy, her despotism, had been alike the evidence of that too-exacting affection. Could he be so ungrateful as to revolt against so tender a tyranny, so flattering a despotism?

He had rebelled; he had found his chains almost intolerable; and he could not forgive himself this secret treason.

For a fortnight he went to and fro between London and River Lawn, neglecting everything, except the indispensable work of his paper, for these daily journeys; but in all those fourteen days he saw neither the invalid nor her faithful nurse, Lucy Alford. He heard from the doctors that Miss Alford's fidelity was beyond all praise, and from Mrs. Colton he also heard of Lucy's devotion. For a week the patient continued in extreme danger, then there came a happy change,—nature rallied.

At the end of the fortnight the Hampton doctor was triumphant, the London physician gravely satisfied. Mrs. Jerningham was able to get down to the drawing-room, to take a slow turn once a day on the lit strip of lawn before the windows, to eat a few mouthfuls of chocolate or jelly with some faint show of appetite. It was settled that she and her aunt should go to Madeira for the autumn and winter, and that the immediate benefit of the sea-voyage, as soon as she could walk, would be moved.

"In the mean time I have a little business to arrange," said Mrs. Jerningham.

"Let the business wait till next spring, my dear Emily," replied Mrs. Colton.

"I think not, auntie," the invalid answered with a modest smile.

On the following day she wrote her husband a brief note, which was addressed to Park-lane, and forwarded thence to Greenland. The letter ran thus :

"DEAR MR. JERNINGHAM,—I have been very ill, and my doctors insist on my spending the autumn abroad. As there is always in such cases a risk of one's not returning, I should like much to see you before I go. Please come to Hampton at your earliest convenience, and give me your
yours faithfully, E. J.

Having despatched this letter, Mrs. Jerningham abandoned herself to the delight of a long, quiet afternoon with Mr. Desmond, who came to see her that day for the first time since her illness.

He found her much changed ; but the change had only increased her beauty. An almost supernal delicacy of tint and spirituality of expression characterised the thin face, the large luminous eyes. The sight of that loveliness, which was not of this earth, sent a sharp pang to his heart. It cost him a struggle to return the invalid's gaze with a cheerful countenance, and to speak hopefully of her improving health.

"I shall never forgive myself that water-journey," he said.

"You have no cause to reproach yourself with that. It was I who obstinately faced the danger from first to last. But the doctor's opinion on the water-journey was only my culminating imprudence."

She changed the subject after this, and begged that no one should talk to her of her health. Laurence was surprised to find her so cheerful, so thoughtful of others, and forgetful of her own weakness. Never had she appeared to him more beautiful, never so estimable. Her manner to Lucy was peculiarly kind and tender.

"You can never know what this dear girl has been to me!" she said, holding Lucy's hand in both her own as she praised her. "In the long, miserable nights of delirium—I was delirious every night for more than a week, Laurence—I used to see her kind, pitying face wait

ne; and there was comfort in it when I was at the worst. Wilson was very good, and Aunt Fanny all that is kind and devoted; but this dear child seems to have been created to comfort the sick."

"I used to nurse poor papa when he was ill," the girl answered imply. "He was often delirious—much worse than you, Mrs. Jerningham; and he used to want to throw himself out of the window, or to kill himself with his razors. And then he would grow angry, and say that flies were tormenting him, and try to catch them,—when here were no flies, you know. It was very dreadful."

By and by Mrs. Jerningham asked to be left alone with her friend.

"I want to ask Mr. Desmond's advice about business affairs, auntie," she said. "He knows as much law as most lawyers, you know."

Mrs. Colton discreetly withdrew, accompanied by Lucy.

"It is nearly ended, Laurence," said Mrs. Jerningham when they were gone. She looked up at Mr. Desmond with a tender, earnest look, and held out her wasted hand. He took the pale semi-transparent hand and raised it to his lips.

"What is nearly ended, my dear Emily?" he asked gently.

"Your bondage."

"God forbid, if that means that I am to lose you."

"Yes, Laurence, that is inevitable. I doubt if the knot could ever have been disentangled; but it can be cut. Death makes an easy end of many difficulties; and I think nothing less than death could have ended our perplexities. I am not going to preach a sermon, dear friend. I only want you to understand that my doom is sealed, and that I know it is so, and am not altogether sorry."

"O, Emily, what a bitter reproof to me!"

"No, Laurence, a reproof to myself. My own short-sighted selfishness has been the cause of all our sufferings; for we have suffered mutually, both of us. I had no right to absorb your life; no right to hinder you from forming ties without which the most prosperous life seems blank and dreary; no right to stand between you and a home. But it is all over. I am drifting out of the troubled sea into a quiet harbour, and I can afford to be, not generous, but just."

"Emily!"

"Hear me patiently, dear. I will not talk of these things again. I know where your heart has been given, and what a pure unselfish love you have, almost unconsciously, won for yourself. I knew of that innocent love months ago; but I only knew your sentiments on the day of our Chertsey picnic. I was in the fernery when you told Lucy our secret. Yes, Laurence, I listened. It was a contemptible act, of course; but I was too desperate to consider that. I heard all you said—all. I heard enough to know your devotion, your generosity; to hate my own selfishness. All that day I felt myself the vilest of creatures. I knew that it was my duty to set you free; but I shrank,

with a miserable cowardly shrinking, from the sacrifice. I knew that for you and me together there could be no such thing as happiness, either in the present or the future; but I was capable of chaining you to my wretchedness rather than of seeing you happy with another. All that is most base and selfish in my nature was in the ascendant that day. No words can tell how I struggled with my wickedness. I was not strong enough to vanquish it. I knew that it was my duty to surrender every claim upon you; but I could not bring myself to face that duty. From the maze of my perplexities extrication seemed impossible. Happily for all of us, Providence has given me a means of escape. I may keep you my prisoner to the end of my life, Laurence, and yet be guilty of no supreme selfishness, for my days are numbered."

"My dear Emily, why imagine this?"

"I know it, Laurence. I did not need to read it in the faces of my doctors, as I have read it. For a long time I have felt a sense of age creeping upon me; a weariness of life which is not natural to a woman of thirty. Death has approached me very slowly, but his hold is so much the more sure. Comfort me as much as you like, Laurence, but do not delude me. I know that I have a very short time to spend upon this earth; let me spend some of it with you."

"I will be your slave, dear."

"And when I am gone you will forget how sorely I have tried you? You will remember me with tenderness? Yes, I know you will. And your young wife shall be no loser by my friendship, Laurence. I have the power to will away some of the money settled on me by Mr. Jerningham, and I shall divide it between my aunt and Lucy. My aunt has a very good income of her own, you know, and needs nothing from me, except as a proof of my affection for her. Your young wife shall not come to you dowerless, Laurence! Your wife. How sweet that word 'wife' can sound! I can fancy you in your home. You will not marry *very* soon after I am gone, Laurence?"

"My dearest," cried Laurence with a sob, "do you think old ties are so easily broken? No, Emily, the love I have borne for you is a part of my manhood. It cannot be put away. That innocent girl, with her tender homelike sweetness, stole my heart before I was aware it could change; but she cannot blot out the past. If ever she is my wife, I shall love her dearly and faithfully, and a home shared with her will be very pleasant to me; but in a sacred corner of my heart must for ever remain the image of my first love. Men do not forget these things, Emily; nor is the second love the same as the first; and the man who outlives the faith of his youth feels that 'there hath passed away a glory from the earth.'"

"You will remember me, and there will be some regret in the remembrance. I ask no more of Fate. O, Laurence, we have had *some* happy hours together! Try to remember those. My life within





Louis Huard, del.

W. L. Thompson

MR. AND MRS. JERNINGHAM MEET ONCE AGAIN.

the past year or two has been a long disease. Try to forget how I have worried you with my causeless jealousies, my selfish exactions."

Very tender and reassuring were the words which Laurence Desmond spoke to his first love after this. An almost extinguished affection revives in such an hour as this. As the candle of life burns brightest at the close, so too Love's torch has its expiring splendour, and flames anew before we turn it downwards for ever.

When Lucy and Mrs. Colton returned from their walk they found the invalid unusually cheerful. The voyage to Madeira was discussed, and Emily talked with delight of that distant island. Mr. Desmond was well up in the topography of the remote settlement, and planned everything in the pleasantest manner for the avoidance of fatigue to the invalid.

"I wish Potter were more used to travelling," said Mrs. Colton of the River-Lawn butler. "We shall have to take him with us, I think; but he will be quite lost among Spaniards and Portuguese, and I don't know how he will be able to arrange affairs for us with regard to hotel-accommodation, and so on."

"I will relieve Potter from all responsibility upon that question," said Mr. Desmond.

"You?" cried Emily.

"Yes, if you will permit me to be your escort. I spent a week in Madeira when I was on my Spanish wanderings."

"And you will leave London and your literary work in order to make our journey pleasant for us?"

"I would hazard more important interests than those I have at stake."

Mrs. Jerningham's eyes grew dim, and she had no words in which to thank the faithful slave from whom a few months before she would have haughtily demanded such allegiance, and bitterly resented its refusal.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A FINAL INTERVIEW.

MR. JERNINGHAM was prompt to comply with his wife's request. On the second morning after the despatch of Emily's letter, the master of Greenlands appeared at River Lawn; and this, allowing for time lost in the reposting of the letter, was as soon as it was possible for him to arrive there.

The change in his wife was painfully obvious to him, and shocked him deeply.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill, Emily," he said, concealing his surprise by an effort.

"Do you think I should have sent for you if I had not been very ill? It was very good of you to come so promptly. I have to thank

you for much generosity, for much thoughtful kindness, during the years of our separation. Believe me, I have fully appreciated your kind feeling, your delicacy. But since my illness, there has come upon me the feeling that something more was due to me than kindness or delicacy; something more due from me to you than quiet submission to your wishes. Do not think that I have entrapped you into this visit in order to reproach you, or to exalt myself. Justification for my conduct there is none. I can never hope to rehabilitate myself in your eyes or in my own; all I desire is that you should know the whole truth. Will you kindly listen to me and believe me? I have kept silence for years; I speak now under the impression that I have but a few weeks to live; you cannot think that I shall speak falsely."

"I am not capable of doubting your word even under less solemn circumstances. But I trust you overrate your danger; convalescence is always a period of depression."

"We will not talk of that; my own instinct and the sentence of my doctors alike condemn me. They talk about the restorative effect of a sea-voyage, and send me to Madeira for the autumn and winter; and that, for a woman of my age, is a sentence of death."

"Let us hope it is only a precautionary measure."

"I have no eager desire for life; I can afford to submit to Providence. And now let me speak of a subject which is of more importance to me than any question as to the time I have to live. Let me speak to you of my honour—as a woman and as a wife. When you decreed that all ties between us except the one legal bond should be severed, your decree was absolute. There was no room left for discussion. You sent me your solicitor, who told me, with much delicate circumlocution, that your home was no longer to be my home. There was to be neither scandal, nor disgrace, nor punishment for me, who had sinned against my duty as a wife. I was only to be banished. I was too much in the wrong to dispute the justice of this sentence, Harold; too proud to sue for mercy. I let judgment go by default. You banished your wife from the fortress of home; you deposed her from an unassailable position to a doubtful standing; and you did this upon the strength of a packet of letters, which a bolder offender would have received at her own address, and which a more experienced sinner would have burned. I want you to grant me one favour, Harold,—read those letters before I die."

"I will read them when you please. Yes, I daresay I did wrong in cancelling our union upon such trifling evidence of error; but I acted from my own instinct. I have been a Sybarite in matters of sentiment; and to live with a woman whose heart and faith were not all my own would have been unutterably hateful to me. I jumped at no conclusions. I did not suffer my thoughts to condemn you unheard. But you had been living under my roof in secret correspondence with a man *who called himself my friend*. What could I do? Could I come to you

and say, 'Please do not receive any more secret letters from Desmond; that is a kind of thing which I object to'? You would of course have promised to oblige me, and Desmond would have addressed his letters to another office. Having deceived me once, you see, I could hardly hope you would not deceive me again. That sort of thing grows upon one. On the other hand, why should I make a foolish scandal, read Desmond's letters,—which would have been an ungentlemanly thing to do,—subpoena your maid, your footman, make myself ridiculous, and humiliate you, for the profit of lawyers and the amusement of newspaper readers; and, failing in convicting you of the last and worst of infamies, take you back to my home and heart a spotless wife? It seemed to me that there could be no course for us but a tranquil and polite separation."

"If you had read the letters you might have thought differently."

"My dear girl, with every wish to be indulgent, I can scarcely admit that. To my mind there are no degrees in these things. A woman is faithful or unfaithful. If the letter she receives contain but a few lines about an opera-box, they should be lines which she can show her husband without a blush. There must be no lurking treason between the lines. She must not pose herself *en femme incomprise*, and call herself a faithful wife, because her infidelity does not come under the jurisdiction of the Divorce-court. You will say, perhaps, that this comes with a bad grace from me, whose life has been far from spotless. But, you see, spotlessness is not a man's speciality; and however vile he may be himself, he has a natural belief in the purity of woman. She seems to him a living temple of the virtues, and he scarcely expects to find a pillar-post lurking in the shadow of the sacred portico."

"I was very weak, very wicked," murmured Emily; "but I have some excuses for my error which other women cannot claim. If I had thought that you loved me,—if I had seen reason for believing that our marriage had brightened your life in the smallest degree, or that my affection, howsoever freely given, could ever have been precious to you,—it might have been otherwise with me. O, believe me, Mr. Jerningham, you might have made me a good wife, if you had cared to do so. Men have a power to mould us for which they rarely give themselves credit. It was not because of the twenty years' difference between our ages that I grew weary of my home, and sighed for more congenial society, for sympathy I had never found there. That was not the gulf between us. It was because you did not love me, and did not even care to pretend any love for me, that I welcomed the friendship of my father's old friend, and forgot the danger involved in such a friendship. Your marriage was an act of generosity, a chivalrous protection of a helpless kinswoman, and I ought to have been grateful. I was grateful; but a woman's heart has room for something more than gratitude. A man who marries as you married me is bound to complete his sacrifice. He must give his *heart as well as his home and fortune*. You gave me

your cheque-book, but you let me see only too plainly that in the bargain which made us man and wife there was to be no exchange of hearts. What a union! How many times did we dine *tête-à-tête* in the two years of our wedded life?—once—twice—well, perhaps half-a-dozen times; and I can recall your weary yawns, our little conventional speeches, on those rare occasions. For two years we lived under the same roof, and we never even quarrelled. You treated me with unalterable generosity, unchanging courtesy, and you held me at arm's-length; yet if you had wished to make yourself master of my heart, the conquest would have been an easy one. I was wounded by Mr. Desmond's silence; I was melted by your kindness. It would not have been difficult for me to give you a wife's devotion."

"I daresay you are right, Emily," Mr. Jerningham answered, with a little languid sigh. His wife's earnestness had taken him by surprise, and a new light had broken in upon his mind as she spoke.

It was possible that there was some truth in these earnest passionate words. He admitted as much to himself. Something more might have been required of him than a gentlemanly toleration of the woman he had chosen to share his home, to bear his name. The higher Christian idea of man's accountableness for the soul of his weaker partner was quite out of the region of Mr. Jerningham's ethics; but, on purely social grounds, he felt that he had done his cousin and his wife some wrong.

"I had exhausted my capacity for loving before I married," he thought; "and I gave this poor creature a handful of ashes instead of a human heart."

After a few minutes' silence he addressed his wife with an unaccustomed tenderness of tone:

"Yes, my dear Emily, you have just ground for complaint against me. My error was greater than yours; and now we meet after a lapse of years—both of us older, possibly wiser—I can only say, forgive me."

He held out the hand of friendship, which his wife accepted in all humility of spirit.

"No, no," she exclaimed, "there can be no question of forgiveness on my part. You have been only too good to me, and my complaints are groundless and peevish. I suppose it is natural to a woman to try to excuse herself by accusing someone else. But, believe me, I have been no stranger to remorse. I could not die until I had thanked you for your indulgent kindness during the years of our separation, and asked you to forgive me. But before I ask for pardon, I beg you to read those letters."

She took a little packet from her work-basket and handed it to her husband.

"I will do anything to oblige you," said Mr. Jerningham kindly; "but I assure you it is very unpleasant to me to read another man's letters."

He took the packet to a distant window, and there began his task. The letters were long—such clever, gossiping, semi-sentimental letters as a man writes to a lady with whom he is *aux petits soins*, without ulterior motive of any kind, for the mere pleasure involved in opening his mind and heart to a charming, sympathetic creature, whom he holds better for himself “to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.” Such letters are little more than the vehicles by which a man lets off the poetic gases of his brain, the herbals wherein he preserves the rarer flowers of his mind. Into such letters a man can pour all his caprices of fancy, all his audacities of thought; and as he writes his mind is divided between tenderness for the dear recipient of his outpourings, and a lurking consciousness that his letters will adorn his biography and hold their place in polite literature when the hand that runs along the paper to-day has mouldered in a coffin. In such letters every writer appears at his best. In the present he is writing for only the indulgent critic; in the future he fancies himself revealed to posterity with an audacious freedom forbidden by the natural reserve of the man who knows he will have to read a hundred and twenty reviews of his book.

Mr. Jerningham read Laurence Desmond's letters very patiently. He smiled faintly now and then, in polite recognition of some little airy flight of the writer's fancy; but he was far from being amused. More than one smothered but dismal yawn betrayed his weariness; and it was with a sigh of supreme relief that he at last returned them to his wife.

“They are really clever,” he said, “and hardly objectionable. They are the kind of thing that a Chateaubriand might have written to Madame Récamier, and she was the very archetype of female virtue. I can only regret the one fact that they were not addressed to your own house.”

“My foolish cowardice was the sole cause of that error. I thought you would object to my receiving Mr. Desmond's letters; and they are a great pleasure to me.”

“My poor child, if you had only examined my library in Park-lane you would have found a hundred volumes of letters, from Pliny downwards, all of them better than Mr. Desmond's effusions. But I suppose there is a charm in being the sole recipient of a man's confidences. Every man writes that kind of thing once in his life; I have done it myself.”

“And can you forgive me freely?”

“Forgive you! Why, my dear child, you have been freely forgiven from the hour in which we parted. I thought it best and wisest to end a union which had been too lightly made. It is possible I was wrong. Unhappily, I had exhausted my fund of hope before I met you, and had acquired an unpleasant knack of expecting the worst in every continuation of life. I did not take those letters as conclusive evidence

of guilt; on the contrary, I was quite able to believe their existence was compatible with innocence. But I told myself that such letters must be the beginning of the end, and I took prompt steps to avert an impending catastrophe. I did not want to be a spectacle to men and angels, as the husband of a runaway wife. 'There shall be no running away,' I said. 'We will shake hands, and take our separate roads, without noise or scandal.' I suppose it was a selfish policy, and again I am reduced to say, forgive me."

After this Mr. Jerningham spoke no more of the past. He talked of his wife's health, her future movements. He tried to inspire her with hope of amendment, in spite of her physician's ominous looks, her own instincts; nothing could be kinder or more delicate than the manner in which he expressed himself both to Emily and to Mrs. Colton, who came in from the garden presently, and whom he thanked with emphasis for her devotion to his wife.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he was seated alone in a railway-carriage, speeding Londonwards by express-train, and meditating profoundly upon the interview at River Lawn.

"Dying," he said to himself; "of that there can be no doubt. Of all the hazards of fate this was the last I should have expected. And I shall be free; free to marry again, if I could conceive so wild a folly; free to marry Helen de Bergerac; free to inflict the maximum of misery upon an innocent girl, in order to secure for myself the minimum of happiness. And yet, O God, what happiness there might be in such a union, if I could be loved again as I once was loved!"

He clasped his hands, and the day-dreamer's ecstasy brightened his face for a moment. The setting sun shone red upon the river over which the train was speeding, and Harold Jerningham remembered such a rosy summer sunset five-and-twenty years ago, and a sweet girl-face looking up at him transfigured by a girl's pure love.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TIMELY BANISHMENT.

BEFORE Eustace Thorburn could nerve himself for the self-sacrificial act which was to accomplish his banishment from that Berkshire Eden known as Greenlands, Fate took the doing of the deed out of his hands, and brought about his departure in the simplest and most natural manner.

For the completion of M. de Bergerac's ponderous work it was necessary that certain rare manuscripts in the Imperial Library of Paris should be examined, and for the examination of these Mr. Thorburn's daily-increasing knowledge of Sanscrit rendered him fairly competent. *For the exile* Paris was a forbidden city, but to this young man, recommended by Mr. Jerningham, the Imperial Library would be open.

M. de Bergerac had long meditated asking this favour of his secretary, and had watched the young student's progress in the Oriental dialects with impatient longing. The time had now arrived when he felt that Eustace was qualified to undertake the required work, and he took an early opportunity of sounding him upon the subject.

"There is work for some months," he said; "but Paris is at all times a pleasant city, and I do not think you would be tired of a residence there. I can give you introductions to agreeable people, who will receive my friend with all kindness. You can find some airy apartment near the library, and take your life easily. Your limited means will secure you from the temptations and dissipations of the capital, but not deprive you of its simpler pleasures."

"My dear sir, you are all goodness. I shall be only too happy to work for you in Paris, and on the most moderate terms. I have no wish for pleasure. Life is so short, and art so long; and I have such an impatient desire to succeed in the only career that is open to me."

"It is a noble impatience, and I will not stand in your way; give me four hours a-day of such work as you have given me here, and the rest of your time will be your own."

After this interview there was nothing to hinder Mr. Thorburn's departure. He waited only for his employer's instructions, and his familiarity with all the details of the work made these instructions very easy to him; while frequent correspondence with his patron would enable him to work in perfect harmony with the author of the great book. Within a week of his perusal of his father's book, he bade his friends at Greenlands farewell, and started for London, *en route* for Paris, provided with a letter from Mr. Jerningham to the chiefs of the British Embassy which would insure his free use of the Imperial Library.

Helen's face told him that she was sorry to lose her friend and instructor. But the depth of that sorrow he could not fathom.

"Papa says it is likely you will be away three or four months," she said. "How much of my Greek I shall lose in that time! Papa never can find time for me to read to him now; and you will forget your piano-forte music, for I don't suppose you will take the trouble to practise in Paris. And I shall have no one to play the basses of my overtures."

Eustace murmured something to the effect that for him the cessation of those basses would be desolation and despair, but more than such vague protestations he dared not trust himself to utter.

"It is fortunate for me that I am sent away," he thought. "I could not keep silence much longer; and I know not when I could have found courage to tear myself from this sweet home."

Helen's thoughtful eyes looked up at him wonderingly as he stood before her, with her hand retained in his just a little longer than their relative positions warranted. But when they met his, the dark-blue eyes fell again, and the two stood silent, as if spell-bound.

The spell was broken by the voice of M. de Bergerac calling from the porch.

"The fly has been waiting ten minutes," he cried. "Come, Thorburn, if you want to catch the 4.30 from Windsor."

"Good-bye, Miss de Bergerac; God bless you! Thank you a thousand times for all your goodness to me!" said Eustace; and in the next instant was gone.

"*My* goodness! And he has been so kind to me," murmured Helen. She went to the open window and watched the fly drive away, and waved a parting salutation to the traveller with her pretty white hand. When the sound of the wheels had melted into silence, she went back to her books and her piano, and wondered to find how much there seemed wanting in her life now that Mr. Thorburn was gone.

"What will papa do without him?" she asked. The Newfoundland came into the room panting and distressed as she spoke. He had followed the vehicle that bore Eustace away, and had been repulsed by the driver.

"And what shall *we* do without him, Heph?" asked the young lady hopelessly, as she embraced her favourite.

Eustace found his uncle Dan waiting dinner for him in the comfortable room in Great Ormond-street; and in that genial companionship he spent the eve of his departure very pleasantly. The two men talked long and earnestly of the book which both had read. Eustace told his uncle of his idea about a Scotch marriage; and they went over the significant passages in the autobiographical romance together with much deliberation.

"Yes, lad; I believe you've hit it," said Daniel Mayfield at last. "These vague hints certainly bear out your notion. I know not how far this domicile of something less than a year may constitute a Scotch marriage, for the laws of Scotland upon the marriage-question have been ever inscrutable; but it is evident the man believed himself in your sister's power."

"I should like to find the scene of my mother's sorrow," said Eustace. "Will you take a holiday when my work is done in Paris, uncle Dan, and go to the Highlands with me to look for that spot?"

"My dear boy, how can we hope to identify it?"

"By means of this book, and by inquiry when we get to the neighbourhood."

"The book gives us nothing but initials."

"No; but if the initials are genuine, as it is most likely they are we may easily identify the spot with the aid of a good map."

"I doubt it."

"I assure you the thing is possible," said Eustace earnestly. "There are several initials indicative of different localities. Let us start with the supposition that these are genuine; and if we can fit them to lo

calities within a given radius, we may fancy ourselves on the right track. We have the general features of the place,—a wild, mountainous district, steep cliffs, sands, and lonely shanties. See, I have jotted down the places indicated by initials. Here they are :

‘1st. H. H. The headquarters of Dion.

‘2d. D. P. A craggy headland, crowned by a little classic temple.

‘3d. The most uninteresting ruins in A. A would seem, therefore, to be the initial of the county.

“There are your indications, uncle Dan, the map or a guide-book must do the rest. You would take as much trouble to decipher a puzzle in arithmetic, or to work a difficult problem in Euclid. My mother’s fate is more to me—nearer to your heart, I know—than all Euclid.”

“But if we find the scene and identify it, what then?”

“The scene may tell me the name of the man.”

“What, Eustace, still the old foolish eagerness to know what is better left unknown?”

“To the very end of my life, uncle Dan. And now let us look at your map of Scotland.”

“I have no map worth looking at. No, Eustace, there shall be no attempts at discovery to-night. Leave me that scrap of paper, and while you are away I will try to identify these places. When you return we will take our Highland holiday together, come what may. It will be fresh life to me to get away from London, and I will not say how pleasant it will be to me to take my pleasure with you.”

“Dear, true friend.”

They shook hands, in token that to this plan both were irrevocably bound.

The morning’s mail-train carried Eustace to Dover, and on the next night he slept at a humble hotel near the Luxembourg. He had no difficulty in finding a commodious lodging within his modest means, and he began his work at the great library two days after his arrival. The people to whom he brought letters of introduction were people of the best kind, but Eustace availed himself sparingly of their hospitable invitations. His days were spent in the library; his nights were given to the great poem, which grew and ripened under his patient hand.

“If it should be a success!” he said to himself, “if it should go home to the hearts of the people—as true poetry should go—at once—with an electric power! It has brought the tears to my eyes, it has quickened the beating of my heart, it has kept me awake of nights with a fever of hope and rapture; but for all that it may be only fustian. A man’s dreams and thoughts may be bright enough, but the translation of them cold and dull; or the thoughts themselves may be worthless—rotten wood not to be made sound by any showy veneer of language.”

The poem which was to make or unmake Mr. Thorburn was no

metaphysical treatise done into rhyme—no ambitious epic, ponderous as Milton without Miltonic grandeur. It was a modern romance in verse—a love-story—passionate, tender, tragical, and the heart of the poet throbbed in every line.

His life in Paris was eventless. Very dear to him were the letters that came from Greenlands—letters in which Helen's name appeared very often,—letters in which he was told that his absence was regretted, his return wished for.

"It is like having a home," he said to himself, "and I dare not return to that dear home, or must return only to confess my secret and submit to a decree of banishment."

One of the letters from Greenlands—a letter that came to him when he had been about six weeks in Paris—brought him startling news: Harold Jerningham was a widower. The handsome young wife, whom Eustace had heard of from his employer, had died at Madeira.

"They met before the lady left England," wrote M. de Bergerac, "and parted excellent friends. Indeed, they had never quarrelled. The reason of their separation was never revealed to the world, but Harold has half-admitted to me that he was to blame. Mrs. Jerningham was not thirty."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SIT TIBI TERRA LEVIS.

FOR Emily Jerningham life's fitful fever was ended. The change to a softer climate, the welcome warmth of southern breezes, had given her a brief respite, but her doom had been sealed long ago, and her existence had been only a question of so many weeks more or less.

The journey by sea, and the first two weeks in the strange island, were very sweet to Emily Jerningham. Laurence Desmond accompanied her on that final voyage, and friendship, sanctified by the shadows of the grave, attended her closing days.

This seemed the natural solution to the enigma of her perplexed existence. Death alone could make an easy end of all her difficulties, and she accepted the necessity as a blessed release.

"It has been made easy to me to resign you, Laurence," she said, "and to pray for your future happiness with another. That poor little girl! I know she loves you very dearly. She reverences you as a heroic creature. Upon my word, sir, you are very fortunate. With me, had Fate united us, you would have been compelled to endure all manner of jealousies and caprices; and from that simple Lucy you will receive the pious worship that is ordinarily given only to saints."

Mrs. Jerningham would not allow Laurence to remain with her until the last dread hour. When they had been a fortnight on the island, and had exhausted the little excursions and sights of the place, she persuaded Mr. Desmond to return to England.

"I know you cannot afford to remain so far away," she said. "What may happen to the *Pallas* in your absence! I have always heard that sub-editors are a most incorrigible class of people. They insert those things which they should not insert, and so on. You may find yourself pledged to something appalling in the way of politics when you get back to London; or discover that one of your dearest friends has been flayed alive by your most savage operator. And, you see, I am so much better. I shall return to England in the spring quite a new creature."

In this manner did Mrs. Jerningham cajole her friend to abandon her. It was the final sacrifice which she offered up—the sacrifice of her sole earthly happiness.

She stood at her window watching the steamer as it left the island, and her heart sank within her.

He was gone out of her life for ever. Thus faded all the glory of her world. She sat alone till long after dusk, thinking of her wasted, mistaken life; while Mrs. Colton fondly believed her charge was enjoying a refreshing slumber.

The English doctor, who attended Mrs. Jerningham daily, found his patient much worse when he made his call upon the morning after Mr. Desmond's departure.

"I am afraid you were guilty of some imprudence yesterday," he said; "for you are certainly not looking quite yourself to-day."

"Yesterday was one of the quietest days I have spent on the island," replied Mrs. Jerningham; "I did not stir out of doors."

"That was a pity; for you ought to enjoy our good weather while it lasts. The rains will set in soon, and you will be a prisoner. But after our rainy season we have a delicious winter; and the voyage from England has done such wonders for you, that I really expect great things between this and the spring."

"Do you mean that you really think I am to live?" asked Mrs. Jerningham, looking at him earnestly; "to drag my life on for weeks and months, perhaps for years?"

"Upon my honour I have strong hopes, as I told your aunt yesterday; the improvement since your arrival has been so marked that I can hope anything. You do not know what Madeira can do for weak lungs."

"Then I wish I had never come here."

"My dear madam, you—" cried the doctor, alarmed.

"That sounds very horrible, does it not, Mr. Ransom? But, you see, there is a time when one's life comes to a legitimate end—one's mission is finished. There is no room for one any more upon the earth, as it seems. The priest has said, '*Ile, missa est*;' the end is come. I do not want to prolong my life beyond its natural close; and that has come."

Mr. Ransom looked at his patient as if doubtful whether she were

altogether in her right mind. But he did not discuss the subject; he murmured some little soothing commonplace, and departed to warn Mrs. Colton that the patient was disposed to depression of spirits, and must if possible be roused and diverted.

"I do not consider it altogether a bad sign," he said cheerily; "that low state of the nerves is a very common symptom of convalescence."

To rouse and to divert her invalid niece Mrs. Colton strove with conscientious and untiring efforts; but failed utterly. From the hour of Laurence Desmond's departure Emily drooped. A depression came upon her too profound for human consolation. In devout studies, in pious meditations alone she found comfort. Her aunt read to her from the works of the great divines, and in the eloquent and noble pages of Hooker and Taylor, Barrow and South, as well as in the Gospel's simpler record, the weak soul found comfort. But with earthly comfort she had done. A stranger, alone in a strange land, she waited the coming of that awful stranger whom all must meet once—he who "keeps the keys of all the creeds." Utter desolation of spirit took possession of her. She was thrown back upon the spiritual world, and was fain to seek a dwelling-place among those shadowy regions, like a shipwrecked mariner cast upon a desert island, and rejoiced to find any refuge from the perils of the great ocean.

Letters came to the lonely invalid, in token that she was not quite forgotten by the world she would fain forget; letters and papers and books from Mr. Desmond, who wrote with much affectionate solicitude; notes of condolence and inquiry from the few friends with whom she was on intimate terms. But these were only the last salutations which life sent to her who dwelt by the borders of death—the last farewells waved by friendly hands.

"He is good and self-devoted to the last," she thought, as she read Mr. Desmond's letters; "and I do not think I should have induced him to leave me if he had not believed it would look better for me to be here alone with my aunt."

In this supposition Mrs. Jerningham was correct. Mr. Desmond was too much a man of the world not to be mindful of how things would appear to the eyes of the world, and it had seemed to him better that he should not prolong his stay at Madeira with the invalid.

He had returned to London therefore, and had gone back to his work, which seemed very weary at this period of his life.

It was not possible that this utter severance should come to pass between him and Emily Jerningham without pain to himself. A man does not change all at once. However deeply he is bound to the new love, some frail links of the chain that tied him to the old hang about him still, some corner of his heart still holds the first dear image, and to the love that has been the sorrow of parting lends a kind of sanctification.

Before leaving England Mrs. Jerningham had taken pains to provide for Lucy's future. The girl would gladly have accompanied her patroness to Madeira, but this Emily would not permit.

"You have had trouble enough in nursing me," she said kindly; "and we must now try and find you a home in some pleasant, cheerful family. You must not be exposed any longer to the depressing influence of an invalid's society."

The pleasant family was easily found. Are there not always a hundred cheerful families eager to enlarge their home-circle by the addition of an agreeable stranger? Mrs. Jerningham showed herself very particular in her choice of a home for her protégée; and she was not satisfied until she had discovered an irreproachable clergyman's family some miles northward of Harrow, who were willing to receive Miss Alford, and beneath whose roof she would have opportunities of improving herself.

"But, dear Mrs. Jerningham, had I not better go to the lady in Ireland, or to some other lady who wants a governess?" remonstrated Lucy. "I ought to be getting my own living, you know. Why should I be a burden upon your kindness? If I were of any use to you, it would be different; but you will not let me be your nurse."

"My dear girl, you are no burden. It is a pleasure to me to provide in some measure for your future. I promised Mr. Desmond that I would be your friend. You must let me keep my promise, Lucy."

Of the interview which had taken place between Emily and Laurence, Lucy knew nothing. Neither did she know that there had been a listener during that never-to-be-forgotten half-hour in which Mr. Desmond had told her his secret.

What her own future might be she could not imagine; and this arrangement for placing her with a clergyman's family beyond Harrow seemed to her a generous folly upon the part of Mrs. Jerningham.

She submitted only to please that lady; it would have seemed ungracious to refuse such kindness; but Lucy fancied she would have been happier if she had been permitted to renew her old struggles with fortune.

"Remember you are to improve yourself, Lucy," said Mrs. Jerningham; "I want you to become the most accomplished and ladylike of women."

And thus they kissed and parted. Emily breathed more freely when the girl had left her. That daily and hourly companionship with her happy rival had not been without its bitterness.

"The poor little thing has been very good to me," she thought; "but I cannot forget that she will be Laurence Desmond's wife when I am lying in my grave. And the winter winds will blow among the churchyard-trees, and the pitiless rain will fall upon my grave, and those two will sit beside their fire, and watch their children at play, and he will forget that I ever lived."

Lucy went to her new home a few days before Mrs. Jerningham and her following sailed for Madeira. Between Lucy and Laurence there was no farewell. Mrs. Jerningham told Mr. Desmond what she had done for his old friend's daughter, and he approved and thanked her; but he expressed no wish to see the young lady, or to be introduced to the family with whom she had taken up her abode.

He made no attempt to see Lucy on his return from Madeira. In this he was governed by a supreme delicacy of feeling.

"While Emily lives I belong to her," he said to himself. "I am bound by a tie which only death can loosen."

The hour in which that tie was to be loosened came very soon. A heartbroken letter from Mrs. Colton told Laurence that he was a free man.

"She spoke of you a few minutes before her death," wrote Emily Jerningham's aunt. "'Tell him that one of my last prayers was for his future happiness,' she said. She suffered much in the last week; but the last day was very peaceful. I can never tell you all her thoughtfulness for others—for you, for me, for Lucy Alford, for her servants, the few poor people at Hampton of whom she knew anything. Her long illness worked a great change in her, a holy and blessed change. Generous, affectionate, and noble-minded she had always been; but the piety of her closing hours was more than I should have dared to hope, remembering her somewhat careless way of thinking when she was in health. In death she is lovelier than in life; there is a divine smile upon her face now which I never saw before. I have received a telegram from Mr. Jerningham. My beloved niece is to be buried in the family vault in Berkshire. O, Mr. Desmond, what a mournful homeward voyage lies before me! I know not how I am to endure the rest of my life without my more than daughter."

Laurence Desmond's tears fell fast upon the letter. The old familiar vision of the little garden at Passy, the proud young face, the slim white-robed figure, came back to him; and he recalled one summer afternoon when his lips had almost shaped themselves into the portentous question, and he had restrained himself with an effort, remembering what his mentors of the smoking-room had said about the impossibility of marriage amongst a civilised community without a due provision for the indispensabilities of civilised existence.

"This comes of planning one's life by the ethics of the club-house," he said to himself bitterly.

UNIVERSITY MEN IN TOWN

quiring foreigner who may have happened, at some time or to have found his way into a certain well-known supper-room within the precincts of Covent Garden, on the eve of what he notionally supposed to call "the Oxfor-cum-Cambrigge" boat-race, rarely fail to have come away with views strikingly enlarged as to the natures and propensities of the ingenuous youth who study upon the banks of Isis and Cam. MM. Texier and Assolant have not, so we know, yet tried their hands upon this particular theme. It is upon which they might fairly let their descriptive powers run without much danger of being betrayed into groundless exaggeration. Mr. Green's spacious hall literally crammed with some hundreds of lads; its walls denuded of all those portraits and paintings which in more ordinary and placid times grace them; the stage, usually occupied by a line of glee-singing choristers, wholly yielded up to the representatives of Young Oxford and Cambridge; lights low; chandeliers carefully hauled up just high enough to suggest the idea of their being made aims for walking-sticks, or plates, or other species of projectile that may come conveniently to hand; a jostling of hats and pocket-handkerchiefs; a profuse display of ribbon and rosettes of dark blue and light blue; a perfect storm of hysterically shrieking out the names of the two great English universities in the shrillest accents they can muster;—these are the prominent of the sights and sounds which, in the general Babel of noises that meet him, will arrest the attention of the observant stranger. The atmosphere is oppressive; he has been deluded into paying precisely five times the ordinary charge for admission at the door; there is scarcely a waiter to be seen; chops, or kidneys, or anything else in the way of solid refreshment, there is none to be had; if, after much waiting, he succeeds in obtaining his sherry-and-seltzer, or some other and more potent mixture as the case may be, he has some difficulty in finding time and space in which to dispose of it, so violently demonstratively do the university youngsters round him assert their claim to ubiquity in the matter of standing-room. These are the facts of the case; and if they do not make our imaginary stranger, whether he be Continental or British, walk away mentally execrating the chaotic metropolitan saturnalia, and asking himself for what conceivable reason the venerable proprietor of the historical "Evans's" has suffered his usually peaceful and commodious haunt to be transformed

fit to do homage to the university man. He is to be seen everywhere and everywhere he is completely master of the situation. A material crisis may be impending; the fate of Ireland, or, for that of that, of England, may be trembling in the balance; a political test, big with the destinies of the monarchy, may be in course of preparation; but what of it? Oxford still rows—and beats—Cambridge upon the Thames, and for a limited space of time this is pre-eminently the event of the day. On the very Saturday upon which this year last pulled, two months ago, a certain enthusiastic Conservative member of the House of Commons went down to stay at a country house. It will be remembered that about two o'clock on that very day the representatives of the constituencies of Great Britain were occupied with dividing upon the question of going into committee upon Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions. On his arrival, directly after he had been welcomed by his clerical host, the first question which our member asked by him was, "Well, who has won the boat-race?" The answer was disgusted. "You ought, I should think," he said, "to have asked who has won the division on the Irish Church." But on this point the British rector was comparatively apathetic, and in being so, he illustrates the attitude towards affairs in general which at this epoch a majority of the subjects of the English Crown assume. It is the old business of *panem et circenses*: never mind about the future, so long as we have the boat-race. The university man can even boast of more definite triumphs than this. "To fly through the meshes of the net," to see his own party-colours flaunted in every shop window, to buy in such goods; to behold silk dresses of dark blue or light blue, to know that he is talked about, betted about, and petted, either by his own person or else through others:—all this is something.

he does. He it is who succeeds in bringing about a temporary suspension of all the laws of fashionable human nature. He makes us quit our beds at hours heathenishly premature, bolt our breakfasts, crowd our carriages, drive out when the morning is as wet and chill as it is young,—for it is a great fact that the elements themselves aid him in his designs, and that just as the tide is generally most maliciously inconvenient, so the weather is not unselfdom dismally ungenial,—hurry down to Putney, Mortlake, or Barnes, arrive late, find the towing-path and every other available situation preoccupied, and so very possibly fail to see the race altogether. Going to Epsom may be occasionally a bore; but then no Derby is ever based upon such an egregious violation of every physical ordinance as that which compels us to have gone through a day's excitement by the hour at which, according to the fitness of things, one ought to be lighting one's post-prandial cigar.

So much for the boat-race. That time-honoured aquatic festival has gone by for another year; and just now we find ourselves upon the brink of a second description of university observance in London, infinitely more enjoyable in our own private estimation—the cricket-match. Cricket-match or boat-race, however, they will do either of them equally well for our present text. Each alike serves to introduce to us that special study of human nature which we intend now briefly to consider—the university man in town. Just as the terms technically known by the names of Hilary and Act draw to an end, a sort of metropolitan mania seems to come over the junior members of our two great seats of classical and mathematical erudition. London becomes a kind of Samaria through which all find they must pass before they can arrive at their ultimate destination. Brown of Exeter, whose father has a living somewhere in the wilds of Cornwall, and Jones of Queen's, whose family till the paternal acres not far from the banks of the Tweed, both find, by a strange process of geographical ratiocination, that the shortest cut home will be through the metropolis. In a word, just at this time London is the "correct thing to do." The undergraduate who announces his intention of pursuing a route which will not necessitate a progress through the modern Babylon is thought a very poor sort of creature—stay-at-home and unenterprising, unpatriotic, lacking all *esprit de corps*, and generally a discredit to his university. Amongst the very junior members of the society this feeling acquires additional intensity. Tomkins, who has just completed his second or third term, is standing, we will suppose, on the steps of his college, while his scout is piling his luggage on the top of the hansom that is to convey him to the station. Observe his "get-up:" regardless of expense, did you say? Most certainly; for Tomkins has not yet arrived at that stage of undergraduate experience when tradesmen grow unconfiding, and ominous single-knocks at his door, significant of the dun without, interrupt his breakfast. Look for a moment at the tie; and then the trousers: the latter perhaps just a trifle loud;

but then Tomkins was assured last week by his tailor that they were just "the thing for London;" and as London is a place to which he has not been since he spent his Christmas holidays with his aunt as a schoolboy some six years ago, he is naturally obliged to trust to Mr. Cutwell's guidance. Presently up comes his friend and contemporary, Robinson. "Are you off?" says he. "Yes," replies Tomkins calmly, lighting a cigar with a languid man-about-town air; "just going to the little village. One must see the race, you know." "Ah," rejoins Robinson, "I shall meet you, then; I go up by the express this afternoon. Look out for me at Evans's to-night." Now, as it so happens, Robinson knows perfectly well that Mr. Green's abode of Welsh rabbits and English glees is about the last place in the world at which he may be reasonably expected to turn up that evening, for the simple reason that Robinson *père* discovered a certain little metropolitan escapade of his son some three months ago, and resorts therefore to the obvious expedient of keeping the supplies painfully short at the expiration of the term, the precise date of which he is now careful to ascertain, and of insisting upon the young exquisite's appearance home immediately afterwards. As may be supposed, the arrangement is not one of which our friend approves; but as he scarcely sees his way to checking it he is prudent enough to acquiesce, and to return peaceably to his ancestral Lares and Penates *not viâ* London. However, Robinson is determined to keep up appearances, and there is something of off-hand magnificence in his reply which rather tickles his fancy.

When in London the undergraduate is readily knowable. Of course there are various types—from Mr. Deuce-ace of Christ Church, who, viewed in comparison with his juniors, is comparatively an old stager, down to our friend Tomkins, who has never in his life before, as we hinted above, experienced what it was to be his own master in the metropolis. We scarcely need the dark- or the light-blue neckties which he displays with such lavish profusion, or the rosettes of the same hue which are donned by the more enthusiastic, to inform us of the presence of the university man. We might go further, and say that to one only moderately cognisant of such matters it was easy enough to discriminate between those who hail from Isis and from Cam; but this by the way. In the first place, a certain spirit of demonstrativeness pervades everything that the young university man does or says. In public places you will hear him discussing the chances of "our men's" victory or defeat, in tones just the least bit perhaps too audible. He is evidently possessed with the idea that the approaching event which so fills his own mind is a matter of world-wide interest; he argues from the circle of his own experience; what he is thinking of everyone else is thinking of too. Then he is a trifle rash in the matter of odds, and deems it a point of honour to back his own side, whatever may be the probabilities of success. As for his general manner, perhaps it may be best described by saying

that it is exactly the reverse of that which he adopts when in his own university town. There he is probably somewhat reticent, and a great upholder of all forms of university etiquette. The old story of the Trinity man who would not save his fellow-student from drowning because the two had never been introduced, is really not so very much of an exaggeration after all. But in London this formality and taciturnity are to a great extent cast off. The most casual acquaintances ripen into intimacies; and men who do nothing more than barely nod to each other when in the bosom of their own *alma mater* find themselves fraternising with surprising cordiality when they accidentally run across each other in what our friend Tomkins jestingly calls "the small village;" and run across each other it is impossible not to do. University youths, who throng to London upon any of the great occasions which we are now imagining to take place, move in exactly the same circles, or in circles which at any rate more than once converge. Their round of evening amusements are nearly identical; and there are certain periods at which everyone seems to meet everyone else.

As we have hinted, there are undergraduates and undergraduates. Pleasures of the slightly monotonous and commonplace description may do well enough for the ordinary herd; but there are a select few who "do town" in a very different way. Let us take the case of Mr. Dashville of Brazenose. Dashville has pretensions to being an exquisite. He is a senior man—that is, he has been up at his university for some four years—and as such is proportionately revered by his juniors. There is any number of stories circulated about what he does and whom he meets in town by his fellow-students at B. N. C. Living out in lodgings, he has peculiar opportunities offered him of indulging his taste for metropolitan life during the regular term-time, and indulge it he accordingly does; less, perhaps, than he would like to be really known; for Dashville is a man who aims at the reputation of being in London at least two days out of every seven. In his university he has a tolerably wide acquaintance. As he walks up "the High" in the afternoon, he nods amiably to this man and familiarly to the other; but when he is in town the case is altogether different. In fact, Dashville seems to be strangely oblivious of his college-acquaintance. He eschews them as much as possible; and when he is to be seen about you may be quite certain it will be with companions who are very much indeed the reverse of *in gremio universitatis*. He belongs to the *Sydney Club*; and the members of this famed institution are military rather than academical. The consequence is that Mr. Dashville does not much affect the society of those whom he knows at Oxford. A chosen few there are whom he condescends to honour in this respect, but after all they are few; and for it to be said of you that you have been seen walking arm-in-arm with Dashville in the Park on Sunday afternoon, or lounging quietly into the Zoo, at once stamps you as a man of *ton*, and worthy of no small things.

Dashville may be called conceited; but on the whole there is something to be said in his favour. The undergraduate—*vulgaris species*—in town is, as we have observed, a creature of even noisy exuberance of spirits. Everyone knows the strong spirit of license which seems to take possession of Englishmen directly they find themselves in Paris, or elsewhere on the Continent; everyone has seen the marvellous costumes in which they delight to array themselves, and has noted the deliberately-audacious manner in which they will set conventionalities and propriety at defiance. What is true of the Englishman abroad is in a special manner true of the average university man in town. It has been hinted that he leaves behind him a considerable portion of that regard for those social laws which in Oxford or Cambridge are of paramount importance; and sometimes the extent to which he carries this disregard of academical etiquette becomes positively a nuisance. For instance, let us look at Smith; a good fellow enough doubtless, quiet enough, and thoroughly the gentleman within the precincts of his own university. What is Smith in town? We will suppose, if you please, that he has just taken up his station in one of the stalls at the Princess's, to witness the *Colleen Bawn* or the *Streets of London*. The undergraduate mind delights in such stock-pieces. Half-a-dozen places to his left he spies, we will imagine, Dashville, who, by the bye, is with some ladies. At Oxford, Smith's acquaintance with Dashville is little enough. He has breakfasted with him, we will say, once, and played billiards with him—paying each time a heavy mulct for the proceeding—some half-dozen times. But the sight of Dashville in the stalls is to the excited and warm-hearted Smith like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. A familiar face amidst a wilderness of strange ones is a godsend; and poor Smith cannot refrain from shouting out to Dashville, "Dashville, old boy, how are you?" Is it altogether surprising if the gentleman thus addressed rather objects to the enthusiastic greeting?

Indeed it is at such resorts as theatres that the undergraduate is apt to prove especially objectionable. There are other faces besides that of Dashville which he knows, and the sight of which causes him to hail them ecstatically, whatever may happen to be the relative position of observer and of observed. For instance, it is not pleasant, if you happen to be sitting immediately in front of the orchestra, to find yourself playfully tapped on the shoulder, on looking round to see no visible agent to whom the tap could be ascribed, and presently to be greeted by a very audible guffaw, which on closer inspection you find to proceed from the direction of the stage-box, and to be the product of a healthy pair of undergraduate lungs, the fact of whose possessor's existence you may not unpardonably or strangely have forgotten.

We are at the Opera just now, and in a somewhat different spirit: we will for a few minutes contemplate another of our undergraduate friends. If you look up yonder at that box on the first tier, you will see two young men, with a lady, dressed in the very extreme of the di-

colleté fashion of the day, young, handsome, and rouged. Who are they? Well, the younger of the two youths—both of them on this side of two-and-twenty—is Frank Markham, scholar of his college, eldest son of his father, the Rev. Frank Markham, who, having a family of five sons and six daughters, is rector of a country living, value 350*l.* per annum, and who, by much pinching economy, has contrived to give his eldest boy a good school education, which with his natural talents has enabled him to secure a scholarship at St. Ambrose; and a scholarship at St. Ambrose means—*plus* only a moderate amount of industry on the part of its possessor—a fellowship in due time. But Frank Markham hitherto has not been even moderately industrious. He got into a senior and a fast set almost directly he went into residence, with which his ready wit, gay nature, and conversational talents secured him at once no small measure of popularity. The consequence was that he has done a good deal more in the way of society than of work. He “mulled it” altogether at Moderations—the name of the first public examination—and now he is trusting to redeem his success at the final examination for his degree. In fact, so hard did he make up his mind to work for this last test, that—as the ordeal itself is only distant some three or four weeks—he has not “gone down” for the Easter vacation, but is supposed to be staying up at Oxford to read. Last Friday, however, young Milner, his intimate friend—eldest son of the very rich and celebrated banker of that name—induced him to accept an invitation to stay at his father’s house in Eaton-square till Monday. Hence it is that Markham, Milner, and their fair companion are at the Opera to-night. Markham cares little about what is going on on the stage; he is talking, *not* to his friend Mr. Milner. Presently, however, comes a knock at the box-door: it is the boxkeeper. “Mr. Markham here?” and Mr. Markham turns round visibly disconcerted. There is someone behind the boxkeeper—a lady. Who is it? It is none other than Frank’s sister. In a moment he is out of the box and with her in the lobby. Why has she come?

“Only yesterday,” her reply is, “papa was taken seriously ill. We wished to telegraph for you, but he would not let us do it; he said it would frighten you, and thought it might prevent your doing so well in the examination, and getting your First-class. So I went up to Oxford; you were not there. I found your address in London: I came to Paddington this afternoon, and I found you,—*here*. O Frank!”

But at this point Miss Markham lets her veil drop, and bursts into tears. Frank hurries back into the box to tell his friends what has happened. He goes off with his sister—not, you may be sure, blessing himself; for Frank is a good fellow at heart.

You may call this tragic, but it is true.

With which narrative of fact, having seen the university man in one or two phases in town, we will now bid him good-bye.

LONDON PALACES

BY WALTER THORNBURY

V. Palaces that have passed away: The Savoy—Bridewell—Whitehall
—Baynard Castle—Crasby Hall.

THE SAVOY.

EVEN palaces have their day. The tide of London rolling westward, with no returning flow, has left high and dry upon its former bed some half-a-dozen old palaces. One of these is now a prison, another a dining-hall, while of others even the very site is doubtful. Grand warehouses and dépôts of railway-iron are the only monuments of these once proud homes of the Tudors and Plantagenets; sacks of corn now sway heavily down from upper stories in waterside streets, where Charles V. once paced in cloth-of-gold at the head of his Spanish and Flemish nobility; besmirched printers' boys play at the Thames-side where Wat Tyler's men once drew their bows at the loopholes of the palace of John of Gaunt. Such are the harlequin changes that time is always producing in our ancient city. The modern palaces are *novi homines*, mere *parvenus*, and have no history before "the wee German lairdie" (lucky fellow!) left his Hanoverian kale-yard for his new property. If we want to meet the red hoods, or the mailed knights of Crecy and Agincourt, we must go to Blackfriars or the Savoy; if we wish to rouse memories of Vandyke's gentlemen or Lely's ladies, we must make a pilgrimage to the statue of James II. at Whitehall.

There is perhaps no spot in all London fuller of old memories than the Savoy. In that unobtrusive recess near Waterloo Bridge—that little quiet harbour out of the Strand—actors come to pace round the green churchyard and con their parts; and the only other persons we meet there are printers' men leaving work or returning to it, and the few grave clerks and accountants who still inhabit the precinct. It is a little paradise of quietness, and is sacred to reflection. When a young May moon is in her first crescent, and the callow leaves on the little saplings in the churchyard of the Savoy Chapel are edged with silver, you may study Hamlet there and fancy yourself in some quiet cathedral town a hundred miles from Babylon.

The Savoy ("the Savvy" the inhabitants call it affectionately, but erroneously) derived its name long ago from Peter, an earl of Savoy and uncle of Eleanor, the daughter of a Count of Provence, and queen of that good but weak monarch, Henry III. This King, by his extravagance and fondness for such rapacious and insolent foreign favourites as Earl Peter, roused the barons, headed by De Montfort, to rebellion.

This Simon, the ambitious Earl of Leicester, who had married the sister of Henry III., dwelt in the Savoy. Here he won the barons and the people by his opposition to the exactions of the unwise King, and the monks and humbler clergy by his resistance to the claims of the Pope. When the man who helped to found English parliaments fell at Evesham in the thickest of the press, the King granted the London palace of the slain rebel to Peter earl of Richmond and Savoy, upon his paying yearly to the king's exchequer, on the feast of St. Michael, three barbed arrows, for all services. Earl Peter, having in time drawn all he could from England, began to pine for the mountains of Savoy, and transferred his mansion to the provost and chapter of Montjoy, at Havering-atte-Bower, a small village in Essex. On the death of that weak and faithless King, Henry III., his widow Eleanor purchased the Savoy for her son Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. Henry, the son of this Earl, repaired the palace at an expense of 50,000 marks. In 1322 the Earl, in disgust at the return of the Spensers, the King's rapacious favourites, formed an alliance with the Scotch, and broke out into rebellion, after the slaughter at Bannockburn, against that miserable monarch Edward II. Against other royal favourites the former tenant of the Savoy had conspired; the present tenant was no wiser, and not more fortunate. He was taken at Boroughbridge, and at Pontefract he lost the head of which he had made such a bad use. The mob followed him to the block, pelting him and taunting him as "King Arthur," the name the great conspirator had assumed among the Scotch.

John of Gaunt (Ghent), Edward III.'s son, then had the Savoy. It is his memory that specially endears the spot to us, and associates it indelibly with Shakespeare: "Not John of Gaunt your ancestor, Hal; still no coward." And indeed there was something venerable about the old man who had seen so much and fought so well, and who was the son of our greatest monarch, the uncle of the ill-starred Richard II., and the father of Richard's deposer, Henry IV. Nor is Shakespeare the only great English poet associated with the Savoy. It was in the chapel here (circa 1366) that Geoffrey Chaucer married Philippa, daughter of a knight of Hainault. He mentions his marriage in his poem of the *Dream*:

"On the morrow,
When every thought and every sorrow
Dislodged was out of mine heart,
With every woe and every smart,
Unto a tent prince and princess
Methought brought me and my mistress,
With ladies, knights, and squires,
And a great host of ministers;
Which tent was church parochial."

It was to "time-honoured Lancaster" that Chaucer owed all his court patronage,—his Genoese embassy, his daily pitcher of wine, his wardship, his *controllership*, and his annuity of twelve marks,—and in this

court he imbibed his attachment to the good Wickliffe and his hatred and contempt for all greasy, hypocritical, and licentious monks.

In 1378 (Richard II.) John of Gaunt's support of Wickliffe, the Yorkshire reformer, led to a great riot in London, in which the Savoy Palace suffered. Wickliffe, having denounced in parliament the Pope's claim to the tribute first slavishly paid by King John, had been cited to appear before the Bishop of London at St. Paul's. Wickliffe duly appeared, supported by the Earl Marshal Percy and the Duke of Lancaster. A quarrel soon ensued because Wickliffe was refused a seat, and the Duke whispered a threat that rather than take such language from the Bishop he would drag him out of the church by the hair of his head. The priests stirring up the excited mob, the Duke, when he left St. Paul's, was chased and pelted. He instantly proceeded to Westminster, and openly proposed in parliament to deprive the Londoners of all their privileges. The next day the citizens rose in arms, pillaged Lord Percy's house, and bore down on the Savoy, where they killed a priest whom they took for Percy. They then hewed and broke up the furniture, cut the tapestry and beds to pieces, and threw them into the Thames. John of Gaunt and Percy, who had been dining with a Flemish merchant in the city, escaped in a boat to Kingston.

But we must go back for a moment to the reign of Edward III., when King John of France was detained prisoner at the Savoy after the slaughter at Poitiers. He was brought here in procession from Sandwich, the Prince himself riding by his side on a small black palfrey. When the French king's son broke his parole, John, the father, returned to prison with the courage and honour of a *Regulus*. "If honour," he said, "were banished from every other place, it should at least find an asylum in the breasts of kings." The noble hostage, generously welcomed, was soon attacked by disease and expired, 1364. His corpse was sent with a splendid retinue to be interred at St. Denis.

And now to return to the troublous reign of Richard, the weak son of the Black Prince. Towards the end of the former reign, John of Gaunt had grown unpopular with the commons of England. His unsuccessful wars in Spain, Scotland, and France had led to increased taxations. A rebellion soon broke out. The people, refusing to pay the poll-tax, rose in Essex under the leadership of a priest. At Dartford, Wat, a tyler, beat out the brains of a tax-collector who had insulted his daughter. Kent rose to a man, took Rochester, and massed together at Maidstone. In a few days a hundred thousand men, armed with clubs, goads, bills, and bows, moved forward over Blackheath to London. After sacking Lambeth Palace and destroying Newgate, they rushed from their bivouacs at Mile-end and on Tower-hill upon the Savoy, June the 13th, 1381. The insurgents' claims were reasonable: Wat demanded the abolition of slavery; the reduction of land-tax fourpence an acre; and the free liberty of buying and selling in all fairs and markets.

The Duke was on the Borders parleying with the Scots; Wat Tyler ordered no one to plunder on pain of death. Froissart describes the onslaught of fire and sword. The storming-party tore down the hangings, beat up the gold and silver plate, pounded the jewels in mortars and threw the dust into the Thames. A man seen to slip a silver cup into his doublet was thrown into the fire. Thirty-two of the rioters perished in the cellars. In the height of the storm some barrels, supposed to be money, were rolled into the blazing hall. They contained powder, and instantly exploded, killing many men, shaking down several houses, and reducing John of Gaunt's palace to a ruin. This was on the 13th; on the 15th a sudden blow from the sword or dagger of Lord Mayor Walworth slew Wat Tyler. Old John of Gaunt died, as Shakespeare has described, at the Bishop of Ely's palace in Holborn, and on his death the wilful young King seized on all his lands, rents, palaces, and revenues. The palace remained a waste till Henry VI., always fond of monastic endowments, founded a hospital here for a hundred poor almsmen; and Henry VIII. completed the building.

The subsequent history of the Savoy does not enter into our plan; nothing short of palaces forming part of our scheme. The place became a barrack and a deserters' prison, and was pulled down when Waterloo Bridge required clearings westward. The clandestine marriages in the Savoy chapel were put down, partly by Garrick's efforts against Tate Wilkinson's father, the then minister.

BRIDEWELL.

The old palace of Bridewell, which extended nearly (Mr. Timbs tells us) from Fleet-street to the Thames on the west side of Blackfriars, was founded upon an old Roman site on which the Saxon kings had also built. The Norman kings took possession in their turn of the favoured spot, and Henry I. rebuilt the palace, then an ancient building; in 1847, in excavating the site of the far-famed Cogers' Hall in Bride-lane, a vault was found, together with some Norman pellet-moulding, a bull of Pope Nicholas V., and some early pottery, glass, and tiles, which it is most probable that indefatigable London antiquarian, Mr. Roach Smith, instantly secured, and which it is almost equally certain the British Museum disregarded.

This palace afterwards came into possession of Cardinal Wolsey, whose pride and rapacity nothing could satiate. When he fell, thanks chiefly to Anne Boleyn, who always held the proud Cardinal as her enemy, the palace again reverted to the crown. It was here that our cruel Sultan, Henry VIII., eager for church-lands and church-plate, summoned all the angry and frightened heads of religious houses to acknowledge his supremacy. In 1522 Henry rebuilt the palace, which stood on the site of the Castle of Montfiquet, making it stately and beautiful, and calling it Bridewell, from the well of St. Bride's, which was adjacent. It was intended for the reception of that great ruler Charles V.; but only his

suite were lodged here, as the Emperor himself preferred the monastery of the Blackfriars, with its walled precincts, as more suitable to Spanish gravity and Flemish stateliness. A temporary bridge was therefore thrown across the Fleet, which passed through the city-wall and communicated with the palace. - In 1528 Henry VIII., then lodging at the Bridewell Palace, summoned all his nobles, judges, and counsellors to meet Cardinal Campeius and the Cardinal of York in the great chamber to hear a speech of the King's touching his marriage with Katharine of Arragon. While the Pope was considering whether this alliance could be tolerated, Henry and the ill-starred and tormented lady of Spain lived here. Subsequently the despot, perhaps associating the palace with a severe wife of whom he had grown tired, took a dislike to the place, and left it to go westward. Shakespeare, whose first theatre was just across the road in Blackfriars, and who lived near Playhouse-yard, must have often had these scenes in his mind as he wandered past the old palace, then transformed into a prison for vagrants. When the monasteries were suppressed, Bishop Ridley (afterwards the martyr) begged the "wide, large, empty house" of Edward VI., and that babe of grace, who founded St. Thomas's Hospital, had given Bridewell to the City only ten days before his death. Queen Mary confirmed the grant, and endowed the new prison with part of the revenues of the Savoy. The hospital, almost entirely destroyed by the Great Fire, was rebuilt in two quadrangles. The present hall is old, but the prisons and chapel have been built in the present century. There is an interesting Holbein in the hall, and a clever cartoon of "The Good Samaritan" by Dadd, the young artist who went mad and murdered his father. Hogarth has introduced a view of the interior of the prison in one of his pictures.

WHITEHALL.

Whitehall was originally called York-place, and obtained its name from being the town-residence of the Archbishops of York, one of whom had in 1248 purchased it from the convent of Blackfriars in Holborn, who afterwards removed to the banks of the Fleet. It had been bequeathed the sable friars by Hubert de Burgh, the justiciary of England, in the reign of Henry III. On Wolsey's fall that broken-hearted man, who had not served his God as well as he had served his King, left York-place in his barge for Esher. The Ahab who then came into possession gave the new palace the name of Whitehall. Shakespeare in his *Henry VIII.* (if indeed the play is his at all) alludes to this change of names. The King and Anne Boleyn were married here in a garret, and here their coronation took place. In 1539 Henry reviewed fifteen thousand armed citizens from a stone gallery at Whitehall, and from the same balcony used with his lords and ladies to witness the jousts and tournaments in the tilt-yard, now the Horse Guards. This same tyrant also added largely to the old archiepiscopal palace—building a tennis-court, and

laying out bowling-alleys, a cockpit, and an orchard. These additions were seven years in building. A public thoroughfare from Charing Cross to Westminster penetrated the palace, and was crossed by two fortified gates—Whitehall-gate and King-street-gate. The perpetual procession of funerals to St. Margaret's so vexed the impatient Bluebeard, that he erected a cemetery on the north side of Whitehall in St. Martin's-in-the-fields. James I. intended to rebuild the palace, and Inigo Jones designed a new Whitehall six times as large as any palace at present existing in London. But the people grew less patient of taxation, and James never carried out his intention. Charles, equally wanting money, perhaps hoped to carry out his plans piecemeal, for he built the present banqueting-house in 1622, the old one having been burnt down in 1618-19. It cost 14,940*l*. Rubens came over (it is said with Jordaens) to paint for 3000*l*. on the ceiling the apotheosis of James I.—a worthy subject for the flatterer of Mary de' Medicis. Vandyke was to have designed a history of the Order of the Garter on the side-walls, but the war prevented this. Within, over the principal entrance, there is a bronze bust of James I., it is said by that Le Sueur to whom we owe the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross.

In 1691 there was a great fire at Whitehall, which burnt down the Long Gallery and the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth. The fire originated in the slovenly carelessness of a maid-servant, who, having to take a candle from a new pound, burnt it instead of cutting it off, and then threw the candles aside with the wicks still smouldering.

In 1697-8 the rest of the palace was destroyed by the carelessness of a Dutch servant, who had left a screen of linen drying before the fire in Colonel Stanley's lodgings. The fire burnt seventeen hours. William III. often talked of rebuilding the palace, but his foreign wars occupied him and swallowed up his money, and he never did so. Vanbrugh, the architect and dramatist, built a house out of the ruins, which Swift ridiculed with bitter virulence. Holbein-gate was taken down in 1759, to make room for Parliament-street. The butcher-duke of Cumberland had every identical brick removed to Windsor, wishing to reërect the old gate at the end of the Long Walk. Three of the terracotta medallions (probably the work of John de Maiano) are at Hatfield Peverell in Essex, and two at Hampton Court. The banqueting-house was converted into a chapel, but not consecrated, in the reign of George I. Here every Maundy Thursday (day before Good Friday) the Queen's alms are distributed to poor aged men and women. The southern boundary of the palace was Canon-row; the northern, Scotland-yard. Pepys, in his frequent mention of Whitehall Palace, enumerates Henry VIII.'s Gallery, the Brandon Gallery, the Matted Gallery, the Shield Gallery, the Stone Gallery, and the Vane Room. In the Matted Gallery was a ceiling by Holbein. In the Adam and Eve Gallery stood the quaint stiff picture of our first parents by Mabuse, now at Hampton Court. In the *Privy Chamber* there were pictures by Holbein of Henry VII.

and his son Henry VIII., with their queens ; on another wall there was a Dance of Death by Holbein ; in the bedchamber of Charles II. were scenes in the life of that gracious monarch, with an especial representation by Wright of that providential deliverance in the Boscobel oak-tree which preserved the noble specimen of divine right to spread peace and happiness through England, Ireland, and Scotland, to reestablish the reign of virtue and to diffuse true religion over a grateful country.

The execution of that faithless, weak, and promise-breaking King, Charles I., was the greatest tragedy that Whitehall ever witnessed, and it took place in front of the banqueting-house, the building still existing. The unhappy King spent his last night at St. James's, and enjoyed a sound sleep of more than four hours. There had been a wax-light burning in the room in a silver basin, and about two hours before day-break the King drew aside the curtains of his attendant's bed, and seeing him disturbed in his sleep, awoke him. Herbert had dreamt that he saw Archbishop Laud enter the room, confer with the King, leave, heaving a sigh, and then swoon.

"It is very remarkable," said Charles; "but he is dead; yet had we conferred together in life, 'tis very likely (albeit I loved him well), I should have said something to him might have occasioned his sigh."

Charles dressed himself with unusual care, and it being cold (30th January) he put on a second shirt.

About ten o'clock Colonel Hacker tapped softly at the chamber-door to say they were ready. Herbert turned pale at this, his voice faltered, and he could hardly open the door. Charles walked through the Park erect and very fast, Bishop Juxon on one side and Colonel Tomlinson on the other. He was followed by a company of halberdiers and a few of his own gentlemen and servants bareheaded. In the Park several companies of foot were drawn up, drums beating and colours flying ; but there was no shouting or vituperation: all were silent as the grave. Arriving at Whitehall, Charles passed through the Long Gallery into his own old cabinet chamber. There he was detained, as the scaffold was not quite ready. Two or three dishes of meat had been prepared for the King's dinner. He refused to touch them after having taken the sacrament ; but the Bishop reasoned with him, that having long fasted and the weather being sharp, he might grow faint upon the scaffold. The King then yielded, and about noon drank a glass of claret and ate half a manchet (roll) of bread. The rest of his time he spent in prayer with the Bishop.

"Now let the *rogues* come," he said, as he rose from his knees ; "I have heartily forgiven them, and am prepared for all I undergo."

On Colonel Hacker's coming to the chamber-door to summon him, he passed with Hacker, Juxon, and Tomlinson through the banqueting-house window (or a hole broken in the wall of a low building to the north of it; it is disputed which) to the scaffold, which was hung with black, the floor also being black. Companies of foot and horse sur-

rounded Whitehall on every side, and beyond stretched a great sea of anxious upturned faces. Many cavaliers were praying for the misguided gentleman, and the Puritan soldiers, grave and silent, did not rebuke or chide any of them.

Charles, fixing his eye earnestly on the block, asked Colonel Hacker if there was no place higher, and then began addressing the gentlemen on the scaffold. He said he felt it to be his duty as an honest man, good king, and good Christian to declare his innocency; and he called God to witness that he never did begin a war with the two Houses of Parliament, but they had begun it upon him by claiming the militia. He regretted having given his consent to the unjust sentence upon Strafford, and he appealed to Dr. Juxon that he had forgiven all who had caused his death; but he told them that they would never have peace, and God would never prosper them, until they gave his son and successor his due. Lastly, true to his old false doctrine which the age had run its sword through for ever, he assured those within hearing that *the people ought never to have a share in the government, that being a thing nothing pertaining to them*; and that he died a martyr of the people. He then, at Juxon's suggestion, declared that he died a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England. He several times cautioned his gentleman not to blunt the axe. To Colonel Hacker he said, "Take care that they do not put me to pain." Two men in disguises and masks stood by the block; one of these was said to be Brandon, a private soldier, and the other Colonel Joyce. Charles said to them: "I shall say but a very short prayer, and then thrust out my hands for the signal." He now put on his nightcap, and, with the help of the Bishop and the headsman, tucked his long hair under the cap. His eye was as quick and lively as usual, and he was as calm and majestic as when entering the banqueting-house on a masque-night.

The King to Juxon: "I have a good cause and a gracious God in my sight."

Juxon. "You have now" (we give the conversation in full) "but one stage more; the stage is turbulent and troublesome. It will soon carry you a very great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven."

Charles. "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be."

Juxon. "You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown—a good exchange."

The King drew off his cloak, and gave his George to the Bishop with the one mysterious word "Remember;" then stooped, laid his neck on the block, and stretched out his hands. The man in the mask raised his axe, swung it with full force, and the King's head rolled off upon the black carpet. The second executioner then held up the dripping head, and shouted, "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep groan of pity and horror arose from the crowd.

A pearl ear-ring was afterwards taken from the King's ear. From

the quiet burial at Windsor taking place in snowy weather, and the snow covering the pall, the King afterwards went among many of his admirers by the name of "the White King." The George which the King gave the faithful Bishop contained a portrait of Charles's mischievous wife Henrietta Maria, who was generally believed to have been already unfaithful to him, and who soon after the execution married Jermyn, her lover.

BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

This bygone palace stood immediately below St. Paul's, and on the banks of the Thames, to the east of Montfiquet Castle, a tower which derived its name from one of the rapacious Norman barons who followed the standard of William the Conqueror. Its neighbour borrowed its appellation from Baynard, another swordsman in the same hungry army. The fortress on the Thames side was forfeited by the founder or some treasonable descendant in 1111, and granted to Robert Fitzgerald, the son of Gilbert earl of Clare, whose family kept their gauntleted grip on it for three centuries. In 1428, having lapsed again to the crown, probably by treason, it was accidentally burnt, but the site was soon after granted by Henry V. to Humphrey duke of Gloucester. In 1447 the marriage of that weak and irresolute young King, Henry VI. (then only twenty-four), with Margaret of Anjou, the beautiful and high-spirited daughter of René count of Provence, had thrown the power almost entirely into the hands of the ambitious Cardinal Beaufort, the great promoter of the marriage, and the young King's uncle and favourite counsellor. In 1447, the second year of her marriage, the King and Queen called their parliament together at Bury, and, as if apprehensive of treason, summoned the commonalty of Suffolk to attend them, armed with bills and bows. The second day of the session the royal wrath fell like a thunderbolt on Duke Humphrey, who was arrested by John viscount Beaumont, the Queen's seneschal. The Cardinal had at last struck the blow that revenged six-and-twenty years of hatred. State prisoners are apt to fall sick, and in seventeen days after his arrest the Duke of Gloucester was found dead in his bed. Some said he was murdered; but his body, produced in both Houses of Parliament, and exposed to public view for several days, showed no wound. The Cardinal followed his enemy to the grave within a few weeks. There is no reason, ambitious and daring as Margaret was, to connect her with the removal of Duke Humphrey. On the attainder of Humphrey, Castle Baynard passed into the hands of Richard duke of York; and here it was that that desperate and evil spirit at first refused the crown when his unlucky confederate, Stafford duke of Buckingham, offered it him at the head of the Corporation of London. Baynard's Castle remained the hunchback usurper's till that day when he was struck off his horse at the foot of the Leicestershire hill near Aymon Lays, and his crown was *cast into a hawthorn-bush*. In the reign of Elizabeth the Earls of Pem-

broke became tenants-at-will of the old castle; and here in 1641 Philip earl of Pembroke and Montgomery was installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. His second Countess, the proud "Anne Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery," resided at Baynard's Castle while her husband lived at the cockpit at Whitehall, to be nearer the court round which his fortunes revolved. She described it in her memoirs as "a house full of riches, and more secure by my lying there." The month after his restoration, King Charles II. went to supper at Baynard Castle, which was soon afterwards swept away in the red deluge of the Great Fire.

CROSBY HALL.

Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street—formerly a literary institution, now we believe feeding the body more than the mind, in the shape of a co-operative dining-room—was built by Sir John Crosby in 1466. It is a fine perpendicular building, and as a specimen of well-preserved domestic architecture is only equalled by the celebrated Hall of John Halle at Salisbury—a merchant's house of the fifteenth century or a little later. Sir John Crosby was a rich grocer and woolstapler, and bought the land of the Prioress of St. Helen's. He was sheriff and alderman in 1470, he was knighted by Edward IV. in 1471, and after a brief tenure of his stately house—the highest at that time, Stow says, in London—died in 1475. The house is immortalised by Shakespeare, who frequently mentions it in his *Richard III.* When the usurper is suing for the love of Anne of Warwick, after the murder of her young husband at Tewkesbury, and the death (probably murder) of her husband's father, Henry VI., the wretch, who had discovered the Princess disguised as a cook-maid in some humble citizen's family, says to the weeping lady in one of the few repulsive and unnatural scenes that Shakespeare wrote :

"That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place."

Now Shakespeare's father had been a soldier of Henry VII.'s, and his historical facts in this play are less erroneous than those in *Henry VI.*, where he mixes up Jack Cade's deeds with Wat Tyler's, and makes Margaret of Anjou (then a child) effect the ruin of the persecuted Duchess of Gloucester. It is to Crosby-place Richard III. bids the murderers of Clarence come for their reward. In 1542 King Henry VIII., who gave away palaces and manors as lavishly as if they had been comfits, bestowed Crosby Hall on Antony Bonvice (Bonofacio), an Italian merchant; and in 1576 Alderman Bond, the then tenant, added to it a Belvidere turret.

TYRO

- O RIVER, shining River, winding River, golden River!
Swift rushest thou by mead and wood;
The sunbeams follow with thy flood,
The winds are songs to soothe thy rest,
The stars are gems to deck thy breast,
And Earth was only made to be
A cradle, holy Stream, for thee.
- O River, trackless River, changeful River, endless River!
I wander on thy sedgy bank,
Where the dark reeds grow tall and rank,
Waiting that mystic hour when he,
Thy god, thyself, shall come to me,
And we again, linked hand in hand,
Above thy starlit deep shall stand.
- O River, wondrous River, magic River, sacred River!
What is this god who holds my soul
Resistless 'gainst his sweet control?
His breath is fiercer than thy breath,
His grasp is strong as love and death,
And with his kiss there comes to me
The odour of the barren sea.
- O River, fatal River, darkling River, deadly River!
Since I have seen his godlike face,
I grow to hate my mortal race;
Since I have leaned upon his breast,
I taste no more soft sleep or rest:
All life is melted into this,
The bitter-sweet of his salt kiss.
- O River, sighing River, moaning River, wailing River!
Dark are my dreams of coming days;
Dimly I see the hideous ways
That lie before these weary feet,
The dreadful noontide's tropic heat,
The lonely night, the galling chain,
A cycle of despair and pain.
- O River, dancing River, gleaming River, joyous River!
Love keeps no count of days to come;
Love knows no fear of death and doom;
And while above thy deep I stand,
My hand locked fast in his strong hand,
And on my brow his salt-sea breath,
What heed have I of doom or death!



mpson, del.

Pannemaker, sc.

24

25

26

ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MISS TABITHA TRENOODLE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIDDLE-A-WINK," "MILDRED'S WEDDING," ETC.

DID you ever drive a cow to pound?

No, of course not.

Did your mother ever drive a cow to pound? or your wife?

Of course not, again.

Well, *I* have. I, Tabitha Trenoodle, of Tregawk, spinster, drove a large brindled knot cow to pound. And since I am neither first cousin to Mrs. Squeamish, nor first toady to Mrs. Grundy, I see no reason whatever why I should deny the fact.

Perhaps up in England folks mayn't know what a knot cow is, I have heard there's a good deal of ignorance in London; and people at the West-end can scarcely tell a mabyer from a mugget.* Well, a knot cow is a cow without horns, having a little knot or knob on the head instead of those appendages. If that brindle had had horns, I don't think—well, yes, I'll confess it—I don't think I should have driven her to pound.

I object to horns. They have an ugly look; and they give me a sort of a ripping feeling, highly unpleasant, in my backbone. Moreover, they make me say over to myself all the "ifs" and "ands" in the alphabet.

"If that beast knew his strength, and just took it into his head"—then a cold shiver, and I feel very glad I'm walking a long way behind the creature's tail.

In another minute I'm conjugating "ifs" again, because the animal has turned and looked me mildly in the face.

"If he means mischief now by that look, and—" I catch up my long dress, and wonder, after a good run, whether I could take the next hedge at a flying leap. Then I begin thinking if I could climb a tree, or if a woman ever has climbed a tree, since Eve, without any impediments, clambered to a top branch after that unfortunate apple. That's how I go on, if ever I'm near a horned creature. So, in towns I dash into shops out of the way of horns; and in the country I tear off at full speed, with an imaginary horn in my back, all the way till I drop. As a child, I ran from a horned snail, and a stag's-horn beetle I once took for a small devil, out for a walk without his nurse-maid.

I've got a little meadow at Tregawk. I'm rather proud of it, be-

* *Mabyer*, a fowl; *mugget*, a calf's tripe.

cause it's the best land and grows the best grass for miles round. The granite doesn't show up through the soil in ever so many places once, as it does elsewhere in the parish.

Now when a person has got a meadow with good grass in it, a person doesn't like the grass to be eaten up night after night, no one knows how. At least, I don't. My maid suggested:

"Evul sperruts."

I said, "Stuff! Evil spirits don't eat grass: they devour men." Then she said: "Veers."

Now I believe Veer is a grand name in England; and I have heard of a Lady Clara Veer de Veer who cut somebody's throat in a garden way, and wasn't found out. But with us veers are little pigs; in some parishes heifers are called veers too. So you see it is such a noble name with us, that I was going to be startled at the idea of a veer eating up my grass.

"No signs of 'em," I answered. "Nothing nuzzled up."

"Nebuchadnezzar," said my maid.

"Nonsense! He's dead and gone these hundred years."

"Not him. Her—the passon's wife."

This seems ridiculous. But it was not, because that poor hoot maniac fancied herself Nebuchadnezzar; and she was always trying to get out and eat grass. She took to calling herself the King of Babylon at first through fun, because of the herb-pies she ate in Cornwall, and because her husband's name was Daniel. Then getting a little wild,—through loneliness, as she chose to say,—stuck to her fancy. In fact, it got to be what the doctors call a fixed idea—though where fixed, or how, I can't say.

"My dear Miss Trenoodle," she used to say to me at times, "you think there are any cabs and omnibuses up in London still? I should like to see 'em," she said. "I should like to hear 'em."

"Then you'd like to hear a great row," I answered. "And the pleasure there can be in seeing a heap of tired horses and fagged and rattling vehicles pooting about and twisting in and out among the wheels and down like angle-twitches in the mud, is more than a rational being can understand. I should go crazy amongst 'em, and feel like a lunatic in an asylum in my head, with the keys lost, and the doctor of the lunatic asylum blishment intoxicated—that's how I should feel in London."

"That's just how I feel down here," she said sighing dismally.

"Then why did you come?" I asked quite snappishly. "Why did you marry a cabman, and live in the Tower?"

"Daniel," she said shaking her head—"Daniel. That's what he came. But I didn't know what he was bringing me to. No parties and society; parsley pies, and the sea on both sides of me, and a bass and two fiddles in the church."

"Why not two fiddles, or three, or six, if we could get 'em?"

"Why not?" she cried, staring at me as hard as a goose at Mic

nas—"Why not? O dear me, I can't tell you! I'm going away now to teach my canaries German. I'm very busy. They'll sing in German soon. Why not?"

I saw it was of no use talking to a fool, so I departed.

I have no doubt she fancied Daniel was going to bring down by rail, for her especial accommodation, a few slices of London streets, cabs and all, with a dozen miles or so of fog—for sky nobody can call it—full of bad air and dirt, and other creatures wandering promiscuous up and down the roofs and throats of human beings, who ought to be drinking fresh air and eating fresh vegetables, which are too dear for any lady's pocket, leave alone being cag-magged about at greengrocers, which is a name for gardeners I never heard till I got to London.

Of course after this long explanation, you'll understand I was not surprised, when my maid Temper—Temperance is her right name—suggested that the parson's wife ate my grass.

"She is capable," I observed; "so I'll watch."

Accordingly that night I make Temper bring down into the fields the small kitchen table and a big stool, and by aid of these I clamber pretty high into a tree, where I sit perched like Charles the Second in a crinoline. Temper stayed with me till nearly dark, and brought me my tea out there, as I had got into the tree quite early, thinking it wise to be in time. She had to climb to the top of the table to hand me the cups, and I found it rather novel, though a sofa cushion on the ranch might have improved the situation.

When it grew dusk I made Temper leave, lugging the table with her of course, lest it should attract Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar's attention. I screamed after her for a cushion, but she did not hear me.

After nightfall, I thought of Charles the Second, and Robinson Crusoe, and Prince Absalom, till I didn't know which was which, or whether I was one or the other of them. Then cramp came on for want of that cushion, after that the shivers, then the cramp again. And my limbs took a kind of spontaneous locomotion, and wouldn't stay in my place where I put 'em. I was just thinking that African travellers told awful stories, about sleeping up trees with snakes and things, when suddenly I heard steps.

"No! it can't be!" I said, bumping myself frightfully, forgetting my sofa cushion was at home. "Surely she won't carry out her ideas of Nebuchadnezzar as far as this, in my meadow too, to eat grass! Poor thing! Herb-pies indeed! Herb-pies are not grass; it's a judgment on her for despising good victuals."

Harder steps, thick bootish steps, lumpy, then the gate swings, and I see coming into my field a big cow, with a man behind her! As the gate swings to and fro, and at last shuts, the man stays outside it, and leaning on the top rail he grins. I saw his grin in the moonlight quite plainly, a very plain grin it was, and if the skirt of my dress had not

been caught in a great hooked branch, I believe I should have sprung down on him and astonished him. But I had got up into the tree with the help of a stool and a table, and these being gone, I saw my coming down again was an impossible thing. In fact, it was a point Temper and I hadn't considered.

This was nice, certainly. A woman perched up a tree with the cramp in every part of her body except her head, and her gown hooked up somehow, but how and where she can't screw her eyes round to see and remedy!

Nice, certainly! Worse, it was aggravating and awful, because here's a man grinning on a gate, who may look up at any minute, and see her. However, the situation has to be borne, so I watch grimly, and wonder what's coming next.

This is what came next. The cow ate my grass. Chop, chop, munch, munch, chow, chow, as plain as a pikestaff, while the man, grinning like a Cheshire cat, called out in a clear voice:

"Go it, Brindle! Make a good meal, old girl! Miss Tab is greener than her own grass; she won't find us out yet awhile."

Upon that, and whistling to himself the old Fadé tune, which they play at Helston on the 8th May, when the mayor dances through the streets, he walked off, while the cow positively made herself at home, and lay down on my grass as comfortable as you please.

I was speechless. I was frantic. I propped myself against a branch and tore at my gown till it was all out of the gathers, and hung in lerrups.* Still that horrid hook wouldn't give way. Then I tried to be patient. I shut my eyes, and told myself I had *not* got the cramp, and a branch was not grazing my back, and a knob was not boring a hole in my shoulder, and I was very comfortable, and better off than Robinson Crusoe, or a Casual.

But it wouldn't do. My limbs got dead, and didn't belong to me. They might have been the cow's legs, or the legs of the kitchen-table, for anything I knew about them.

"Good gracious!" I said. "Where's that girl Temper? Why doesn't she come and get me down? Why didn't I think about the getting down before I got up? No, Temper won't come. I remember now I ordered her not to show her nose here for the world. I was to run in and tell her when Nebuchadnezzar came. Run and tell her! I wish I could. I shall never run again; my legs are gone. Where were my wits when I got up this tree? O Tabitha! Tabitha! I never knew you were such a fool!"

A cold perspiration broke over me when I thought of Temper dozing by the kitchen fire, in tranquil unsolicitude, awaiting my return. No uneasy thoughts about me would rouse her. O no! nothing would but a red-hot cinder thrown at her nose, and that cinder I hadn't got to throw.

* Lerrups, Cornish for "rags."

"Mercy alive!" I groaned; "I shall be here all night. I shall be here till next week. I shall be here for ever. I shall be a few bleached bones up a tree, when the end of the world comes. What o'clock is it? It's midnight. It's three o'clock to-morrow morning. It will be daylight soon, and that horrid man will be here for his cow. What shall I do? I shall have to forgive him. I shall have to scream out to him to take pity on me, and get me down. He'll stare. He'll grin. He'll triumph. I shall go out of my mind. No; I'll never bear it. I won't. I'll do something desperate. I'll get all my things off, and come down from this tree like Eve went up. No, I can't. My hands are too cramped with holding on to this branch, this evil branch. This is a bad tree; this is the worst of trees; this is the very tree that Satan put his forked tail around. O, how did I get hooked in this forked branch? This is the hook that could not take Leviathan, but it has taken me—me, an innocent spinster, who never did any harm. I am going mad! I am certain of it. I shall howl soon. I'm a worse maniac than the parson's wife. Look at that diabolical cow, how she eats to aggravate me! I'll be revenged on her. I'll be revenged on her master. I won't stay here like a scarecrow, pinned up in a tree by the wings. I'll come down. I'll smash all my bones but what I'll come down."

True to my word, I tore, I pulled, I gasped, I made a desperate spring. I got my head and the tips of my fingers to the ground; but my wretched feet were lodged among the birds'-nests. In this dreadful position I hung so long, that I thought my head was bursting, and balls of fire ran along the ground out of my eyes.

"Jerusalem!" I cried, "here's that emperor come to life, who turned heathen, and took to building. He's me. No, he isn't. I'm Absolom, only my cap ought to be where my shoes are. I'm turned upside down, and my ideas are confused. There's a lucifer-match manufactory in my head. That's it. That's the fire. I shall be in flames soon. There are a hundred thousand pins and needles in me, and I'm sprouting all over with acorns. My nose is taking root. I feel it.

At last the cow, like the animal that swallowed Tom Thumb, began to think there was something uncomfortable going on somewhere. And she positively came up and sniffed all round the tree. What I felt when that cow put her nose against my foot I can never express. If she had had horns, I should have died. As it was, her sniffing at me was so horribly unpleasant, that I made a frantic effort, and down I came sprawling on the grass, while the cow ran off with her tail in the air bellowing like a scared demon. I rushed home in such horrible indignation, that the ground flew and fired as I went. I seized Temper by the arm, and woke her up boiling. She screamed, and stood goggling* for gapes, like an owl with his eyes out.

"What have you done to your nose, ma'am?" she cried.

* To stand amazed.

"My nose? Nothing. It's only a sting-nettle."

Then I sat down and told Temper all that had happened.

"And now," I concluded, "I mean to have revenge on that man and on that cow. Who is he?"

"Have he goet a noase like a kittle-spout, and eyes looking two ways for Sunday?" asked Temper.

"Yes, he has—the beast!"

"Then it's Uncle Nat Treloob, as sure as I am a sinner. You bet! And narra spell of work do he ever lay his ten talons to from wamm year's end to t'other, the lazy lutter-pouch!"*

"I'll give him something to do to-morrow. He shall go cow-hunting. I hope he'll tear up and down the county from Saltash to Breage. Temper, we must get a boy to drive that cow to pound, and hold his tongue."

"There's narra boy to do et. It's three miles to the pound. And a graet bucha, like a black dog, seed on the moor aunly laest week."

"Uncle Dick, the Gunner, my grandfather's boy, will go."

He was called the Gunner because he was blind of one eye, which he kept shut.

"Thic clogging† toad!" said Temper. "He'd make a fine coose of et, sure 'nuff. Dot and go one for six miles, th' wisht ould drumble-drane!"‡

"He's spry enough, is Uncle Dick; he'll do it."

"Lor, ma'am, arr'y mazed? And there's lashes of rain coming on; it's fine and slottery.§ Uncle Dick can no more stompey through Clidgy-lane, and over Gallish-moor, than he can fly in his gashly auld green breeches to heaven."

"Then I'll go myself," I said very composedly. And I did go.

I went down to my meadow, and drove out that burglarious cow, leaving the gate open, that her thieving owner might be unsettled in his mind, and fly hither and thither after his strayed property. Then through Clidgy-lane—so called because the mud in it is sticky as treacle—and all along the dismal moor, Temper and I followed that fiendish brindle with all the spirit we could muster. Once we nearly drove her down a shaft. If Temper hadn't pulled her back by the tail, she would have gone in stam bang, and have disappeared for ever. I turned cold. I felt like a murderer. I began to repent. The beast was not to blame, and the driving of the innocent creature into that snare called a pound troubled my conscience. Especially as the rain came down upon us, as if the cow was going straight into the ark, and there wasn't much time to get there.

Not that the cow cared. O dear, no! She grazed, and stood still when she liked, which was mighty often. I pushed, and poked, and slapped her on the back with my handkerchief—with a knot in it—but that didn't improve the pace a bit.

* A lout.

† Lame.

‡ Drone.

§ Slippery.

"I know how it is," said Temper; "this cow has been used to swearing. Uncle Nat cusses awful."

"Hi! Hip, hip! Gee up! Hi!"

The only reply to this was a sudden whop from the cow's tail, and the sound of munching.

"Go it, Brindle!" I cried, remembering I had heard these words from her master.

She did go it; but then it was only into the grass by the wayside.

"Have you got a knife, ma'am? If we cut down a stick, I reckon we shall get along better."

No, I hadn't a knife. I had a thimble, a bodkin, and a small pair of scissors, in a morocco case. They wouldn't cut sticks.

Hi! Gee! G'long! Yi!

No movement except of the tail and jaws.

"Would you mind swearing a bit, Temper?" I asked pleadingly.

"No, missus, really I can't. I was converted only three weeks ago at the Revival, and I couldn't swear so soon. I durstn't, ma'am, indeed!"

"Then, confound the cow, and you too!" I cried. "I'll do it myself!"

And I did. Such awful stuff I never spoke before nor since. Mrs. Squeamish would have dropped. And I must say, the next Sunday in church, when Mr. Daniel read in the Epistle, "Swear not at all," I thought it very rude on his part to look at me as he did. "Ah!" I said to myself, "I should like to see you drive a cow to pound, I should."

She went now, like the wind. If she stopped a bit, I tried Uncle Nat Treloob's receipt again—reluctantly and to Temper's horror—but there was no help for it.

One o'clock in the morning; and here's the farm and the pound.

"Now, Temper," I said, "I've done all the swearing, and the hardest part of the work: it is time I retired into the background, and pushed you forward. Go and wake up the farmer's man—you understand these folks better than I—and hand over the cow into his charge. Take care you don't wake the bull-dog instead (there was a terrible wild beast at this farm of that species); he might break his chain and kill us."

Delivering the cow's tail into Temper's hand, I retired to the shelter of a moor stone, put over the mouth of an old shaft near; and there I waited the result calmly. Apparently the farmer's man was hard to rouse, for I heard screams and bellows and shouts enough to waken all the bulls of Bashan. However, I remained tranquil and serene, feeling I had done my duty. At last, through the glimmering moonlight, Temper came running breathless.

"It's all right, m'm! The man was sleepy as a owl. He came to me with his eyes as fast as a biled pig's; but he'll see to it, he says."

He's a imperent gaukum!* He axed where the young man was who drove the cow—in coorse, I couldn't say you was the young man—and he grinned like a dog in a hoss collar. Lor-a-mussy me! here's lashings and pourings of rain! We shall be in a fitty shaape by the time we've fatched hoam. Don't-ee quat† there, m'm, no longer, please, I'm feared of my life as it is, and I'm as soaking wet as Noah's an' shoe!"

Evidently Temper was equal to her name to-night; so I refrained from reply.

Wet! It rained drowned cats and dogs, and spouting whales, and watering-pots and fire-engines, all the way, as we walked home. It was very lonesome; and, though I wouldn't own it, I felt horribly afraid. However, we met neither ghost, nor goblin, nor living man, either in going or returning; and wasn't revenge worth the trouble and the wetting?

When we reached the kitchen we looked like two shags who hadn't dried themselves for a year. I went to bed, and dreamt I was a cow floating about in Noah's ark, with my horns cut off and hanging over the kitchen chimney-piece, and a sting-nettle tied on to my nose for my dinner. When I saw my nose in the morning I didn't wonder at my dream, for it was as big as a ruta-bagur.‡

It went on raining cats and dogs all that day, together with watering-carts and hydraulic machines; and not being able to see the light-house through the mist, and the cheerful boy who took sights on the Island being invisible through the rain, I certainly felt a little lonely. However, about three o'clock satisfaction and good spirits arrived, in the shape of Uncle Nat Treloob, in a sack, with a hole cut for the eyes that looked two ways for Sunday and all ways for his cow.

He came up to my window, dripping, drenched, dismal. The sack came a little below his waist—it was a short wide one—haybale came up to his knees; his boots went squash on the gravel. He took off the sack and bowed. Then he clasped his hands and sighed.

"Well," I said, "who are you?"

"I'm Nat Treloob, ma'am; fust cousin to Uncle Dick the gunner, who was his honour your gran'fer's stable-boy well nigh 'pon fifty years."

"And what do you want, Uncle Nat Treloob?"

"Jist to ax how you are, Miss Tabitha. You are the pictur of his honour your grandfeyther, and there wadn't a better favoured man betwixt this and the king—no, not in no county."

"What do you want, Uncle Nat?"

"And you are the nat'ral-born image of your manther too, miss. And I mind she well, the day your feyther brought her hoam—prink! and pridy! she was, the raal lady, and prettier—"

I took up my work again, and went on stitching.

* Fool. † Sit. ‡ A Swedish turnip. § Well dressed. || Proud.

"Miss Tabitha, I'm sure you won't be wishing nobody ill, leastways poor man. You are the best of friends to the poor, and the kindest lady that ever rode in her aun coach, or aoft to, if you had your ights. And you've the best meadow in the parish, Miss Tabitha—ure you have."

"Nobody knows that better than you, Uncle Nat Treloob."

"It's boosting* work making good coose sich a day as this, Miss Tabitha. I'm in a cruel shaape weth tha wind and tha rain, and my heart 'most bruk about thic cow. And plase sure, Miss Tabitha, I tied her oop laest night 'pon tha common with a big balch;† and I dunno now she bruk loose. I'm afeard some pattic‡ left your gaate open, and she smelled the good grass. It's the fust time, Miss Tabitha, the very last, tha imperent ould thing ever thoft of getting into your croft. And ef you'll look over et this waunce, I'll coajer-end§ tha tail of her on to the pump. I will, plase sure, afore she shall do it again."

"Uncle Nat Treloob, I wonder at you! It's awful to hear an old man telling falsehoods."

"Miss Tabitha, I abbn't tould a stram|| never since I went to mitin-house twenty-nine year agone. Don'tee go now to taake away my good character, there's a dear lady. I've been tarving¶ and teering round arter thic polrumptuous** beast ever since five this blessed morning, and narra sup, nor porridge, nor crouset†† has gone enside my craw.‡‡ And I abbn't titch pipe§§ waunce by the way. You won't be hard, Miss Tabitha, on a ould man?—a ould man who seed you christened, and the pootiest babby you was as ere I looked upon in aal my born days; you won't be hard, Miss Tabitha?"

"Uncle Nat, you are a bad old rascal. I saw you put your cow in my field with my own eyes."

"Me! Plase, father, it wadn't me.—Miss Tabitha, I wouldn't be so unmannerly. Your eyes dedn't see right, miss."

"It was not you?"

"Narra bit of me, miss. Or, ef 'twas me, I was mazed, or the devil had hould of me. Plase sure, it wadn't me en my right mind, Miss Tabitha. I'd liefer the ould brindle went leary||| for a month than I'd help her steal a blade of your grass."

He was very wet; he looked very dismal. I gave way before his eloquence.

"Ah, well, Uncle Nat, your cow is in the pound; go and fetch her." But Uncle Nat gave no signs of stirring.

"There's a hunder weight of water a-top of me, and my lemps is wore out, miss; and I've been oop to tha pound a'ready, and Farmer Kunckey waient give oop tha cow without a guinea, and a line from you to say she may go."

* Labouring so as to sweat.

† Rope.

‡ Simpleton.

§ Cobbler's wax.

| Lie.

¶ Fuming.

** Restive.

†† Lunch.

‡‡ Stomach.

§§ To "touch pipe;" cease from work.

||| Leary; empty.

"A guinea!" I screamed through the wet window; "that's too much. I don't want you to pay for the grass. I'll write a line to the pound-keeper, and tell him to give you the cow."

Uncle Nat shook his head. "'Tis no good to carr' oop tha letter without the guinea, miss. I'm bedoled* and bruk down with grief to think of axing you fur a guinea. The piskies was in the cow, I bla', to taake her into your croft; but aal my cobshans† es aunly haafe a crown. Miss Tabitha, if you'll aunly forgive the auld cow, and let me have the guinea, I'll pay 'ee back every farden—fath and sure I will—honest as Job, I will. And ef you waient, Miss Tabitha, than me and my auld woman, who is totleish‡ and bedoled with rheumatism, must staarve outright. We shaan't have a croon or mossel to clunky,§ ef the cow goes. My auld missus lives on tha scal' milk."||

What could I do? I knew the old rascal was as poor as a coot. I knew his wife was childish and had the rheumatism.

I gave the guinea. Need I observe that it never came back to my pocket?

Temper and I always felt very doubtful about that guinea. We thought it extraordinary the farmer should make so high a charge for keeping that pickpocket of a cow a few hours in the pound. However, we dared make no inquiries about it, as that might have let out the fact that I had driven the beast there. And you see I didn't want to get laughed at in my own parish.

In about a year after this, I met Uncle Nat Treloob and his cow with a young calf.

"Well, Uncle Nat," I observed, "your cow has got a fine calf. What have you called her?"

"Dorcas, which, being interpreted, meaneth Tabitha," said the old sinner, taking off his hat, and passing on, with a droll expression in his pivot eye. And Dorcas that calf remains to this day. She is an old calf now; in fact, she isn't a calf at all, she is an elderly cow; and I always feel, when I see people grin over her name, that somehow I only came off second-best in the revenge I took on Uncle Nat Treloob.

* Stupefied with sorrow.

† Savings.

‡ Childish through old age.

§ Swallow.

|| Scald milk is the milk after the scald or clotted cream is skimmed off.



LITERATURE OF THE LINE

WHEN an Englishman is praised in a newspaper, he considers the author of the article an independent member of the Fourth Estate. When he is attacked, and finds himself without other resource in the way of reply, he usually consoles himself by stigmatising his critic as a penny-a-liner. The inconsistency is harmless, but in its latter exhibition involves two mistakes. In the first place, there is no such thing as a penny-a-liner, the humblest contributions to the press being paid for at a somewhat higher rate; and in the second place, the contributors who come under that popular designation do not write the articles in which opinions are expressed.

But the penny-a-liner—accepting the name as applied to the purveyor of miscellaneous news—is such an important person in connection with the daily journals, as supplying so much of their contents, that we need not wonder at his being taken by many for a representative man. And his peculiarities are such as we should be sorry to see excised from our broad-sheets; for they do no harm, and relieve us from a great deal of what would be very dry reading if presented to us in irreproachable literary form. The public generally, I am certain, like the liner, and will have him. Indeed, there is a notable instance of a high-class daily journal which started with the determination of pruning him down and reducing him to severe brevity of narration. The feature was found so unpopular that it was soon abandoned; and now we find our distinguished contemporary, not indeed giving the liner always at full length, but making considerable allowances for his partiality for particulars, and even to the characteristic mode in which he delights to set them forth. No doubt there are large classes of readers who do not care to inform themselves of such occurrences as he relates; but those who do, like to have his relations in something like their original form; otherwise they are never sure that they know all about the matter, whatever it may be. I doubt indeed if even such entertaining writers as the late Lord Macaulay or the present Mr. Charles Dickens would be acceptable in preference to the humble liner for the simple communication of such facts as those with which he has to deal. They would do very well for descriptive purposes as special correspondents; but that is quite another feature of journalism, and has “lining” characteristics of its own, in common with other kinds of literature, as we shall presently see.

The real original liner may be known at a glance. His style is formed from a combination of conditions. First, he has to make as

much as possible out of everything he has to say ; secondly, he must complete his communication in the shortest possible time ; and thirdly, as he professes merely to report, he must confine himself strictly to the matter in hand, the latter requirement being especially important, as indicating the good faith and authenticity of his performance. Thus it is that he often writes upon the scantiest information, and in his anxiety to present all possible facts to the reader, arranges them in such a manner as to give a whimsical character to the sense.

His talent for amplification is known to all newspaper-readers. His account of how the neighbourhood of such a place was thrown into a state of the utmost consternation and alarm by the report of so-and-so, "which upon inquiry made by our reporter turned out to be true in all essential respects, and may be thus briefly detailed," has been read hundreds of times. His "showers of frogs" and "enormous gooseberries" have become household words. His partiality for "the devouring element" and "the vital spark" has been noticed again and again. But a few of his whimsicalities will bear repetition. Thus, he has been known to say in a police-report :

"A respectable young woman, *evidently suffering from delirium tremens*, applied to the magistrate," &c.

And he has also recorded another application on the part of a person whom he describes in this way :

"An unprepossessing young woman, *but* carrying a baby in her arms, appeared before Mr. — under the following circumstances."

The word *but* is a great favourite with him. Thus we hear of "a handsomely-dressed female, but having a melancholy appearance;" "a respectable married woman, but having a black eye," &c. "Respectable married woman," by the way, is a phrase which has been probably forced upon his attention by persons of a class among whom both respectability and marriage are exceptions rather than the rule. To judge by the police-reports, one would suppose that a woman who has a husband must be *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Among instances of inconsequent statements may be mentioned the following, which appeared in most of the daily papers not long ago :

"Horrible calamity—three murders and a suicide prevented!"

Occasionally there are more evident mistakes. Thus we have seen:

"Shocking case of parricide—a child murdered by its mother."

The liner is very modest when alluding to his own craft. I remember reading, for instance, in the report of a trial at some sessions, how a prisoner just sentenced threw his heavy boots at the judge. "This desperate act," said the writer, "might have been attended with serious consequences, but fortunately the missiles *only struck a reporter*, so that no harm was done." Amiability generally is a characteristic of the craft. Some years ago the reporter of a suburban police-court was on such good terms with the authorities that it was not only "the worthy magistrate" and "the worthy clerk" in his reports, but "the

worthy prisoner" also. "Laughter, in which the worthy prisoner joined," was not an unfrequent parenthesis in his diurnal record of the doings of the court.

But it is in the intellectual process of tracing cause and effect that the liner appears perhaps in his most characteristic colours. There is a celebrated example in the account of a gentleman throwing himself over Waterloo Bridge. The paragraph concluded in these terms:

"No motive can be assigned for the rash act, the sum of seven-and-sixpence having been found on the body of the unfortunate deceased."

Happy liner, to know no grief that seven-and-sixpence could not assuage!

And talking of griefs, the liner, like other people, has of course his domestic afflictions. Surely it must be he who pens announcements like this, which sometimes appear in the papers:

"Died, on the — inst., — — —, Esq., at — —, where he had gone for the benefit of his health."

There is something like a sarcasm in the concluding part of the paragraph, which has the awkward effect of making the heartless reader laugh; and a similar effect is inevitably produced by an addition to an obituary notice which has been also seen:

"Friends will be pleased to accept this intimation."

But the liner, perhaps, is most great when pathetic. He was in great force in a sporting-paper not long since, his subject being the death of a once-popular prizefighter, who had kept a public-house. Of course we were assured that we could better have spared a better man, and that, taking him all in all, we ne'er should look upon his like again. These quotations were *de rigueur*. But the writer rose to originality when he spoke of the *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re* with which "the subject of this memoir" turned a drunken man from in front of the bar; and when he described the departed as having shuffled off his immortal coil he invaded the regions of the sublime.

There are, however, other persons who write in newspapers—and write books too—who share the liner's frailties. Do we never see signs of "the line" in the leading columns and criticisms of the one, and in the hotpressed pages of the other? Take the newspapers first. Among the original articles there are naturally not such exhibitions as those just noted; but they have equally strong characteristics in common, and mark the presence of analogous influences. There are certain stock characters, illustrations, and allusions—to say nothing of direct quotations—which are like literary watchwords, and show the line of country to be in the occupation of the same army.

Among the persons whom we continually find referred to is, first and foremost, "the general reader." This individual abstraction, to judge by the way things are made easy to him, must be the most ignorant and obtuse person on the face of the earth. For his information the best-known facts are repeated; for his comprehension the most

obvious matters are explained. He never seems supposed to read anything that he knew anything about before. It is always for the benefit of "the general reader," in fact, that we find everything old retailed. And the worst sign is, that he does not seem to get any better than he was. He is decidedly a man who wants looking after, and Mr. Lowe would do well to take him in hand.

But if "the general reader" knows nothing, there is another literary character who knows all. This is "the boy of ten." He was first made popular, I think, by Lord Macaulay, who seldom bullied a writer for an inaccuracy without telling him that any "boy of ten" would know better. Sometimes, when he wanted to be very contemptuous, it was an abstract "charity-boy of seven," and it was usually added, that either would be flogged for not knowing exactly that in which the author in review happened to fail. But the "boy of ten" is the favourite; and to judge by the way in which he is cited by writer after writer in the present day, upon every branch of human culture or inquiry, he must either be a preternaturally clever lad or get an awful amount of flogging.

Another type of whom we are continually hearing is "the average Englishman." He is always used as an embodiment, not of brilliant genius, but of wonderful good feeling, clear understanding, and calm courage, with a general power to go anywhere and do anything in an ordinary way. He also is held up as a reproach to people who fail, and does patriotic service as an example to the foreigner. It is to be hoped that he is not too flattering a portrait of the majority of his countrymen.

Surely there is a little of the "lining" element in all this; but there is still more in the stock illustrations which article-writers keep on hand for incidental purposes, and continue using year after year as if nobody had ever heard them before. Some of these are founded upon exploded delusions. Thus we are still informed now and then that nature abhors a vacuum, that Dr. Guillotine was killed by his own invention, and that butchers in England are not allowed to sit upon juries. Widely different as these assertions are in subject, they are somehow among the favourite allusions of every-day writers, and answer just as well, doubtless, as if they were true. We meet with other old friends, too, in every new publication. The sword of Damocles, for instance, is sure to be found faithfully to the fore—still imminently suspended, but in no danger of falling into disuse as a figure. Procrustes, too, is still making his bed, and promises to hold his own as a comparison in opposition to all comers. The alternative between Mahomet going to the mountain and the mountain going to Mahomet survived literary vicissitudes without end, and when last seen—only about last week—was looking as fresh as a daisy. And the same may be said of the coffin of the Prophet, suspended in mid-air, though the latter has certainly got into worse company of late than

was accustomed to keep in days of yore. It is wonderful, too, how well Cæsar's wife wears—she who must never be even suspected. You may meet with her at least three times a week in the periodical press. She must surely have visited some literary Madame Rachel, and discovered the secret of being beautiful for ever!

Classical quotations, it need scarcely be said, are usually of the liney, and there is every reason why they should be; for while it is very difficult for a writer to avoid the old ones—which crop up naturally for every possible emergency—he gets no credit for adopting anything new in that direction. Mr. Disraeli was once pleasant upon the late Sir Robert Peel for never introducing quotations which had not previously received the meed of public approbation. But Sir Robert was wise. Whatever the character of the audience—and the remark applies to readers as well as hearers—the majority will be found to welcome most heartily the allusions with which they are best acquainted; except, indeed, a very low mob, which takes *omne ignotum pro magnifico* (I am afraid this is a piece of lining) and has been known to applaud passages from the Latin grammar like *propria quæ maribus*, when introduced with a proper flourish, as “the brilliant utterance of the Roman poet.” As for English quotations, those of old standing have become almost part of the language, and have passed the period when it was necessary to put them in inverted commas. There are some of Shakespeare's plays—notably *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*—that have been so picked to pieces and applied to general purposes, as to be almost spoiled for reading or representation. The difficulty to avoid quotations from these is still greater than in the case of the ancient classics; and the penalty of employing them too freely is the air of commonplace that they give to the style. Happily applied, they are of course of great value. A few years ago a barrister got off a client who was accused of conspiracy by quoting the passage from *Julius Cæsar* about lean and hungry Cassius, and showing upon the authority of Shakespeare that conspirators were all lean and hungry, whereas the prisoner, as the jury could see, was a well-fed, happy, rosy-looking man. The effect too was heightened by the application of the description to the counsel on the other side, whom it happened to hit most felicitously.

There are some allusions that have become by iteration mere phrases which ordinary writers repeat as a matter of course. Of these it will be sufficient to mention Sydney Smith's sarcasm about burning a bishop. For many years there has not been a railway accident of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the press without some half-dozen repetitions of this jest—a great deal of the fun of which, by the way, consisted in the quarter whence it came.

In novels and plays, and in poems too, there is a great deal of “the liney;” indeed, the authors who are independent of this element may be almost counted upon the fingers. Among the mass of writers you find conventional plots, conventional characters, conventional language, and

even the plagiarism is of a conventional kind. The result may be pleasant and not unprofitable reading, but it is of "the line" for all that.

Considering sermons and public speeches as literature, we find "the line" largely represented. Everybody knows a lining sermon, for instance, at the first set-off; and you cannot go into a court of law, or listen to a debate in parliament, without hearing a lining oration. Somebody has just compiled a manual of public speaking. It consists of discourses applicable to every possible occasion, and is of course "the line" from beginning to end. But without reference to this mischievous work, nine speakers out of ten, upon any subject presented to them, will fall into a similar strain. It need scarcely be remarked that after-dinner speeches are model offenders in this respect. The evil—whether as regards writing or speaking—is inevitable, from the enormous amount of both put forth in the present day. The mob of gentlemen who write with ease (a lining quotation again), and who are expected to talk with ease also, cannot all have new matter to communicate, nor new forms by which to give it expression. The mass of them must say much the same things, and convey them much in the same manner. Skill and taste may atone for the want of originality; and these are possessed by many of the liners in a remarkable degree. The consequence is that current literature is by no means contemptible. On the contrary, it is highly creditable to the age which abounds with writers who a hundred years ago would have taken a very different position in the world of letters. Great thinkers and great scholars are few, as they have always been; but there is a wonderful amount of clever writing within the reach of anybody who is able to read. That old works are neglected for new is no doubt a mistake; and it is an unfortunate fact that of the publications of the day the bad are preferred to the good by a large proportion of the public. But we shall change all that, let us hope, when we have "educated our masters;" and in the mean time the writers of the Line supply a demand which would not be met by the chosen few, who for the sake of distinction may be called the Guards of Literature.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

FALLEN AMONG FLUNKEYS

A Recollection of the Arabian Nights

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

sit before my Lord the Caliph, even as Sinbad sate; and it chanced to be my fortune that, with stories of strange lands, and stranger adventures therein, I please the Commander of the Faithful, and amuse him, even to the shaking of his puissant sides. Forthwith he claps his hands, and there enter unto us four-and-twenty Kislar Agas and Bostanji Bagnicks—correct me if I am wrong in my Oriental nomenclature—all in white-muslin turbans adorned with pearls, massive gold rings round their necks, wrists, and ankles, and otherwise as black as Monday. “Ho, slaves!” cries the Caliph; “fill the mouth of this merry fellow with golden tomauns. Let him have a dish of my own private kiboba, and a bumper of my particular sherbet; clothe him in a robe of state, and set him upon a white horse, and let him be conducted thrice round the Atmeidan, with a herald before him, crying, ‘Behold the Diverting Restor whom our Lord the Caliph delights to honour!’” To hear is to obey with the four-and-twenty servitors; and I am ineffably exalted. Ah, gate of Ivory!

But it chanced that on another day I sit before my Lord the Caliph, even on my hams; and I tell my tale and I weave my yarn, when, to my consternation, I find that the Great Turk is beginning uneasily to bite the amber mouthpiece of his chibouck, and that at last he positively yawns. He claps his hands, and the soles of my feet begin to burn as with incipient mustard-plasters. Forthwith twenty-four Bey-oglous and Ferocious Dhoolies—pardon me if I am not quite *au fait* in the “Arabian Court-Guide”—enter the presence, and stand obsequious. “Dogs!” cries the Caliph, “take this nephew of a burnt father and give him fifteen and a half dozen with the bastinado. Slit his nostrils, shave his head and cut off his ears; set him on an ass with his face towards the tail, and parade him six times round the Atmeidan, with a herald before him, crying, ‘Behold the punishment of the wretch who dares to bore the descendant of Osman, and to talk bosh to the Padishah of Roum!’” Ah, gate of Horn!

I know very well what would be *my* fate if the editor of the *Impertinent Review* were Soldan; but this is beside the purpose. The preceding exordium might appear to you as of the dreamiest and most driftless purpose, were I not to hasten to inform you that it contains a hidden, yet tangible, meaning, which I now propose to unfold. The

servants who so readily obey the behests of the Caliph are, I believe, in Europe termed footmen,—more contemptuously, lacqueys, and sometimes, slangily, flunkeys. Well, it is to the Flunkey tribe that one-half of this paper will be devoted. Next, the typical Caliph of the immortal book of Tales which enchants boy- and girl-kind is Haroun-al-Raschid. Is it not so? Well, it is of a recollection of the *Arabian Nights*, and of the good Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, or his instant descendant, that, in the remaining moiety of my article, I will venture to discourse.

I have long hesitated, as the donkey did between the two bundles of hay,—you will not accuse me, after that, of egotistical conceit, O my *Impertinent* editor,—as to which of the Flunkeys figured by our two great masters of fiction was the veritable and natural one. You remember Mr. John Smauker in *Pickwick*—the superlative Bath footman, the grandee who bullied the greengrocer at the deathless “swarry,” of which the staple was a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings. The picture of that “swarry” is worthy to rank with the *Propos des Buveurs* of Rabelais. The man in scarlet whom Sam Weller called “Blazes;” the man with the cocked-hat and the large bamboo-stick; the man who apologised for being “only a coachman;” the exquisite in powder and plush who announced that he had resigned his appointment, after his having handsomely consented to carry up a scuttle of coals to the second-floor, in consequence of his being required to eat cold meat,—these inexpressibly funny Flunkeys come back to us all, after a lapse of thirty years, as fresh and vigorous as though they belonged to the Flunkeiana which poor John Leech drew. But was Mr. John Smauker the real Flunkey, or merely a humorous exaggeration? At very nearly the same time that Boz was convulsing the world with the *Pickwick Papers*, W. M. Thackeray, writing anonymously, and destined to remain unknown for yet another decade, was designing in *Fraser* the effigy of another Flunkey, differing very widely from the Dickensian type. Gog is akin to Magog, but his features and raiment are not the same. Yellowplush, Jeames of Barkley-square, Delapluche, the flunkeys in *Vanité Fair* and *Pendennis* and the *Newcomes*, have a kind of family-likeness to Mr. John Smauker; but, analytically considered, they differ as much from him as Carlyle’s Dr. Johnson differs from Macaulay’s. Over and over again I have asked myself where Truth was in this powder-plus matter:—in Jeames or in Smauker, or between the two. I never kept a footman,—not so much as a boy in buttons, myself. I never, until a very recent period, conversed or consorted with men-servants, to whom—perhaps unjustly—I have ever had the same aversion that I have for male-dancers. (Why can’t they do something else?) It fell out, however, that, in the course of last summer, I chanced to fall among Flunkeys not in the pages of a three-volume novel, but in real, every-day life. I have arrived at a conclusion now. Mr. Dickens’s Gog is very good so is Mr. Thackeray’s Magog; but I have met Og in the flesh, even O

of Bashan himself; and I am inclined to think that he possesses characteristics such as the novelists never dreamt of.

To be sure, he was a French Flunkey; but plush is, I take it, cosmopolitan; and powder is not for an age, but for all time. John Thomas may be a Gaul, or a Celt, or a Teuton; a Russian, a Chinaman, or a Hindoo; anything, in short, but an American or a Spaniard. Your Yankee, it is notorious, will not wear livery—Uncle Sam's uniform always excepted—on any terms. He conceives the act to be beneath the dignity of a man. Your Spaniard, too, although in great houses he will condescend to wear the costume assigned to him,—he prefers it if in addition to a cocked-hat of Bumble-like form it includes a sword; and the footmen of some Spanish magnificoes positively carry halberds,—never loses sight of his status as *un hombre de corazon*, who is, socially, next door to a *caballero*. He is Ruy Blas in silk-stockings and pumps; nothing less. He serves you with a grave magisterial deference, very different from the half-fawning, half-sulky servility of the Flunkey of the West. I remember once dining with a Spanish duke—grandee of the first class, *sangre azul*, and all that kind of thing—and, as we rose from table, I dropped my pocket-handkerchief. Being half blind, I was unable to find it; so Juan Tomas was summoned, and he, I, and the duke all searched for the missing *mouchoir*. At last, a chair being drawn on one side, it became apparent. Juan Tomas made a movement to pick it up, but the grandee gently waved him on one side. "*Es nada*,"—It is nothing, he remarked; and, stooping, handed me my property, saying, "*Su pañuelo*"—Your handkerchief. Could this have taken place in England, I wonder? Unless I have misread the "Book of Snobs," the duke should have pointed out the handkerchief to the groom of the chambers, who should have mentioned it to the butler, who should have drawn the attention of the first *valet de chambre* to it, who should have instructed a footman to order a page to take it up; and I should never have been asked to his grace's table again for having been so unmanly as to drop my handkerchief before a duke.

To return to my Flunkeys, and to my recollection of the *Arabian Nights*. It was midsummer in the year last past, and the Champ de Mars being turned into a World's Fair, all France had gone as mad as King Lear. The kings and princes of the earth were hastening to kiss the garment's hem of Imperial France. Crowned heads on the boulevards were a drug in the market. The Emperor Prester John was unable to obtain an amphitheatre-stall to see Schneider in the *Grande Duchesse*; and the Prince of I. had to wait three-quarters of an hour, disregarded by waiters, for a glass of absinthe at the Grand Café. The Hereditary Hetman of the Don Cossacks had entertained a party of eighteen *cocottes* at the Maison Dorée, and made them a speech in Don-Sclavonic, saying that this was the proudest and happiest day of his life; after which he instructed his aide-de-camp to pour cognac over the ladies and set their silk-dresses on fire. There

was a good deal of screaming and some smoke; but champagne and seltzer soon put the conflagration out, and the aide-de-camp called on all the eighteen *cocottes* next day with a peacock-feather dress and a diamond-handled parasol for each. If you think I am narrating fables, just ask Eugène, the waiter at the Grand Café aforesaid, who threatened to knock me down because I said there was too much bitter in my curaçoa; just ask M. Blagasse, landlord of the Hôtel des Blancbees, who charged me fifteen francs a day for a room no bigger than a Punch's show, and turned out the Prince-Bishop of Himmelschinken, who wouldn't pay more than ten, to make room for me; just ask the charming Madame Poultdesoie, who makes out the bills in a bower of bottles at the Restaurant des Jockeis Couronnés, and who used to relate how the Hospodar of Mingrelia and the Waywode of Dacia had gone down on their knees and offered her ten thousand francs and the grand cross of St. Sigismund for permission to sleep under the counter, decent lodgings being impossible of acquisition elsewhere.

But a greater potentate than Hetman, or Hospodar, or Waywode, was on his way to Paris. The Caliph was coming. The Grand Turk had been telegraphed from Messina—in the straits of which he had been desperately sea-sick, they said—and his arrival at Toulon with an unprecedentedly-brilliant suite was hourly expected. My proprietors—proprietors of that well-known Conservative journal, the *Crown and Sceptre*—wrote to me at Paris in hot haste. "The Sultan is coming," they said. "Start at once for Toulon. Call upon him. Follow him. Look him up. Stick to him. Never mind the bowstring. Put strangulation down in your expenses. Never mind being kicked. Have you not a handsome allowance for casualties? Be off at once. Never lose sight of him. Let us have three columns every morning till you have landed him safely in Paris; and mind you write your Turkish legibly, as printers are apt to make mistakes." I have had instructions of the same nature from the proprietors of the *Crown and Sceptre* with reference to the Czar of Russia, to King Victor Emmanuel, to the Spanish Revolution, to the American Civil War, to General Garibaldi, to the French Exhibition, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to Mr. Sloggin, who was hanged for murdering Miss Wanks in the mining-districts. I know my employers well; am aware that in my relations with them to hear is to obey, and have always found them prompt in auditing my little charges for cab-hire, broken limbs, shipwreck, hotel-expenses, the yellow-fever, postage and telegrams, tarring and feathering, and solitary confinement (including the rack twice a week) in the dungeons of the Inquisition. So, *vogue la galère*, I said; and "François," I added to the domestic who was good enough to brush my clothes and steal my cigars for four francs a week at the Hôtel Blagasse, "just put a Koran and a Turkish vocabulary, with a bottle of orange-flower water, and some clean linen, in my valise, and tell me what time the express starts for Toulon to-night."

My proprietors had had the forethought to send me a letter of intro-

duction to the Turkish Ambassador in Paris, who was going on to Toulon to meet his sovereign ; and they had likewise procured for me, by some occult means, a written safe-conduct from General Fleury, the Emperor Napoleon's Master of the Horse, addressed to the Chief Courier of the Imperial Household, and authorising that functionary to admit me, as a person not named on the face of the document, to return to Paris from Toulon in the self-same train which bore the Sultan and his suite. The exigences of special correspondents for newspapers are rarely attended to and scarcely understood as yet in France. Our neighbours can only comprehend a journalist as a person who writes violent articles for or against the government, with the view of obtaining the Cross of the Legion of Honour and a snug berth in a public office in the first place, or of getting into gaol and ultimately into the Corps Législatif as an opposition deputy, in the second. The passport addressed to the courier-in-chief was therefore to be looked upon as an extreme favour and concession, and I esteemed it accordingly. I happened to know General Fleury very well, having frequently met him in Algeria, and being his debtor for many acts of obliging politeness when the Emperor was taking his African jaunt in 1864; but remembering the story of the nobleman who knew the Irish gentleman so very well in Bath, but declined to know him in London, I cautiously refrained from introducing myself to the notice of the general when I saw him on the railway-platform, preferring to wait till I returned to Algeria to give him an opportunity of knowing me again. It is only crowned heads who have a special faculty for remembering names and faces. Courtiers forget—until they hear that the crowned head has remembered. "*Mon cher Monsieur Brown*," Cæsar condescends to say as he passes you in an antechamber, "how do you do?" The silken curtains have scarcely closed behind you ere the Marquis de Moufflon, great chamberlain, who cut you as dead as a herring ten minutes ago, rushes up to you and half wrings your hand off. Where have you been all this time—you, his distinguished, his much-esteemed Brown? I know a very famous Englishman who is full of toadies. Sometimes I quarrel with the famous man, and then Captain Lick and the Reverend Mr. Spital, when they pass me in the street, avert their eyes or cross to the other side. Then I make it up with the famous man, and Lick halloos to me from the steps of the Sabretasche Club begging me, as "old fellow," to name a day to dine with him; while Spital almost weeps with affection when he meets me, and entreats me to allow him to insert the little hexameters I once wrote on "*Hot Roast Goose*"—my solitary poetical effort—in the collection of *Specimens of Eminent British Authors* he is publishing.

I went down to Marseilles by the night express—what a sweltering night it was, and how loudly did that Lyonnese capitalist by my side smell of the garlic-flavoured sausages of his native city!—and reached Toulon by about five o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning,

the thundering of innumerable guns announced that the Sultan Abdul Aziz had arrived in the harbour of Toulon. Don't be afraid that I am about to weary you with a *réchauffé* of special correspondence. I earned my salt by telling the whole story of the Sultan's landing in France, and have no desire to draw my wages again for the same task. Remember the story of "Twice Paid," in the *New Atlantis*. When, journalistically, I had safely landed my Sultan, and got him to the hotel of the Maritime Prefecture, my next concern was to get myself on board the very limited express which was to convey the illustrious guest, and a mob of French courtiers and functionaries, and a vast mass of baggage, to Paris. I had met the courier-in-chief on the previous day. He was a fat, oily, smiling little man, and was then attired in a green surtout and a white hat. Directly I exhibited my credentials, he showed me a duplicate thereof; told me that I had been specially recommended to him by "our friends *là-bas*"—who were our friends down there?—and offered me his hand, his snuff-box, and his services. He was good enough to procure an apartment for me at the pretty inn of the Croix de Malte—otherwise, so crowded was Toulon with Turks and heretics, I think I should have been compelled to sleep in one of the boats in the port, or to bivouac under the trees in the *Marché au Foin*. I asked this obliging courier to breakfast; and he made, at the conclusion of the repast, one of the most delicious salads of fresh figs I ever tasted. Did you ever partake of fig-salad? The Provençaux are wonderfully expert in its preparation.

But the next day I lost my courier-in-chief. He was not to be found. He was nowhere, or, the rather, he was everywhere. A dozen times during the morning he passed me in a hack carriage, driving for dear life. He waved his hand to me; but he was not to be got at. He was at the Maritime Prefecture. He was on board the Sultan's yacht. He was closeted with the Grand Vizier. He was at the railway-terminus bullying the Administration. He was at the barracks of the Sapeurs Pompiers instructing the band in the Sultan's March, to play the Padishah out of the station with. He was drinking a *vin d'honneur* with the Mayor. He was telegraphing to the Emperor "All goes well. The sentiments towards France of the Sultan's black pipe-bearer are unalterably favourable. Depend on the devotion of your courier-in-chief." I came upon him at last, and upon my word he was flirting with a pretty girl—who looked for all the world like Sterne's nut-brown maid—at the corner of the Haymarket of Toulon.

But he was a changed Courier. He had broken out in an eruption of gold-buttons, and was thickly scamed with gold-lace. He wore a monstrous cocked-hat, buckskin breeches, sticking-plaster boots, and a *couteau de chasse*. He looked something between a field-marshal, the City Marshal, and the Postillon de Longumeau. He was very glad to see me, although I daresay he had never bestowed a single thought on me since we last met. How was it possible that he should, considering

his multifarious avocations? "The imperial train?" I hurriedly asked. "The Sultan's train?" "It is even now starting," the courier-in-chief made answer. "Hasten to the terminus. Ask for me. I go to fetch the Sultan. I fly. Heaven bless you!" And away slipped the courier-in-chief.

I suppose that I never in my life saw before a scene of such picturesque confusion as was exhibited at the Toulon railway-station before the courier-in-chief, with the civil and military authorities of the department, two regiments of infantry and a squadron of lancers to back him, could get the Padishah comfortably, or uncomfortably, under weigh for Paris. Such fighting and screaming, swearing in tongues known and unknown, such jostling, scrambling, pushing, and hustling to get into carriages—such Babel-like cries of "You can't come in here!" and "There's a seat in this compartment!" and "No, there isn't!" "*Mashallah*" battled with "*Mille tonnerres!*" and "*Corpo di bacco!*" with the familiar but untranscribable British expletive. I won't say who swore in English. Viziers, ambassadors, pashas, beys, effendis, chamberlains, cooks, valets, commissaries of police, doctors, interpreters, naval officers, aides-de-camp, railway-porters, and secretaries of legation were all jammed up together in one frantic throng. Careful not to intrude where I was not wanted, I forbore searching for a seat until the very last moment; thinking, perhaps, that the courier-in-chief had reserved a snug compartment somewhere for him and myself, and a few particular friends. But the courier-in-chief hadn't done anything of the sort. The courier-in-chief was five thousand miles away; at least, he might have been for any good that he was to me. Now and then I caught a glimpse of his great gold-laced cocked-hat bobbing up and down in the surging crowd; but I could not get near him, and save once on the following morning at Lyons, when I came upon him with a bandanna handkerchief tied round his head instead of the cocked-hat, and looking very "seedy" and yellow after a night's unrest, I saw no more of my courier-in-chief till we reached Paris. My belief is that he never entered a carriage at all, but rode on the engine.

However, it became imperative, under the urgent representations of the guards, to find a seat somewhere. I saw an open door, and I bolted in, desperate at last, and unmindful of what company I might be in. It was a first-class saloon-carriage, that was all I knew. The whistle sounded; cannon thundered from fort La-malgue; the military bands gave us a parting *fanfare* as we moved out of the station, and away went the Sultan of Turkey towards the great metropolis of the Giaours. We speedily fell into the jarring, heavy jog-trot which in France passes current for express speed; and I put on my travelling-cap, and lit up a cigar, and began to look around me to see what manner of folk my fellow-travellers might be. O horror! the saloon-carriage was full of John Thomases. I HAD FALLEN AMONG FLUNKEYS!

There were three or four strapping fellows, in the imperial livery of green and gold, with silk-stockinged legs, and shining pumps, and powdered from the parietalis to the occiput. There was a flunkey in pink and silver, and one in sky-blue with yellow trimmings. There was one in scarlet turned up with white. There was a Prussian *chasseur* with an embroidered pelisse and a cocked-hat with green plumes, a couple of grooms in tops and leathers, and a young imp of a page-boy—the image of young Bailey in *Martin Chuzzlewit*—who had been in the service of an English family at Nice, and nearly drove me mad with imitations of “Sir John” and “Miladi,” always winding up with a drawling “aow yaas.” I must do him the justice to say that he was quite unaware of the fact of my being an Englishman, otherwise, so sure as there are figs in Provence, I would have had his blood.

These flunkeys belonged either to the imperial household, or were lacqueys attendant on some of the great court functionaries, or the members of the Diplomatic Corps, who had come down to Toulon to welcome the Sultan. The only person, with the exception of myself, in plain clothes was a gentleman with very extensive moustaches and very luxuriant whiskers and very large white hands, and a profusion of rings, brooches, watch-trinkets, and other jewelry. I hoped, at first, that he had fallen among flunkeys inadvertently, as I had; but, entering into conversation with him, I discovered that he was the court hairdresser, and was hail-fellow-well-met with the imperial footmen: “*Des braves garçons, tout ce qu’il y a de plus distingué,*” he called them. He was a friend of the chief courier, however, which was something, and spoke of him affectionately as “Charles.” Charles would be desolated, he was sure, for he had received particular instructions to pay particular attention to me. He knew all about me apparently. “Your services are so valuable,” he remarked. I bowed on grateful behalf of the British press. “So much zeal, so much devotion,” he continued. I bowed again. “*Not that I think there is any danger,*” he concluded. This, I confess, puzzled me. What the deuce did he mean by danger?

He promised that better quarters should be found for me at the next station; but that next station, so far as I was concerned, never came, and Charles of the gold-laced cocked-hat was never to be found. The court-barber himself disappeared from the carriage at Marseilles, and returned no more. I observed that he whispered the flunkeys before he departed, and they all treated me subsequently with extraordinary deference, yet with a kind of timorous avoidance which was not respect, and which puzzled me more than ever.

I hope I shall never pass another twenty hours in the society of such a gang of unmitigated ruffians, and I sincerely hope that all English flunkeys do not resemble them. I am not so much animadverting on their abuse of their masters,—we are all, high and low, given to abusing our betters,—or to the ribaldry of their language, which, especially when they spoke of the ladies of the court, was of a nature to make one wish that the whipper-in of the Pytchley Hunt could be

alled in and told not to be sparing of the double thonging. Their affianism was chiefly shown in their insatiable gormandising, and in their shameless propensity to "loot." Whenever we stopped, the flunkeys over-ate and over-drunk themselves; and whenever they returned to the carriage, it was with some unlawful booty in the way of edibles and potables. The refreshment-rooms along the line all kept open house. You might call for whatever you liked,—from champagne to cigars,—and the Emperor paid for all. Owing to successive "loot," our saloon, before we were half-way to Paris, became as full of good things as the steward's pantry on board a steamer. Champagne, claret, medoc, and cognac,—at one station where we halted in the middle of the night to take in water the flunkeys "looted" a bottle of absinthe,—cold fowls, eal-pies, bunches of grapes,—a whole pine-apple at Marseilles,—Lyons, sausages, *rigio* cigars, and Savoy biscuits,—these were the trophies which these brigands in plush gathered along the rail. Somewhere near Lyons, remember, where we made a stay for breakfast, a number of *cabinets-toilette* had been fitted up for the Turks to make themselves clean and tidy; and here the flunkeys "looted" scented soap and eau-de-ologne. I believe they would have "looted" the basins and ewers if they could; and I am not at all certain that they did not annex a few owels. My only consolation was, that at this same early morn they were obliged to go away to the head of the train to brush their masters' clothes, clean their boots, and hold the basins while they washed. They wore frightfully when they returned; but I was rid of them for full three-quarters of an hour. During the whole journey I slept and smoked as much as I could to keep off the flunkeys; and I got a loaf and some sausage and a bottle of wine at Lyons, and slipped a five-franc piece into the hand of the waiter who brought me the viands. He looked very much astonished, but took the money notwithstanding. Loot was the order of the day. Did not the Emperor pay for all? The *garçon* must have thought me an idiot.

When we reached Paris, and, amidst more braying of trumpets and more thundering of artillery, landed our Caliph at the terminus by the Place de la Bastille, I shook the hair-powder off, and breathed more freely. The flunkey who had sat next me was not a bad fellow, and had frequently attempted to impose a little decorum on the remaining vagabonds in the carriage. I gave him my hand at parting, and bade him farewell, on my part, I am sure, quite heartily. He took my hand and bowed his *bon jour*; but as I walked away with my portmanteau, I heard him utter this curious valedictory remark: "*Sacré mouchard, va!*"

You know what a *mouchard* is. Upon my word I am afraid that the flunkeys and the court-barber, and the courier-in-chief himself perchance, had taken me, a harmless member of the British Fourth Estate, to be a detective policeman.

DIANA GAY

A Novel

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BELLA DONNA," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

Book the Second

CHAPTER X. THE PETITION.

THE long galleries that stretch down by the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, and which are indeed vast anterooms, were filled with loungers and talkers, with men rushing backwards and forwards. There is perhaps more business there, and more depending on that business, than anywhere else in the world. A paradise, too, for lawyers and barristers. In their own hierarchy, they there rise many steps,—there is no greater power, like judges, to control them or to require homage. How precious everything becomes once that portal is crossed: time, talent, name—everything except the suitor's money, which comes showering heavily into the laps of these legal Danäes.

At this period there were many petitions "on," and many committees sitting. Every little door that opened and shut down that endless series opened and shut on a terrible game of hazard going on within, on which many, many thousands were staked—a game indeed where there was inattention, sometimes sleep, oftener absence, oftener still stupidity, on the part of the croupiers who dealt. The only chances were in clever "cogging"—adroit management on the part of the players.

One of these rooms was labelled "Calthorpe Election Committee;" and outside it was a busy group—witnesses, attorneys, and a barrister or two. Richard Lugard, the sitting member, was very confident; sometimes he grew a little nervous, and frequently much fretted and provoked, by being harassed in this way. So amazing, too, after all his success, and with so many talking of it and congratulating him.

Here now it was beginning; and Begbie, Bligh's counsel, was "stating his case to the committee." That committee was composed of Sir Welbore Craven (chairman), Mr. Slater, Mr. Robins Gore, Mr. Bond, and Mr. W. C. McCulloch, who were behind a horse-shoe fence. From behind that fence they looked out at a strange raffish crowd—the Calthorpians brought up from their district four days before (Sir Welbore had been ill), and maintained at frightful cost in town

There was Paget, Mr. Lugard's London solicitor, who found him money when he wanted it, and his Calthorpe solicitor, and his Calthorpe voters. And there were Bligh's solicitors and his voters, and, as we have said, Begbie, Q.C., stating his case. Begbie was a dry, thin-voiced little man, but who was known to be exquisitely artful. He was in a great deal of business, but generally contrived to give apparently a deal of time to each case. With him were others,—Sloper, an admirable junior—Oliver, who was spoken of as "rising," "promising," "safe," and who was "getting into leading business." The old committee-chairman always used to say when the leader had "to fly," and an apology was made by the junior for his taking the matter up, "The case will suffer nothing in your hands, Mr. Oliver; we always hear you with pleasure and instruction."

Mr. Lugard had not been so fortunate. By desperate exertion they had got hold of Legge, Q.C., who was wholly in parliamentary practice, and really spent his time and professional service in flying down the corridor from one room to another, his gown spread like a mainsail, and clerks hanging on to the rigging. By the aid of such "mainsheets" he was dragged into a hot and steaming room, packed with his fellow-creatures—all whose faces were turned on him to hear what he would say to get them out of the knot they were waiting for him to untie; a knot requiring teeth and nails to open at any time, but which he must pick open *impromptu*, as it were, or make a pretence of opening: an eager mouth being at each ear pouring in various recipes. Sometimes the point has "gone off," or been solved, during the absence of the agitated express; and when the great deliverer arrives it is over. Then his face grows *distrait*—he whispers, he takes a note, but he is out of his element. He can do nothing except under high pressure. He is looking to the door; and in a moment a wild attorney is tearing in—rushing, tumbling over everyone. Legge, to his relief, knows he is wanted. Behind the back of his hand he tells the panicstruck junior to "get out" something, and "press him on the mesme rates,"—then spreads the mainsail; and he is away before the gale to the room where the Gas Question is being brought out. Lugard sees with infinite impatience that he is not there, and that he will not hear a syllable of Begbie's damaging speech, which trails on for three quarters of an hour, and at last concludes. It is scandalous; and yet "that fellow" has been retained at some frightful sum, and will have to be "refreshed" on a scale which it is only etiquette should correspond to the magnitude of the retainer.

Here are the witnesses being examined by Simpson, Q.C.; and certainly Lugard now begins to be amazed and frightened by some of their revelations. Why was this concealed from him? There could be no mistaking the stolid faces of the corrupt Calthorpe voters, their provincial dialect, and their confession candidly made "how Mr. — had come to their wives, when they themselves were out, and had pro-

mised this and that; and with a smiling, pleasant face Mr. — had shown the greatest interest in the family and the children;" and *when* he had gone away, the strange and amazing phenomenon was discovered of a bank-note for fifty pounds being discovered on the chimney-piece. The cross-examination of this witness by Legge was admirable. "Was it such a wonderful sight? Had he never seen such a natural curiosity as a fifty-pound bank-note?"—a supposition that was indignantly rejected.

Sometimes the two leaders got into a quarrel, and seemed to regard the efforts of the chairman to compose their differences with contempt; Lugard hovering about, bursting out into the gallery for air, scarcely able to contain himself, as some new witness came up. "They've paid these fellows themselves," he said; "it's a conspiracy." Bligh did not appear. "He pretends to be indifferent—it's not worth his while." But Bligh was really busy; engaged in a heavy case, which he could not leave.

Begbie, Q.C., "that little wasp," as some of his brethren called him, made a most characteristic and damaging speech, which turned Lugard pale. But towards the end of the day his own counsel had *his* turn, and with masterly skill "showed up" the "conspiracy," as he persisted in calling it. He "shattered" the case of the other side—pounding it into fragments, as with blows of a sledge-hammer. Lugard's spirits rose with every change: his eager face, now exhibiting triumph, now scorn, emphasised every turn of the speaker. What provoked him was the behaviour of the members of the committee. One was writing letters, one was reading letters; a third would get up to go out, and had been away now nearly half-an-hour. Sometimes there was whispering and "jokes." It was *scandalous*, he thought—such interests being at stake.

At last, however, the evidence, speeches, all came to an end, and the order was given to clear the room. The committee were to consider their decision. Lugard, flushed, excited, half-frantic, hung about the corridor, talked to his solicitor, could scarcely, as he said, "keep his soul in his body," waiting to hear the verdict.

CHAPTER XI.

A PROPOSAL.

AGAIN we return to the little heroine of this story—to her happy days and pleasant nights, as she carried on this fashionable and seductive campaign. With her youth and spirits—though she was not robust—it was not so difficult: and there is many a frail, and perhaps consumptive, factory-girl who goes through double the work, has less sleep, and less food. But for Lady Margaret it was more wonderful. *Her* secret was having no anxieties; she had no daughters to

"put out;" she was not "gaming," so to speak—playing desperately high stakes, for a few seasons, in the hope of the matrimonial dice turning up sixes for her and hers. She was full of the agreeable juices of nature: if she dined out, she dined well, and enjoyed the meal; if she went to the ball, there were the young men—their own little legion—who were more affectionately solicitous about her supper, than if they had been her sons. Indeed she found "going out" very pleasant; and as she knew that she would have Diana but a short time under her care, she had already pitched on another young lady, equally friendless, and nearly equally desirable in every way, with whom she designed to *remplacer* her present client. So have noble ladies looked out, we are told, for a suitable orphan to adopt.

Hers was a very sensible mind, and, for a woman of fashion, full of fair principles and inclined to fair dealing. As we have mentioned, she had long since seen and candidly owned to herself "that nothing was to be done with Canning." Diana, indeed, as we have said, had all but told her what her private feelings were to that gentleman.

Next to winning a battle for herself, the true *entrepreneuse* in these matters loves the glory of victory for *itself*. There was great glory in clambering up the breach and carrying off the coronet. Such success wins reputation, if not substantial personal profit. With this view, from the very beginning she had marked young Lord Patmore, and had even fixed a time for the escalade. That noble youth was indeed in a sad way. He dearly adored Diana; and he would have liked nothing better than to have gone on in this delightful elysium—as who would not?—for years. He would have liked, too, to have laid his coronet at her feet, according to the old-fashioned phrase; for so engaging, so charming a young creature he thought he had never seen yet. But then he was afraid of "making a fool of himself;" and there were familiars in the regiment, and especially Major Bellamy, whose knowledge of the world and sarcastic good common-sense remarks he quite dreaded.

Major Bellamy was very severe on him, and at balls and such places always "had his eye on him."

"Why, Pat," he would say, "you are as fresh and green as a new oyster off the beds! You should have a nurse after you, and a go-cart."

"Pat" would screw his glass into his eye, and foolishly ask, "Wh—why so?"

"Because the whole town sees it; because you are regularly caught by that girl and her scheming chaperone."

"No, I'm not; nothing of the kind."

"They give it out, then. They know who they are dealing with, my friend. Why, usedn't you to tell us, child, when you first came, you were fifteenth baron, and had fifty years' minority, and could pick and choose where you liked?"

"Well, and it's the truth; you know it is—now."

"I know it is! D'ye hear Pat talking like a Solomon! Why, the whole town is looking at you; and after being put into the *Cuckoo*—"

On this allusion Patmore turned very red indeed. The *Cuckoo* was the new paper supposed to be maintained by witty gentlemen in the public offices, who furnished fun, and jokes, and private information merely as an amusement. So far "it had paid" very well; but the novelty was wearing off, and the information about naming marriages, political changes, &c., growing very meagre indeed; so much so, that they were driven to speculation, and less reliable sources of information.

It was a fact that some such notice of Patmore's coming alliance was actually figuring in the current number of the week. He was at once shown on the first page, under a little sketch of a cuckoo dressed for a ball, with an opera-glass and crush hat—an announcement that brought the colour to his cheeks:

"We are authorised to announce that Lord Bagnio will be the new Steward of the Household.

"Sir John Chaunter has resigned the Mastership of the Furnaby Hounds.

"A marriage is arranged between Viscount Patmore and Miss Diana Gay, of Gay Court."

The fright, the annoyance of the noble youth was incredible. For the first time in his life he seemed to know what trouble and anxiety were. Worse again was "the persecution" he had to endure, everybody "bothering" and congratulating fifty times in the day. Worse again was the affected compassion of his older friends and brethren, who said, "Poor Pat! I warned you, recollect."

One would have thought that a young girl pretty and engaging, with so handsome a fortune, would have suited this young gentleman. But he had really come to think that the most splendid heiress in England, with a title and great ducal connection, would be what he must eventually look for.

Diana soon heard of this announcement, and was greatly diverted. She looked forward to that night when she would meet the young lord at a ball; for these young people met somewhere every day, just as if they were stopping in the same house, and "they would have such a laugh over it." The young lord came to the ball; but she soon noticed he had a shy and scared look. Indeed he came up and went through a sort of "duty dance," but was "short" in his answers, and eager to get away. The faintest change of this sort is perceptible, and Diana understood it all in a second, as much as though he had come up and told her.

The quick eye of General Lady Margaret also saw how things were. "He is frightened," she said to herself, "mean little cub! She's far too good for him."

Diana was a little annoyed and vexed; but she had great pride, and ed her pretty head when she saw "Pat" positively gazing at her a coign of vantage. But there were plenty to fill the gap, who ed in chivalrously—notably another young lord, Lord Mountabor, andsome, manly, sensible, sure to do in the world, and worth a n of the "empty-headed" Patmore. This gentleman really ad-d Diana, but had kept away in consideration of the ground being occupied.

One of the curious features in human character was expressed by aracter in the *Beggars' Opera*, in certainly a coarse turn, but which ill broadly true. There a rude observer hinted paradoxically that of the secrets for "keeping the men on" was, strange to say, keep-them off. In other words, indifference is one of the spurs to regard. o great welcome, a devotion that approaches homage, only elevates conceit of the soul thus worshipped. What is cheap, in short, is vely so valued. This is speaking now within the circle of worldly ality.

Before the night was over young Patmore was full of rage and antance, was calling himself fool, "beast" even; and at the end, n his rival was leading out Lady Margaret and her charge, could dly contain himself, and made his way up to form part of the cor- l. He was just in time to hear Lady Margaret inviting his rival.

"Come up to us to lunch to-morrow, and we'll settle about the Opera." "Pat's" eyes were on Diana, full of a bitter, killing, sulky reproach. ; nodded to him gaily. "Flirt," "coquette," was in his mind.

That night, when he went home, he had made up his mind. He ived himself deeply in love with her, though in truth he was not. was the toy denied to the child, and for which he is inclined to cry. t he had made up his mind. What others so valued must surely be nable. Besides, she was really "a good match." There was credit marrying "so fine a fortune," and even some in cutting out the er fellows, especially "that conceited ass" Mountabor, who had ac- lly pushed in front of him when they were competing for Diana's aks, &c.

Diana and her matron talked over the night as they always did, l as we are told ladies always do. Such gossip is enjoyed with an quisite relish. The battles of the night are fought over again in a t of luxurious ease and delightful retrospect. Good spirits, the par- able elation of triumph, give all the brilliancy of a photograph. ere is an incisive truth, a vigorous touching and "dashing off" ich Constance and Helen know not at other hours of the day.

"I don't know what is over that cub," Lady Margaret said in a ninative way; "he is in some frump or other."

"O, it is only the *Cuckoo*," said Diana gaily; "it has frightened n, the foolish creature. And yet he is a good creature too. He is young," added she, with quite the air of an old person.

Lady Margaret was projecting herself into the future. "He is a very good match, dear," she said. "The dowagers are all polling for him. Lady Penwillion, that old schemer, would give her eyes for him, for that long daughter of hers. Now listen, Diana," added Lady Margaret seriously; "you must really make up your mind."

"To what?" said Diana.

"To take Pat. You will never do better, dear. He is a good creature, and all that; and really it is my duty now to speak to you seriously." (Lady Margaret had got on what I believe is called a *peignoir*, and had set off her armour and incumbrances, her wreath, combs, &c., and was folding herself up comfortably in an arm-chair, with her feet on the fender.) "You see, my dear, your position is a very serious one. You are quite helpless; and if anything happened to me—which may at any moment—and you know what Sir Duncan told me the other day—"

That eminent physician had told her she was of "too full a habit of body;" and that she must take plain fare, or "fatty degeneration" might "supervene,"—a caution the worthy lady was amused at; such destiny never affecting persons of condition, or at least only at some remote and distant period. And so she dined out, and dined out; and the "habit of body" became slowly fuller and fuller.

"Now," she went on, "you know I consider myself in place of a mother; and have your interest at heart just as much. You know we cannot carry this on very long. Bowman is dying to be back at his place, and his trees, and his ploughboys. Then there is the new wing. So I tell you, dearest, it is all-important we should make the hay when we have the sun. And I tell you, if we were to wait till the Calends come back, we won't get one as good."

"As who, dear?" asked Diana, laughing. "Do you mean Pat?"

"Yes. If I were choosing, I could not select a better."

"But," said Diana, laughing again, "this is so funny. Surely you saw him to-night, dear? We are two for ever."

"Ah, you child," said Lady Margaret good-humouredly, "leave these things to me. You understand nothing of them. The man's over head in love, and will propose before the week is out—and you *must* take him."

Diana tossed her head.

"What! give up my liberty when I am only just beginning to see what this pretty world is?"

Lady Margaret stood up, and became grave.

"I am quite serious, Diana. You must do it. You don't know the perils that are round. You have no one but Bowman and me; and as for poor Bowman—well! You will be surrounded with schemers and adventurers, all desiring to prey on you; and your little head will be no match for them, my poor child."

Diana had never heard Lady Margaret speak so affectionately and

y. She was quite touched; and going up to her, gave her a

child," said Lady Margaret. "Now, think it over well to—it is very, very serious; you might as well be left on a desert island yourself clothes and food, and your own dinner."

went to bed thinking very seriously of this disastrous position the "desert island" brought it home to her very forcibly. She utterly helpless was her condition; and anyone who took up monitor or preacher had always an awful influence on her, and so bed that morning in a very sober state of mind.

next day was more than filled in by the usual round; and in the evening there was a vast amount of what Lady Margaret would call "to be got through": appointments, visits, possibly a flower-arranging, and the inevitable "Park," which Wally Pepys said she would have disinclined to omit than her morning prayers. It was just when Diana was in the drawing-room, having snatched a moment to water some plants, when an eager figure entered with a flushed face and voice of trepidation. Diana coloured as she saw him. It was her young lord.

"I have called to see you," he said in the same nervous tone; "and I have called to see you," he could only repeat. "I wanted to speak to you last night—I am afraid—I know I behaved like a savage." Diana laughed genuinely.

"When? I never noticed it."

"There was no danger evidently, so she could have her little 'fun.'"

"He said, 'I know you did not; because you are too gentle—too angelic—too—'"

"Diana was a little alarmed now. This *did* look danger, and she

"I must go," he said; "I came expressly to tell you how unhappy I have been at a miserable night I have had of it—tossing, I assure you—my eyes—at least, until very early—"

Diana could not help smiling.

"I," she said, "Lord Patmore, I forgive you for whatever it is, but you do not seem so penitent now I think I must go to see if I can find Lady Margaret—"

"I have something to tell you—something very important," he said, added, fretted at having used this word. "If you think that you had some liking for me—"

"I have used wonder."

"I have called her.")

"Have I ever done any—"

"Lady Margaret could not tell me."

you—it wouldn't be fair, you know—all the great matches they proposed to me : Lady this and that—connections that would have strengthened the family, and all that. And *this* year they went on with the same game, I assure you. But I didn't care for any of 'em, because—and I must tell you the reason—and I was thinking it all over last night—because there is no one like you; and if you would have me—now take time," he added desperately, "and think—think it well over; *and with* Lady Margaret too. She understands it better—"

"O," said Diana, now in a flutter, "what is all this? O, I *am* so sorry."

"You must think it over. I can wait—wait any time, you know—to the end of the season."

What could Diana say? She could not bring herself to be blunt, and hurt one who had paid her such a compliment. She was quite unequal to the situation. But happily at that moment the door was opened, and General Lady Margaret spurred in briskly to take the command of the situation.

"I think, dear," she said, "Madam Cerise or some of them are waiting for you below. Go down to them, darling."

Diana obeyed orders at once, and her guardian took possession of the guest. Diana did not wish to disturb them; though half-an-hour and more passed away, she did not venture to return. Then she heard him bounding down the stairs, and departing in great elation. Then the General summoned her.

"What did I tell you, dear, last night?" she said with pardonable triumph, and indeed it seemed to Diana something like divination; "he has settled it all with me."

"O, but I can't," said Diana, excited. "I was going to tell him so when he said he would wait."

"Now, dear, leave it to the old head. Exactly what I told him. He *is* to wait—there is the sensible footing—to the end of the season. The poor child says as long as you like; and *then*, if you have learned to like him—which of course you will—"

Diana looked very grave.

"O, indeed, I can do no such thing, dear. I should be miserable; you know I should. I must speak to him plainly. I can give him no hopes; and shall be the same then as I shall be now."

"You can't tell him that, dear; and if you do then send him about his business. Now really, Diana, sit down there. This is too serious a thing to be light or childish about. It is not fair to the man; not honourable—indeed it is not. Not fair, dear. Coming here day after day; dining with him; the talk of everyone; leading him on; making yourself so conspicuous. I assure you the most heartless flirt could not have done more. You should have told me—even last night, Diana."

Our heroine was silent. For this ingenious way of putting on her *what* she had really no part in she had no answer ready. In presence

of this greater mind she was helpless. She could not argue or reason; and she almost felt that she had not behaved handsomely.

Lady Margaret saw all this, and judiciously struck in with the "point" she had mentioned before.

"You know there is no hurry; at the end of the season you can do what you like with him; and when I am discharging the servants, you can do the same with him. And in fact, dear, I told him as much; and it's all settled; so there it stands; and don't be unkind to the poor wretch, or make him miserable and shoot himself, or do something equally dreadful."

This artful arrangement was thus concluded. "A dreadful business," perhaps a scene, which Diana shrunk from always, and which pained that little head always, was thus averted. Responsibility was staved off. She still could not but wonder at and admire the amazing instinct of her guardian, who thus knew, and even foretold, what was going to happen. It was a triumph—and not unpleasing; for the agitated transports of the young lord had moved her.

But still it was a mere pleasant dream. She did not seriously think a moment of a solemn alliance. There was time—years before her—and this was a *délassement*.

The drive, too long delayed, had to be postponed, giving place to this important event. It was about four o'clock; Lady Margaret and her *protégée* were still "talking it over"—the former dwelling on the *prestige* which would follow when this conquest became known. Then there was duty; the arrear of visits, &c. to be attended; then came evening and night; and Lady Margaret went up to get on her harness once more.

CHAPTER XII.

DEFEAT.

DIANA was already dressed; fresh as the bouquet she had in her hand—the choicest and most costly flowers—sent by the young lord. She was always ready to the moment; her protectress was infinitely more laborious and careful in her preparations. In her choice flowers and rich dress—a triumph of Madam Cerise's art—she seemed the last choice bit of nature's Sèvres. She was in good spirits, and not a little elated with the events of the day. Suddenly she heard a step on the stairs, and Lugard strode in. She had forgotten him; the great petition—all that was depending on it—was to be decided that very evening. The flushed face, the wild and excited eye, the dark weight of gloom and despair on his face, told her the event. She ran to him.

"O, my poor Richard, I am so, so sorry!"

He flung himself on the sofa.

"No, I don't want pity, or anything of that sort. It's all over ^et last. This finishes me."

"Indeed no, Richard; you must not give way. Don't think of it now."

"It is easy to say that to a ruined man! It is all over at last. I may give up now; I shall never survive the mortification."

"O, you will; you will," Diana said, at her wits' end to know what shape of comfort to offer; her gentle face, too, filled with the deepest compassion. "You will find something else; I know you will. And we will all help you."

"I want no help from anyone. I have nothing now to live for! What is to become of me? But it was all planned from the beginning by him—that mean, scheming fellow. This was part of his devilish scheme; just to let me seem to win at first, to give me a greater mortification. But if I live only for that one thing, it will be to pay him back. By God, I will!"

Lady Margaret entered, a great expanse of silk and laces; she was on pleasure bent. She had no thought for the serious prose of life at that hour.

"Captain Lugard here?" she said carelessly. "Are you coming with us?"

"No, no; he is not," said Diana; "and I am so sorry for him."

"Good heavens! what has happened?"

"I am no longer Member of Parliament. They have turned me out."

"O, I am sure we are so sorry," said Lady Margaret, in about the tone she would have declined an invitation; "but you will try again. There was young Ventnor, he got in for some other place after he was unseated. That's what is done always. Diana dear, I am afraid—"

"And pray where am I to get money to do that? Where am I to get money to pay the frightful sums all this has cost me? Where am I to get enough to keep a house over my head?"

"Good gracious!" said Lady Margaret, scared, "is it so bad as that? Your father surely—"

"We will all help," said Diana eagerly; "we are such old friends."

"Now, I don't want any of this," said Lugard, pacing about; "if I can keep my senses, it is enough—if I can keep on until I have time and opportunity to be even with *him*."

"Now, Diana dear, I *really* think we *must*—we promised, you know. Good-night, Mr. Lugard; don't be cast down; it's the commonest thing in the world."

She went downstairs with a stately rustling. Diana was following, but stole back. He was sitting with his face buried in his hands.

"Dear Richard, don't. You know I am your old friend; and you shall get over this, and we shall help you through it."

It was hard to resist the engaging manner in which this comfort was offered. He looked up.

"You are always kind. But the best thing for me is to sink at once, and make no struggle. Go to your party."

"Come early in the morning, and we will talk it over," said Diana confidentially, and tripped away.

It had gone ill indeed with the hapless Lugard. Money, time, *prestige*, everything was gone. The motion for the soldiers' wives—how absurd that seemed now! So brief an enjoyment of honour is no better than a short dream.

Not an hour before the new member had been introduced by the Solicitor-General, Storks, and the Right Hon. W. Bodmin, Patronage Secretary. A happy and triumphant moment for the young barrister. It would have been far more so had Mrs. Bligh been there; but she was away in France, for her health, it was said. He sat for a time to enjoy the new scene; and then a barrister-member and friend came to him and said, "Mind, you are coming with me to Williamson's to-night. You promised him to bring your blushing honours to his house."

Bligh agreed, and the two gentlemen went away. Williamson—the Rt. Hon. Sir John Horsely Williamson—was the Attorney-General; and Lady Jane Williamson was Lord Malpas' daughter. Not often do the mouldy men of law, who burrow their way up to the Chancellorship from regions below, make such alliances; and Lady Margaret and other persons of condition were quite willing to welcome their sister and her connections.

"We shall see all sorts of queer Yahoos, my dear," she said, "and their odd wives. But I know Lady Jane's people are coming to her in good force."

Sir John Williamson, though he could give one of the best opinions at the bar "on title," scarcely enjoyed, as Mr. Pepys said, an honourable reciprocity—for title had not so handsome an opinion of him. He moved among Lady Jane's noble friends a small, dry, clerk-like, old-fashioned little man, of no more account there than his own footman, and delighted to meet some of his own profession, who with infinite difficulty had been admitted.

It was past twelve o'clock when our hero—or one of our heroes—Robert Bligh came in, and did him a homage which every barrister feels for so august a person as the Attorney-General.

Sir John, who had been cast away, as it were, on a dry spit of land, elbowed by guardsmen in the most unconcerned way, now lighted up when he saw Bligh.

"Come from taking your seat?" he said. "New member; very glad to see you. I must introduce you to Lady Jane."

Not a few among the men looked with interest after Bligh. Victory of any kind is always received favourably. If you cannot be the shape of a rose, it is something to know the rose, or be in the same room with it. He was not a mouldy, worn-out young barrister, weak-eyed and unwholesome, but handsome and sociable.

Lady Jane snatched a moment from Major Hancock of the Life Guards to say,

"Mr. Bligh, do you know many people? You must let me introduce you. There is Miss Gay, our great heiress—but she is going to be married."

Bligh gave a genuine start. "Going to be married!"

Diana was taking her usual nightly exercise, flying round in the valse she so loved; besieged with offers, and entering her engagements as though she were a little fairy bookmaker on a race-course. In these relations she was as honest as the sun, and was never known to "throw over" even the most persevering and adhesive "scrub" of a creature, of whom every young beauty has one at least who is her plague. Diana when she saw him started, and broke from her partner, who did not relish her *empressement*.

"O, Robert," she said, "so you are successful; and I am so glad. Yet poor Richard—"

"I feel for him as much—" he said, "but what can I do? He would enter on this foolish course. But what is this they tell me? I have to congratulate you, it seems."

He was grave, and seemed sincere.

"O, on this report," she said impatiently. "O, there is no truth—that is, I am to do as I please. But everyone is worrying me."

"Patmore is a good fellow, and will turn out well when he gets older; and I *know* he has a great regard for you. You know I am still a sort of guardian, so it is my duty to advise; and I would think seriously. I had some of his papers before me, and I assure you he will be enormously rich."

"So you advise me?" said Diana, tossing her head; "I can settle all that myself, thank you, Mr. Robert Bligh, M.P. I suppose *now* you are to be quite a great man—above all our little trifling. I wonder you don't feel more for poor Richard, on whose ruins you have risen."

"O, as for that," said he calmly, "I have given up sentiment a good deal. I found it so heavy—so annoying to carry about. No one cared for it; and it was no good to myself; so—"

"So you got rid of it altogether?"

"Yes, Miss Diana, and in every way. Now I am going to live selfishly, and a good deal for myself. The great point, they tell us, is to *get on*, and to get on with enjoyment to yourself. I have thought a great deal over these things lately, and have begun to think more of the world in which we all live, and of its enjoyments. You see I am here at a ball, and mean to dance too. I am engaged to some young lady, for whose name Lady Jane Williamson is responsible; but I shall know her by her face. She said she was one of the prettiest here."

"And have you forgotten Miss Bullock?" said Diana, with infinite scorn. "'Pon my word, you are coming out. Who has been teaching you this?"

"Well," said Bligh, smiling, "you gave me a lesson or two—do you recollect? so did poor Lugard; so did the world. Among all these instructors I have picked up something. Now with the House, and this new career, and all my new friends—and you can't imagine the number I have found since four o'clock to-day—I am likely to do very well. Ah, there is my young lady! Is she not pretty?"

The next thing Diana saw was Mr. Robert Bligh, according to the hackneyed phrase, in "the mazes of the dance." On many sides she heard his name. "Clever young man—unseated the man who was member for Calthorpe."

Diana was a little fretful and provoked—she was no actress—and she felt a sort of pang as she saw now that her old friend and favourite, whose success she had admired, had in reality grown indifferent to her. Success had spoiled him, she thought. This indifference, she was sure, was not put on, for he was so good-natured with it—a sure test; for *acted* indifference is always overdone, and is attended with a certain brusqueness and savagery. Yes, she thought, he will now be so courted and admired, and perhaps flattered, he will cease to think of his old friends.

Pleasant little natures like those of Diana expect all, but are unreasonable enough to think that nothing is to be expected from them. Again she heard the praise, like a chime—"so clever—brilliant fellow—will make a show in the House—upset a man called Lugard." Poor Lugard! Even with her, who was so compassionate for all his troubles and misfortunes, the feeling was tinged with the pity which is disguised contempt, though she was unconscious of it. Bright young girls, fine creatures with flashing eyes and rich dresses—some of our English "meeses" which Frenchmen so admire—these seemed to be floating round the enchanted Bligh, like the fairies in a pantomime round a hero who has been lost in a wood. Something passed through Diana's mind in this shape—that she should be one of these wood-fairies, and she would lay herself to bring back this deserter to her little camp and tiny colours.

Bligh was indeed enjoying himself. He was at that moment, according to the American phrase, being "buttonholed" by Sir John Williamson, and Diana heard some of the conversation even. "Of course, if you press for it, we should be very glad indeed. The Attorney-Generalship of the Southern Palatine is now worth a good deal; there is so much 'manufacturing' crime about there."

Diana asked Bligh about this, and he told her how Mr. Gardiner, the "Q. C.," had just died, and this office of provincial prosecutor was now vacant, and had been offered to him. It was worth about a thousand, and no trouble.

"A thousand a-year and no trouble," said Diana, with expanding eyes. "How charming!"

"Yes," he said, smiling, "no trouble; that is the great point. I

hope you recollect an old promise you made me long ago; but you won't keep to it, I know."

"What!" said Diana, pleased; "indeed I will, if I *did* promise; or I will promise now, if you like."

"The settlements, I mean. Lady Margaret, I think, was present. You said I was to have the drawing of them. I shall take care of your interests, never fear, and 'tie him up' properly."

Diana did not relish this good-nature at all. "O, I don't know," she said. "Why do you suppose such a thing?"

In short, this was one night, of which there were many patterns, in Diana's life—it was part of the regular round; yet she did not enjoy this night so much. Lord Patmore was gloomy and morose. He was thinking of the splendid "sacrifices" he had made—the noble offers. Was this the treatment?—a sort of indifference. The usual procession was then formed towards three o'clock, and Lady Margaret was escorted out with the usual tenderness and delicacy by her young men. They rolled home in the great chariot.

"'Pon my word," said Lady Margaret, "our friend Robert *has* got up. After all, poor Richard was not fit for that sort of thing, as they say he wanted ballast. Do you know what Williamson said to me? That Robert was just the fellow that would hang on firm until he fastened on the Chancellorship one of these days. Of course; wonderful young man he is, if he don't get airs."

"He *is* a little altered," Diana said thoughtfully.

"I daresay. Well, dear, what did you think of poor Pat to-night? Old Lady Vortigern, I assure you, she wouldn't speak to him. I felt as proud to-night as if I had won a battle, dear. The *Cuckoo* will have something to announce in real earnest now."

Somehow, Diana did not respond to this triumphant view. Was it a turning back to the past, or the shadow of a presentiment?

When they got into their hall there were some letters and papers, which usually waited for them. Lady Margaret gathered them up. When they were in their room before the fire, and she had got her harness off, the General looked at them complacently. There was one "big blue letter, with a seal," addressed to Diana—that important young lady always got a whole mail—the considering of which caused the little pale forehead to contract. The answering was not so difficult, as she recognised the value of that capital rule of leaving by letters for a certain time to settle, and then a portion answered itself.

"One of their usual worryings," she said; "don't mind it to-night."

"My God!" cried Lady Margaret, her eyes fixed on the paper, "what's all this?"

Diana, pale, looked over Lady Margaret's shoulder, and read with her:

"GAY *v.* GAY.

"26 New Buildings, Queen-street.

"MADAM,—We beg to inform you that we have been instructed by our client, Miss Eugenie Gay, of Boulogne, to commence proceedings against you in ejectment for the lands and tenements of Gay Court. We shall feel obliged if you will refer us to your solicitor, who will accept service of the writ in this matter, at your earliest convenience.

"We remain, Madam,

"GRIFFITHS, BAKER, & Co."

CHAPTER XIII.

CHANGE.

FOR long after might Diana look back to that dreadful night with a sort of horror; all seemed to have ended then. The lights were rudely extinguished; everything was cold and dismal. The palace had changed to a gaol: instead of colours and hangings and rich decorations, the soft path, the sweet scents, the effulgence of light—all had gone—there were rough, rude, cruel stone flags and bars. It was over indeed. The sweet little play of life, which she found so delicious, was finished—the curtain was down; the stage, the theatre gone.

She could hardly understand or realise it, and sat in her chair before the fire looking at the fatal document. Not much comfort was got from Lady Margaret.

"It may turn out nothing, my dear child; or they may have to be bought off. But, you know, I must tell you, poor Gay always said there was something of this sort hanging over him; and there *was* a story of that wild fellow your uncle getting picked up by some creature in France. God knows. We must only hope for the best, my poor child. You see, if you had listened to me about Patmore, it might have been all done and settled long ago. Now, of course, he'll take fright."

"That," said Diana, "I do not care about. Of course he must know everything. O, to think of this coming on me! And will they leave me nothing? If they are entitled to it, of course they must have it. Poor dear papa would not have kept it from them, if he had known it."

"O, folly, dear; you must send and get the best advice, and the best counsel."

"Yes," said Diana eagerly, "to Robert—he will do everything for me. And yet, O—"

"Of course he must; but in the regular way. We'll send to him the first thing in the morning. Now don't let it weigh on your spirits. All will come right, I am sure. By the way, though, that woman," said

Lady Margaret with a sudden start—"she couldn't have something to do with this?"

"O dear, no," said Diana absently; "though she did not like me. O, this is very, very cruel! What is to become of me?"

The reader will perhaps have noted that there was already a sort of faint change in Lady Margaret. She was a perfect woman of business—a woman of the world—and at her age felt that every hour was in value equal to three or four at another period of life. Hence, here was nearly a whole season wasted. Here, too, was a loss of prestige, of credit, in being the patroness of, and voucher for, this poor little craft, which had turned out so unfortunately. She had an affection for Diana; but was put out by this "crossness" of things. She slept well that night. Poor Diana tossed and tossed; fancied she was already degraded, sentenced, deposed, and turned out, a pauper on the world.

Early she sent off a note to Robert—in faltering characters, and in a style that seemed to falter—begging of him to come to her *at once*, as she had something most serious to ask him about; and she knew that he would help her.

When this was gone, she sat earnestly waiting with a load at her young heart. Robert would fly to her, would help and stand by her, and forgive her treatment of him; she knew that. Here he was—no, it was Richard Lugard, excited still, and come at that early hour selfishly, to dwell upon his wrongs, and talk over vengeance upon the head of the man he hated.

"Such a night," he said, "as I have had; such a miserable, frightful night! But I shall know the worst soon. Why, what's the matter, Diana? You look ill too."

Diana told him. "I cannot help you now as I hoped, Richard," she said.

His eyes sparkled.

"But don't you understand," he said; "don't you see all this, who's work this is? Why, it's a conspiracy! I know it—he and his mother. Don't you recollect how she threatened you that day? She said she would make you repent it. And, Diana," he added, with flashing eyes, "*he* is in it too! I *know* it; because, do you remember when he was searching all those nights among the papers, and I warned you? There's the whole of it. That woman would do anything; I know her well."

Diana listened, wondering; and could only faintly say: "O, impossible! They could not be so base—so wicked."

"Ask Lady Margaret what she thinks. The only thing now is to beat them—to baffle them. You must get some clever fellow that's up to all this dirty work to meet them on their own ground."

"O," said Diana distractedly, "I know no such people. I give up at once. I don't know what to do, or whom to trust. I have no friend, *it seems to me.*"

"Yes, you have," said Richard; "and a real one, too. Ah, if you had only listened to me ! But that's all over now. I know such a man—the very one for such cases—so clever and knowing; he has managed such things before. If I had only taken his advice in this business of mine, I should have been in a different way. But he will dispose of him, never fear."

They heard a step on the stair. Robert Bligh entered hastily. He coloured when he saw Richard; but went up to him frankly.

"I wish it had been anyone else but you, Lugard," he said. "That is all I will venture to say, as I know you do not like compliments of condolence."

"O, you may stop there. I want nothing approaching it from you. We are at arms'-length, recollect; and I don't look on the account between us as in any way closed. Understand that, to begin with, Mr. Robert Bligh, M.P."

"It is only what I expected," said the other calmly; "and you are the same as you always were. With all my heart, then."

He turned to Diana with an inquiring look. He was too delicate to say, "What is it you wrote to see me about?"

"And there are others understand you, too," went on Lugard in growing excitement. "You are being found out gradually. That long and slow game won't pay with everyone, I can tell you. She knows your unworthy scheme—your conspiracy—"

"Hush, Richard," she faltered; "we *know* nothing."

"Diana—Miss Gay," said Robert, turning to her; "what is this?"

"Let me speak for her," said Lugard. "This pretence won't answer. It is all new to you. You know nothing—no, of course, nothing of this action?" And he tossed over the attorney's letter to him.

Robert calmly read it; then bit his lip. His face contracted with an expression of pain.

"Now look at him. Let him dare say he knows nothing."

Diana did look.

"I do know nothing," he said; "and this news has shocked me more than I can say; but—"

"And have you no suspicion, then?" Lugard went on. "You would not wish to name absent persons. No, sir; your services and advice are not wanted here. She wants no double-dealing, no double-handed treacherous assistance."

Bligh turned on him. "This is not the place for this sort of language; I shall give you other opportunities, if you desire them. I do not volunteer assistance here, though I would be glad to aid. Miss Diana Gay knows me long enough to suppose that I would help her with every power of my heart, soul, and strength. I may ask her *that*."

Diana paused; then raised her eyes.

"Indeed you have always been good to me. But still, in this cruel

blow that has come upon me, it is so strange that Mrs. Bligh should have threatened me, and—"

Bligh's face fell; he did not answer, but covered his face, and gave a half-groan.

"By Heaven," said Lugard, starting up and striking the table, "I am right! Answer; you owe it to her, you owe it to that justice and honour which is always in your mouth, to say distinctly, here and before us, what is at the bottom of this. Do you know, do you suspect even, that *Mrs. Bligh has anything to do with it?*"

Still Robert did not answer.

"O, Robert Bligh, don't let me think that!"

At length Bligh spoke, and very slowly. He was very pale.

"I have not seen her for many weeks."

"Ah, there's a fencing witness for you!" said Lugard.

"I know nothing of her proceedings. What I know or suspect is nothing to you," Robert said, turning fiercely to Lugard.

"A bullying witness too."

"But this much I will say," added Bligh, turning to Diana: "I dare not help you now, after such suspicion, or such a charge. But still, let me implore you, be on your guard. Mind me in this, at least. Take care whom you trust, and do not be led by those who affect to be in your interest. I shall do what I can, though at a distance, to befriend you—that you may count on."

He was gone. To Diana Lugard said with exultation, "After all, there is compensation. His victory is not so great. I shall match him in this yet, though he may be *M.P.* O Diana, I feel no disappointment, and have something to look forward to now."

Lady Margaret came. She wisely and authoritatively indorsed all that Lugard said. There could be no doubt the Blighs were at the bottom of the whole. She had always a sort of regard for the "dashing" character of Richard Lugard. He described his agent—the man he recommended for the situation—Page; he inspired Diana with hope. It would "blow over" under the skilful hands of Page, who would find perhaps there was nothing in it at all. They were two women. Once Diana faintly pleaded for her old friend; but Bligh's refusal to contradict the charge was conclusive.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SORE TRIAL.

It was a rueful business for poor Diana, going through the regular routine—the heavy coach swinging along, the drive, the visit, the thousand and one antics and *fadaises* of fashion; with this sword swinging over her head as they rolled along. The worst was, that omniscient evening paper, the lively *Regent-street Chronicle*, which always had some

fresh tit-bit of social news, and a number of which was like a five-minutes' chat with a clever clubman, had a short paragraph on the matter in the agreeable page devoted to *faits divers* :

"The class of persons that seem to be known to penny-a-liners only as 'gentlemen of the long robe,' are to have good work cut out for them, in a substantial *cause célèbre* which will affect the whole estates of a beautiful young heiress whose name must be very familiar to the Court-newsman. In the common language of ordinary Englishmen, a suit in ejectment has been commenced to recover possession of the estates of Gay Court, the plaintiff claiming as child of an elder brother of the late owner. There is said to be a French marriage,—secret, of course,—an heir hidden away by an unnatural grandmother, and details of the most thrilling sort. When we add that Serjeant Hawker has been retained to lead for the plaintiff and state her case (she is a young girl, and called Eugenie), we have said enough to whet, and at the same time to stay, the stomach of the most voracious admirer of what is called the romance of real life. The famous correspondent of a certain daily paper even now must be sharpening his pen. We hope in a few days to be able to present our readers with an outline of this case from a special and exclusive source."

Mr. Page, the solicitor, was a young man of not more than thirty, who dressed exceedingly well, and was not by any means of the mouldy, ascetic class to which law-agents are supposed to belong. He had a bright face, got his clothes from the best tailors, and went to balls and parties. This brought him in contact with "officers and gentlemen" who asked him to dine at mess, and went to him when they got into any scrape. What riveted this connection, and quite brought him into leading military business, was a little affair down at Richmond on one of the Derby-days, when a party of gentlemen belonging to a Guards regiment, and crowded on a drag, were coming home filled with wine and spirits (of an animal sort), and passing through that pretty townlet, discharged a whole volley of oranges at an honest householder standing at his door and looking at the procession going by. Much damage was done to him, and one of the horses growing restive at the turn, the police had time to come up, and arrest two of the gentlemen identified by the burgess. Being released on bail, they appeared next morning, accompanied by Mr. Page, who had been with them, and actually dined with them that night; and he took so many points, and managed the whole so cleverly, that the two officers were discharged in triumph, and the burgess went home rather damaged in character with his neighbours. On this success, it seemed that nothing legal could be done in the army without Page's aid. That gentleman was always being invited to dine, which he delighted in; was introduced to generals, colonels, &c., and saw before him a prospect indeed of getting into high life at last. He was found very useful in arranging with creditors, advancing himself also, and was never a

pressing creditor. He used indeed to say, in a gentlemanly fashion, just as one brother-officer might say to another, that he must have that money back, if convenient, or, indeed, whether it was convenient or not, as he was in a terrible way himself; and though he would not like to press, still he could not be expected to suffer himself. It was this virtue that recommended him to Lugard, who threw himself entirely into his hands, or arms even. It was Page who arranged everything for the petition, who had furnished the money "to fee" voracious counsel; but it was Page who spoke to Lugard in a very altered tone on the morning after.

"This is a very blue look-out," he said gloomily. "I counted on this. I have had to raise the money, and was sure of success. I can't afford to lose it, or even to wait. I am quite run out among them all. What do you propose?"

"Nothing," said Lugard, colouring. "You don't mean to say you're going to turn on me in this way, are you? By G—, that's too sharp practice altogether. I haven't a halfpenny. You must wait, as other fellows do, and give me time."

"I can *not*," said Mr. Page bluntly. "The money must be made out. You must sell."

Lugard started. "Sell!" he cried; "is *that* it? Is that what you are at? So now we are coming out in our true colours, it seems—the regular Shylock."

"I don't mind all this," said the other, smiling. "You know it must be done if I say it or wish it. I know I am under great obligations to you for various services, but that would be paying too high. Seriously, *very* seriously, what do you propose?"

"I was going to propose a capital good thing," said Lugard savagely; "but you may do your worst now, and you shall never have it. A great lawsuit for a young girl of the best family and in the highest society. I'll find plenty that will help me, and help her too."

This charming opening had a deep effect on Mr. Page. They were the elements that could tempt him most. "I could tell you something myself," he said. "I know what you allude to; it is this suit of Miss Diana Gay. Well," he continued slowly, "I do not wish to be harsh or pressing, though there are others who will be harsh and pressing enough with me. If I see my way in this matter, and the thing looks at all feasible— But you said the same of the election."

"So we thought—so we all thought," said Richard impetuously.

"I must see her—see her at once," said Mr. Page; "for no time is to be lost."

Richard hesitated. "She knows no more than we do, nothing more than was in that writ. It's all a mere imposture."

"Just as you please; but if I am to move in it, I must see her, and have her own instructions."

That evening Mr. Lugard brought his solicitor, Mr. Page, with

him to Diana. The current of her life had indeed changed. Even this interview had the air of part of the great responsibility that had so suddenly come upon her. When the two gentlemen arrived, and saw Diana alone, "on business," Lugard even noticed the anxious worn look in her eyes, the strained expression in her face. Lady Margaret was out on *her* business; for with this true lady of the world, as the hours of life shortened, they became more precious, in a ratio that seemed like the mysterious expanding power of the horse-shoe problem. She could not afford to waste these diamond moments in looking back. There was a charming girl she had just come to know, Miss Pollexfen—only a father, sure to inherit the vast Pollexfen estates, and no female relative to speak of. She was not a heartless or an unfeeling person, Lady Margaret; but the world was with her life. She must move on, and she could not help going to call on this young lady. Her sensitive worldly mind already was disturbed at the change she experienced. Perhaps she thought the world, her friend, had begun to look coldly on her as being unsuccessful, or associated with a failing cause.

Poor Diana had nothing to tell, nothing to show but that awful and fatal paper which had been the first notice of the blow. Mr. Page, very deferential and with his eyes fixed on her, put some questions with due apologies: had she ever heard her father allude to the possibility of such a thing—had there ever been even the question asked—had this Gay left any children? Diana could not say; she was bewildered; she could not lay her mind to think.

"It's all a trumped-up business," said Lugard impetuously. "We'll expose them!"

"We!" said Mr. Page, turning on him slowly. "How, pray? Will you let us hear your plan, then; what can you know, pray?" He paused a moment. "No, no; we must have no talking or boasting; this is too serious a matter."

"You think so?" said Diana, looking at him wistfully. "O, then, what is to be done?"

"I am sorry, truly sorry, to speak in this way," said Mr. Page gently; "but it is for the best that you should know the truth: I think so indeed. I have experience of these sort of cases; and they would not dare to come forward unless there was something substantial to go upon. But are you willing to trust in me—in my labour, skill, and devotion to your interest?—for I am always devoted to every client whose case I take up."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Diana helplessly.

"Suppose so!" repeated Mr. Page, smiling. "Ah, I see; that will scarcely do. I have no wish to force myself on you. I was brought here, recollect."

"Of course, Diana," said Lugard, "you mean to give Page every authority? I did so."

"That has no connection with this matter," said the solicitor coldly. "Recollect this is not a business for mere legal duty—instructing counsel, drawing out a brief, as Lady Margaret's respectable firm would do. There must be plot and counterplot, prying and probing; mean, nasty, ungrateful, dirty work. Excuse me saying so, Miss Gay: I mean ungrateful to *me*."

Lugard walked impatiently over to the window, smiling scornfully.

"Listen," went on Mr. Page. "Already I have my own theory about all this. I must see at once whether there is anything to support it; I shall look about it this very night. There is no hurry for a week or so, at least. I shall go at once, and shall see you again in a few days; and in the mean time, having heard what I shall report, you can then decide, Miss Gay."

"O yes," said Diana, "that is very fair."

"Further, we shall prepare a case, and have it laid before some eminent counsel-friend, or someone that Lady Margaret Bowman's solicitors shall approve of."

"But where are you going to?" said Diana.

He shook his head. "Excuse me, we shall see all that by and by; because I may be wrong, and it will end in nothing. But that is all settled. It is quite understood, I hope, Miss Gay, the footing on which I come here and take up this business?"

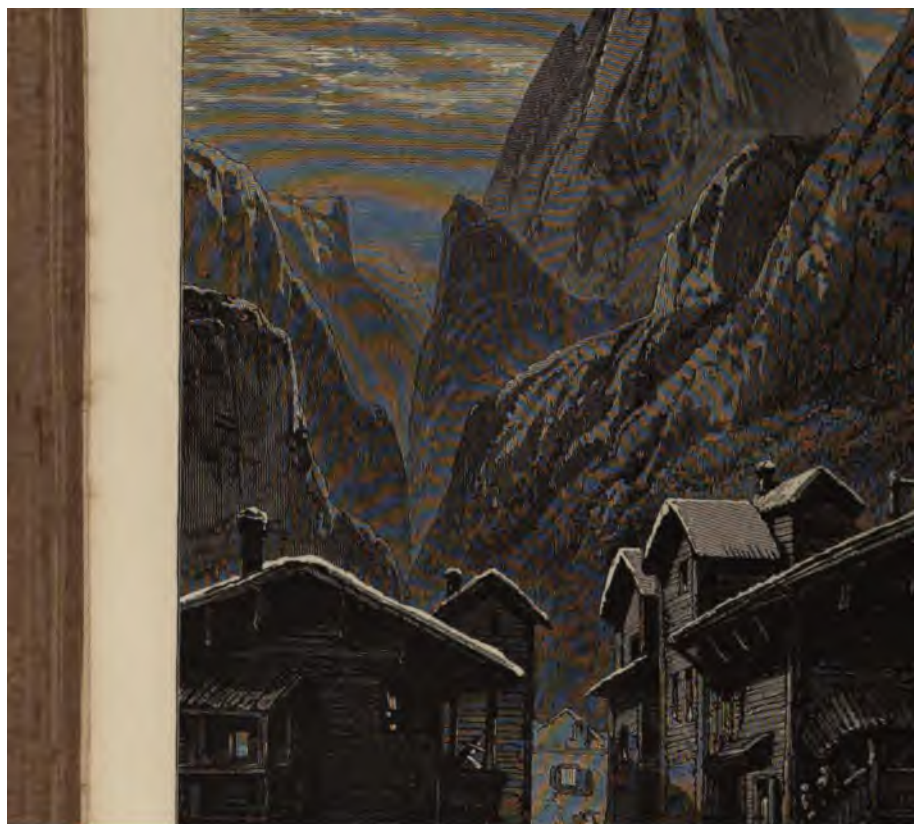


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DEATH UPON THE MOUNTAINS

BEAR him downward ; very still he lies,
And the sheeted face is pale. We found him
Yonder with his feet set to the skies,
And the rocks around him.

Where he trod, no mortal foot before
E'er had trodden. To the unknown summit,
He, across the snow's eternal floor,
Strode, to overcome it.

And he won the topmost rock ; and there
Found we when days passed, a ghastly burden.
Others may tell how the peaks were fair ;
Death his only guerdon.

Not for him the sun's departing pride,
Though the mighty mountain made surrender
Of her virgin heights. The victor died
Ere the sunset splendour.

There is one at home perchance will weep ;
Eyes that looked soft sorrow when they parted ;
When a dream of death invades her sleep,
Lone and broken-hearted.

So we bear him downward, pacing slow,
Tears fast falling from the heart's pure fountains :
Requiescat carve we mid the snow—
"Death upon the mountains."

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

FRENCH ETIQUETTE

It is the fashion with some who would pass as examples of original genius or unsophisticated good-nature to speak slightly of that unwritten code of society known as the rules of *étiquette*. Doubtless natural politeness taught by no rule is delightful enough. Politeness has been defined to be benevolence in small things; and some persons may have as strong a genius in this way as the calculators and arithmeticians who have never been to school, and will tell you without taking breath what is the cost of fifty million pounds of sugar at sevenpence three farthings a pound. But is benevolence so universal a quality that society can wisely allow each individual to be left to his inspirations? Hypocrisy has been called the homage vice renders to virtue; affect a virtue if you have it not. And the rules of politeness, known as *étiquette*, exact from each individual a certain deference to the feelings of others which is in its way a homage to humanity. Of such rules it may be said as Labruyère says of the commonplace phrases of compliment current in his own time :

“Il y a un certain nombre de phrases toutes faites que l'on prend comme dans un magasin, et dont l'on se sert pour se féliciter les uns les autres sur les événements. *Bien qu'elles se disent souvent sans affection et qu'elles soient reçues sans reconnaissance*, il n'est pas permis avec cela de les omettre, parce que du moins elles sont l'image de ce qu'il y au monde de meilleur, qui est l'amitié, et que les hommes, ne pouvant guère compter les uns sur les autres pour la réalité, *semblent être convenus entre eux de se contenter des apparences.*”

And if the rules of *étiquette* be carefully considered they will be found for the most part devised with this view, to enforce on members of society an appearance at least of humanity and benevolence; not but that with too many on whom society has enforced this external polish the inner nature remains as uncivilised as in the age of the stone-period; you may scrape off the varnish of civility with a five-franc piece and find the Lacustrian savage underneath. In the mediæval times, when everybody paid toll at the town-gate for all commodities and instruments of handicraft which they brought into the walls, the *jongleur* used to arrive before the city-warders with his rebeck and his ape; and in return for a few scrapes on his fiddle, and a few gambols from his ape before the guard, the latter—in their particoloured raiment, with helmet on their heads and cuirass on their shoulders—would condescend to give the poor fellow a good-humoured laugh and word, and let him go through scot-free. The *jongleurs* have increased in

number and in seriousness of occupation since then, but they have lost their privilege of going scot-free on any occasion. Nevertheless, the expression "*payer en monnaie de singe*" still exists, and the manner of payment too, though practised by less-meritorious members of society than our old friend the *joueur*. Our Lacustrian people with the polished outsides, for example, contrive to get through life very comfortably by conformity to certain exigencies of society; they pay their debt to humanity "*en monnaie de singe*."

The French have always had the reputation of being the most advanced nation in the world in matters of politeness, and we know many who persist in saying that this excellence consists "*en payant en monnaie de singe*" only; but such is not the opinion of the writer. It is true, however, that elderly people among the French themselves, with a flavour of the old *régime* still clinging about them, lament the decay of polite usages, and pronounce for a general *décadence* of all things in these days of *Femmes à la barbe*—*Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur*—*Barbes-bleus*, and *Grandes duchesses*. But such complaints have always existed. The

"Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores"

style of lamentation must have existed ever since the days of Methuselah, after which human nature grew so corrupt that it could no longer support nine hundred and sixty-nine years of existence. Nevertheless, let us not have the conceit to believe such a lamentation can have no truth in any case.

Dismissing, then, the question of the relative politeness of the French of this and of past generations, we may state our belief that no people ever regulated existence and the terms of intercourse of society so conveniently as the French; and if the chief aim of life should be to extract out of it the greatest amount of pleasure and self-satisfaction, we conceive that our neighbours have never been surpassed in the success with which they have organised all social arrangements. As for politics, we leave those to politicians; but the arrangements of family life, social life, the ways of establishing oneself in life, and of gathering generally as many of the roses of existence as possible without the thorns, are all planned and observed with such regularity and precision that the greatest-happiness-of-the-greatest-number principle is there triumphantly developed. With us, life, compared with life in France, is a hurry-scurry, a hurly-burly, a sort of Donnybrook Fair, in fact; and we have always thought the difference of existence in the two countries was well characterised by the crowds who wait outside the doors of the theatres in the respective countries. Observe the French crowd. It is true the *sergent de ville* is there, and that the claimants for admission are *parqué* between ingeniously-contrived lines of railing; but the office of the *sergent de ville* is a mere sinecure on such occasions, and there is never any pressure of any kind on the railings or on the

persons of the expectant crowd. Each new-comer arrives and takes his place in the *queue*, and remains there like a peg in a cribbage-board till the time arrives when he can move comfortably on, pay his money at the little wicket, and enter quietly. No one ever seeks by dint of kicking or plunging to get an undue advantage over his neighbour,—nor would it be tolerated by the rest; and you may venture yourself among the *blouses* of Paris and be sure of no crushing. But he who has ever been among a crowd in white neckties, spotless shirts, and *décolleté* waistcoats at the door of an English Italian Opera-house on a *gala*-night, when Patti was going to sing—can he say the same thing? This rule seems to be instinctively and religiously observed in most social arrangements in France—that the convenience of each individual is inseparable from the convenience of his neighbour.

It would require necessarily a volume to show with what careful order and regularity all domestic and social life is arranged among this people, of the interior economy of whose lives next to nothing is known abroad. The training of a French housewife would demand a chapter in itself, and a very long one. For a woman of business, the French-woman is unrivalled; and no chemist with his scruples and drachms can be more precise in his management of weights and measures than the mistress of a French household. Our business in this paper is with the embroidery of daily life—that part of the duties of men and women to each other which is mostly conventional, and in the eyes of cynics superfluous.

Etiquette, then, in France is, in its broad general features, not dissimilar to that in practice among us; but there is a variety of different *nuances* and shades which is not unillustrative of the different character and institutions of the two countries. It is almost impossible, of course, to draw a sharp line between *étiquette* and good manners and obligatory customs, and we shall mix the three up together in endeavouring to characterise the difference of social observances in France and England.

We will begin with the *étiquette* respecting courtship and marriage, from the proposal to the solemnisation, which is not only widely different from all English customs, but, from the peculiar habits of French society, is necessarily of the most delicate and susceptible character.

We will not here enter upon the much-discussed question as to the relative merits of the English and French way of marriage. As a general rule, the French bride comes to her husband fresh from the school and the convent. She has never been blighted in affections, or played with her own happiness or that of others. She has had no period of *flirtation*, and generally she is prepared to love the husband whom her parents or guardians may recommend her. There is no hypocrisy, and it is thoroughly understood that marriage without something like equivalent fortune, or connections which may supply its place by *protection* and advancement, is impossible. Exceptions, however,

may be made for certain forms of personal distinction in the way of rank and talent. Generally speaking, we believe Frenchwomen—except among the luxurious and depraved circles, whose morals are as bad as those of the *demi-monde*—make excellent wives; and when a Frenchwoman is good as wife or mother, her tact and intelligence render her of inestimable value to her husband and children.

Parents and friends, as is well known, play a much larger part in the arrangements of marriages than with us: little is left to chance. It is considered by the friends of a young man that the most important step in life, and the most conducive to his steadiness and welfare, is his marriage; and even friends, not relatives or guardians, will not scruple to recommend any person supposed suitable, when they think the time has arrived for him to become settled. As for falling in love, except at first sight, this is not very common or even possible. Girls are rarely engaged in society before they are married—marriage takes place on both sides much earlier than with us; and even when girls go into society, the opportunities for flirtation and engaging affections, &c., are so limited and so carefully guarded against by mothers and *chaperones*, that they practically do not exist.

We will suppose that M. Horace Delaunay has seen Mademoiselle Rosalie Dubois, or that she has been spoken of to him, and that on enquiry as to her position, &c., he finds she is a person whom he would like to marry. He is bound to observe a rigorous compliance with inexorable rules, the violation of any one of which would be probably the ruin of all his hopes. *Etiquette* has nothing to say about the affections, but simply, like a treatise on strategics and tactics, lays down certain methods of proceeding, without considering the cause of action.

The first step which M. Delaunay or his parents must take for him is to ask a mutual friend to inquire of the family of the young lady if his offer of marriage will be agreeable. It is absolutely contrary to all good breeding for M. Delaunay to do this himself; and if he is refused, good breeding requires him to make no sign of disappointment, but to remain with the family *précisément sur le même pied*; just on the same footing as before. It will be comprehended that all allusion to the refusal would be of the worst of tastes; “*du plus mauvais goût*.”

But suppose M. Delaunay has no common friend: in this case he must address himself to the *curé* of the parish of the family, if they are Catholics—to the *pasteur*, if they are Protestants—to the rabbi, if they are Jewish—and solicit one of these to make the inquiry.

If he prefers it, he may go to the family lawyer; and indeed, if the lady is an elderly person or widow, this is the only admitted way of arranging this preliminary. But in any case he must get a suitable introduction to *curé*, *pasteur*, rabbi, or notary.

If the reply be favourable, M. Delaunay asks for permission to visit the family, or he asks to be introduced, if he has not been so already.

This first visit must take place without the presence of the young

lady, and all affairs of property, settlement, &c., are then to be discussed. The family are supposed already to be informed of all details about the position of M. Delaunay by his intermediary; the parents or guardians are now supposed to put further questions to the young man, and to declare whether the replies are satisfactory or not, and to communicate on their side all details about the young lady's fortune and expectations. The young man is invited to visit them on a future day, and the day and hour of the visit are fixed. If the replies of M. Delaunay are not found satisfactory, the young lady's representatives require time for reflection, and they separate on the most cordial terms possible, and the suitor is required by good breeding not to make any further advances unless he is recalled.

However, suppose M. Delaunay has satisfied the exigences of father, mother, guardian, notary, &c., and the hour of the first visit is arranged in which he is to see the object of his marriage-intentions for the first time as a suitor. The visit must naturally be arranged to take place when no other visitors are expected. Good taste requires toilettes on both sides to be carefully proper, although any display—*une toilette tapageuse*—is of the worst taste; the young lady especially must be simply but neatly attired. Mademoiselle Dubois, having already been informed of the proposal, sits between her parents, and no allusion whatever is made to the subject of M. Delaunay's visit during the first interview. It is, in fact, a simple visit of *reconnaissance*; the enemies are placed in presence of and examine each other, talking about the most indifferent things in the world. If, however, either on the occasion of the first visit or of the second, M. Delaunay is not satisfied with the explanations given him, or the appearance of Mademoiselle Dubois, he can still retreat conveniently by writing to say that a little journey, which he is obliged to take, will deprive him for some time of the pleasure he anticipated in being able to continue his visits, &c. If, on the contrary, he desires to go on with the negotiation, he must make a formal demand, by his father, mother, or other relative or friend, to be admitted into the family under the title of *prétendu*.

If the request is accepted, M. Delaunay ought immediately to write a note to the parents to ask when it will be agreeable for them to receive his visit of acknowledgment and thanks; and when this interview takes place, Mademoiselle Dubois, having been duly informed of the present condition of the proceedings, will, after the proper compliments have passed on both sides, be sent for; and the young man is presented to her as her future husband.

From this time M. Delaunay is received in the house of the family on *intimate* but not on *familiar* terms, with respect to which there is a wide distinction. M. Delaunay is required, for example, always to come with a toilette suitable for a visit of ceremony, and the young lady on her *side too* must observe a similar carefulness. M. Delaunay is expected, of course, to pay frequent visits to the house, but always in ceremonious

form ; and he should announce his intention of coming by sending in the morning a bouquet to his betrothed, whom indeed he will never see alone until the marriage is finally celebrated before the *maire* and in the church ; for marriage-contracts are such slippery affairs, that M. Delaunay and Mademoiselle Dubois may have gone through all these forms to no purpose. If M. Delaunay should wish to retire at any moment, he can yet do so by writing the little *billet* and announcing *le petit voyage* ; and the family of the young lady could cover her retreat by any equally simple device ; and to prevent all unpleasant consequences, and all chance of malevolent tittle-tattle, the whole affair should be kept a strict secret on both sides till the marriage-contract is finally signed. And, moreover, the young people will never either speak to or of each other by their unadorned Christian names ; they must address each other and speak of each other always as Monsieur Horace and Mademoiselle Rosalie. But when the contract is signed, and the marriage formally announced, the rigours of *étiquette* may relax in some measure towards the young couple ; but as respects the family, it increases, for the father and mother of the *fiancée* are now required, *fermer leur maison*, to shut up their house,—that is to say, not to receive at home any but members of the family ; and Mademoiselle Rosalie will carefully avoid, and would not indeed be permitted to make, appearance *dans le monde* ; that is, either in society or any public place of amusement.

Supposing that all things have gone on without difficulty up to this point, the next step is the signing of the marriage-contract, or settlement as we should term it. The contract must necessarily have been duly arranged and its provisions all settled and the deed drawn up, when the parties betake themselves to the office of the notary who has prepared the document. In the case of very wealthy families, and in the provinces, the notary comes to the house of the *fiancée*, in which case *étiquette* requires that he should be invited to dine. It is, as with us, esteemed an honour to have the document witnessed by a prince of the blood or a great state-dignitary. All expenses of the proceedings are to be paid by the future husband. The notary reads the document ; M. Delaunay rises, makes a bow to his *fiancée* as though to ask her consent, takes the pen, signs the deed, and then passes the pen to Mademoiselle Rosalie. The young lady signs in turn, and passes the pen to the mother of her intended, who passes it on to the mother of the bride, and so on through the members of the family present, who sign for the most part in the order of their age.

It is on this day that M. Delaunay is expected to send the presents known as the *corbeille de mariage*. The value of the presents should amount to about ten per cent of the *dot* of the lady. They consist generally of shawls, jewels, lace, furs, gloves, fans, books, and a purse containing a certain number of gold pieces of money, which should be new. These presents should be put either in an elegant box, or in a work-table destined to form part of the furniture of the young couple. The

corbeille should arrive on the morning of the signing of the contract, accompanied with a handsome bouquet of flowers; and the *corbeille*, together with the *trousseau* of the *fiancée*, which by this time should be prepared, is exhibited in her room, tastefully arranged with flowers, for her friends to admire. If there is a ball that evening, as is customary, at the house of the *fiancée*, the young lady should be in white. She opens the ball with her intended, and in the second quadrille she belongs *de droit* to the notary, who in olden times had the right of kissing her on the cheek. Everybody who signs the marriage-deed is expected to make a present to the young lady.

As for the actual marriage, it is well known this is performed in two ceremonies—one at the *mairie*, the other at the church. Both at the *mairie* and at the church marriages are performed on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays in every week: at the *mairie* from nine in the morning to five in the evening; at the church from six in the morning till one in the afternoon. The marriage at the *mairie* is of a strictly civil character, and is often performed on the same day as the other, but sometimes one or two days beforehand. It must, however, precede the other, though strict Catholics look on it as a mere legal formality, and as no marriage at all in a proper sense. The *maire* can, if he pleases to honour persons of importance, perform the marriage in his drawing-room; but all the doors of the house must be open down to the street, so that all the world may enter if they please. The *mairie* marriage must be preceded by the proper legal formalities—evidence of publication of bans, of consent of parents (if such is required by the law)—and can only be celebrated three days after notification has been published at the *mairie*. When the bride has signed her name at the *mairie*, she passes the pen to her husband, who receives it and says, *Merçi, madame*. The lady is thus styled ‘madame’ for the first time in her life by her future husband. The publication of the bans for the marriage in the church takes place much the same as with us. On the morning of the marriage the bridegroom and his family come to call for the bride and her family. The bridegroom then presents the *bouquet de nocés*, which must be entirely white, to his *fiancée*. Carriages hired by the bridegroom, who defrays all the expenses of the day with the exception of those at the house of the bride, are sent to fetch the witnesses of the marriage and the members of the two families who are invited to be present, to the house of the bride. The bridegroom, besides the bouquet, brings the wedding-ring and the *pièce de mariage*, a piece of money, of gold or silver according to the condition of the parties; if of the former it is placed like a medal in a morocco-case. Among the peasants a piece of copper coin fulfils the function of the *pièce de mariage*, which must receive the priest’s benediction during the ceremony.

As soon as the whole party is assembled they start for the *mairie*. The bride is in the first carriage to the right, with her mother on the back-seat, with her father or his representative in front of her.

In the second carriage is the bridegroom, on the back-seat likewise; but his mother—or her representative, if he has none—takes the right, and his father sits on the front-seat. The witnesses of the marriage and the other members of the family follow. Arrived at the church, the father of the bride leads her to the altar, and the bridegroom follows with his mother. Then the mother of the bride should follow in procession with the father of the bridegroom. The nearest relatives and most intimate friends of the two families also approach the altar. The rest of those invited sit in the body of the church on chairs prepared for them. The family of the bridegroom and the bridegroom take the right, the bride and her family take the left, of the altar. During the service a *quête* is made in the church, which is performed by the younger sisters of the bride and bridegroom, if they have any, one on each side. In the absence of younger sisters the nearest younger female relatives supply the deficiency.

During the ceremony, when the priest addresses to the young couple the question, "*Consentez-vous à prendre pour époux?*" &c., each of them before replying turns to the side of the father and mother, makes them a bow or courtesy, and then each replies, not in a loud tone, but *à mi voix*. After the offertory of the mass the young couple arise, and each takes a wax-taper, which is placed before them, and they go to the altar and place the money which they offer as alms in the hand of the priest. And after the "Pater" is said a pall is held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom by the youngest boys—the nearest relatives of each family. When the marriage-mass is over the young pair go to the sacristy, and there receive the congratulations of their friends. The order, however, of going there is just the reverse of what it was on entering the church. Thus, the father of the bridegroom now leads the bride, and the mother of the bride now takes the arm of the bridegroom. Those invited to the wedding follow after and make their compliments to the newly-married couple and to both families. There is a general presentation by the bridegroom of his friends to his bride, and the mother of the bride introduces her friends to the bridegroom.

Etiquette has now another order of the day to impose on departure from the sacristy. The bridegroom is now allowed for the first time to give his arm to the bride, the father of the bride gives his arm to the mother of the bridegroom, the father of the bridegroom to the mother of the bride, and after this, it appears, *étiquette* relaxes, and allows the rest to follow as they please, except that on the return home in the carriage the bride and bridegroom must get together into the first carriage, which, however, is now to be filled up with the family of the bridegroom, while the family of the bride makes up the second carriage. And it must be observed that only on the occasion of a marriage-service is a giving and taking of arms admissible in a French church.

All persons invited to the marriage will show good taste if they arrive at the church before bride and bridegroom; and they are expected not to laugh or talk at the wedding, more especially when the priest gives his benediction; and they are expected also to make a visit of congratulation within a fortnight, or send a letter of apology, alleging sickness, calamity, or other reasons by way of excuse. The mass-book of the bride must have a white binding, or at least a white cover, if she will not go to the expense of a new one, and her gloves must be white, like her *toilette*; while it is now out of fashion for the bridegroom to wear anything lighter than *beurre frais*.

It is contrary to all French usage to invite company to the marriage of a widow, or even of any lady, *sur le retour*, above thirty, which ought to take place early in the morning, without display; and the *toilette* of the bride in such cases should *not* be white.

It is not generally the custom now in France to take a journey after the marriage; on the contrary, the wedding-party often spend the day together, go for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and have a dinner and ball in the evening. At the dinner, the bride and bridegroom should be placed opposite to each other, the bride having to her right the father of her husband, her own mother sitting to the right of the bridegroom; and the bride is to be the first served at table. At the conclusion of the dinner, a toast is proposed for the young married couple. One of the *témoins* of the bride proposes the health of the bride, and one of the *témoins* of the bridegroom proposes the health of the bridegroom. Oratory is required to be brief, and the fathers of bride and bridegroom return thanks for their respective children; but, above all, no singing is expected among decent people; therefore, if an Englishman finds himself at such a festival, he must not propose to sing the "*Rogez bonhomme*" of Béranger. The guests who have been invited to dine are expected before leaving to give an invitation to the young couple for a dinner or a *soirée*; and such a return is called the *rendu de nocce*, and they are allowed a whole month for the giving of the *rendu de nocce*, at which, naturally, the best places and all the honour is given to the new couple. No one, of course, must appear at a marriage in mourning; even a widow, if *en grand deuil*, must appear at the marriage of her daughter in white and gray. In the best society, however, the festivity of dinner and ball takes place on the day of the signing of the marriage-contract; and it is to be observed that a Protestant minister may be invited to the wedding, but a Catholic priest *never*. At the ball the bride opens the dance with the guest to whom she wishes to pay the greatest attention, and the bridegroom does the same thing. The newly-married pair dance in front of each other in the first quadrille, but in the second they dance together. After this the bride has the privilege of inviting whom she pleases for the rest of the evening. The bride and bridegroom retire as quietly as possible, the latter some time after the former, and everybody does his best not to observe their departure.

The *lettres de faire part* of the marriage are to be sent within fifteen days, and the persons who receive them are expected to pay a marriage visit within a month.

Next to the *étiquette* touching marriage, that connected with births and baptisms necessarily claims attention.

After the birth of a child the father is bound, under severe legal penalties, to go to the *mairie*, with two witnesses, and make declaration of the birth; and the *lettres de faire part* of the birth of the child should be sent by the *father alone* of the newborn child; the mother's name should not appear in the letter at all, which should be printed on small-sized glazed paper, and not sealed. The baptism of a child in the Roman Catholic Church takes place as soon as possible after the birth. An indispensable preliminary is, necessarily, to find a godfather and godmother. The request to stand godfather or godmother is usually made some months before the birth of the child, and considerable delicacy necessarily dictates the choice of the persons. The godmother is usually the first chosen, and it is a custom to allow her to choose her own *compère*, the godfather. For the firstborn child of a marriage, however, the mother of the wife and the father of the husband have a prescriptive right to be godfather and godmother; for the second-born, the mother of the husband and the father of the wife have a similar right. And it is to be remarked that when a widow consents to be godmother with a gentleman who has paid attentions to her, she is supposed to contract a sort of engagement with him; and consequently widows are somewhat wary about acceptance of the position. The father of the child is bound, by all the laws of *étiquette*, to send a box of sweetmeats to the priest or minister who has baptised his child, and to insert in the box a piece of gold or silver money; he should likewise give *bonbons* to the nurse and to the servants of the family, with a gratuity of money to each; but these *bonbons* need not be in a box, but simply in a *screw* of paper. The presents, however, which *étiquette* demands of the *parrain* and *marraine* are of a more onerous character. In the first place the *marraine* should, as with us, find the child in its little *argenterie*,—a silver cup, a knife and fork, a ladle called a *cuiller à bouillie*. Then both *parrain* and *marraine* should give presents to the mother of the child. If she is rich, a costly piece of jewelry must be given; if she is simply a person of good fortune, a piece of plate will suffice; if, however, she lives in a very modest style, she may be offered a dress or a shawl; and when the godfather and godmother have consented from goodnature to stand for a child of the poorer class, sugar, chocolate, coffee, wine, or anything useful, is acceptable. In Paris, moreover, the *parrain* is expected to send to the *marraine* a certain number of boxes of *bonbons* from Siraudin's, or some equally well-known place; and the number of boxes may vary in amount from twelve to twelve dozen, and some of the boxes will be of a pound, others of a half-pound dimensions. The *parrain* is expected also to send

All persons invited to the marriage will stand ribbons, the whole arrive at the church before bride and bridegroom. But in return expected not to laugh or talk at the wedding. The bride makes a handsome present the priest gives his benediction; and there is a formal dinner-party in his visit of congratulation within a fortnight.

Alleging sickness, calamity, or other excuse, the church, it is so like our own mass-book of the bride must be present. The child should enter the church first cover, if she will not go to the altar. She follows the godfather and godmother, the must be white, like her friends. During the ceremony, the godfather bridegroom to wear anything on each side of the child; and after the *Pater*

It is contrary to all custom to acquire of the child, through its sponsors, "Requiem for a widow, or even for a child." and they should reply, "*J'y renonce.*" "Et à to take place as godfather or godmother?" "*J'y renonce.*" "Et à ses œuvres?" "*J'y renonce.*" of the bride in

It is no secret that the solemnity of the baptism would suffer considerably. When after the ceremony is complete the priest takes the taper which has been the day before, and gives it into the hands of the sponsors, who hold it jointly during the final prayer.

From births and baptisms we pass to visits, invitations, dinners, gro, ri, and balls.

As to visits, they are dignified with the names of *visites de cérémonie*, *visites obligatoires*, *visites de félicitation*, *visites de condoléance*, *visites de réception*, *visites du jour de l'an*, *visites des jours de réception*, and there is the casual visit, unclassified.

A *visite de cérémonie* may of course often be a *visite obligatoire*, and the above classification has no scientific accuracy. A simple *visite de cérémonie* should not extend over a quarter of an hour; for by a *visite de cérémonie* generally speaking is meant the visit between persons not very intimate, on the occasion of the new year, to return thanks for some service or polite attention, or on departure for the country after the season is over, &c. The *visite obligatoire* comprises visits to the families of newly-married persons after an invitation to be present at the *benédiction nuptiale*, new-year's visits to friends; the *visite de digestion* takes place after a dinner-party, &c. The *visite de félicitation* is due to an acquaintance after he has received any advancement to any important position; but the visit is usually preceded by a letter written immediately on receipt of the intelligence; while the visit itself is made late, not to have the air of a solicitor. But, on the contrary, if an acquaintance has a misfortune of any kind, a visit ought to be made as promptly as possible: this is considered as a great *preuve de savoir-vivre*. And we were once present when circumstances were such between two persons, that the way of making the latter visit had to be discussed with considerable delicacy.

A coolness had taken place between A and B, two acquaintances, and the father of A got into trouble, the talk of all Paris; there was an *avalanche* of cards left with the concierge of A, who was a distin-

rary character; but B was afraid that if he left his card he might have a *souçon* of the triumphant air about it; and he sent it only to a lady, an arbitress in matters of *étiquette*, and she should write "*en personne*" in pencil on the card, so as to make it possible then that the sentiment dictating the visit should be by any but a barbarian.

The visit is due within a week from the dinner-party, but a considerable delay is a fortnight. The *visite du jour de l'an* is made at any time during the month of January for simple acquaintances. To the grand-parents this visit should be made on New-year's Eve; and to parents, aunts, brothers, and sisters, on New-year's Day: cousins are allowed a week for the visit, and friends a fortnight. From five to ten minutes suffice for a *visite du jour de l'an*. It is a *manque de savoir-vivre* to wish a "happy new year" (*une bonne année*) to any but intimate friends; and if on occasion of a New-year's call a relative or intimate friend is not at home, the card must *not be left*, but regrets expressed to the servant, and the call repeated. But, as is well known, the *visites du jour de l'an* among simple acquaintances are satisfied for the most part by an exchange of cards; and these are taken by the post for a five-centime stamp, the envelope being left open; and during the whole month of January the daily postal deliveries in Paris are of a most irregular character, from the enormous quantity of extra work thus thrown on the post-office.

We now come to the *visite de condoléance*, which takes place after one has been invited to be present at a *service funèbre*, or received a *lettre de faire part* of the decease of a friend's relative. And in the *visite de condoléance* there are one or two nice distinctions drawn, which show great delicacy of sentiment; for it is established that one should not make a visit of condolence while *en grand deuil*. The object of the visit is to assist sorrow in supporting itself, not to add your own. But if you can, *en grand deuil*, write a letter expressing your sympathy, which *must not be sent by the post, but carried by hand*. Notwithstanding, every visitor must be dressed in dark colours (though he need not be absolutely in black), with dark gloves. Another nice distinction is, that children must not be taken on a visit of condolence; children, if not incapable of sympathy, are at least out of place in any house of mourning but their own home. In the *visite de condoléance*, the person to be consoled with is approached in silence; if it is a lady, the ladies kiss her on the cheek, and the men shake her hand; if it is a man, the men kiss him on the cheek likewise, and the ladies take his hand sympathetically. No inquiries whatever after health are to be made, and one must wait for the person visited to speak of the deceased person, and observe silence as to the recent bereavement if no mention is made of it. Between intimate friends the visit of condolence is made the day of the funeral; between acquaintances within a fortnight afterwards.

As to *visites du jour de réception*, the custom is now universal in Paris

for every lady, *prendre un jour*, to fix a day for receiving her friends; and having fixed it, she is expected not to go out on any plea whatever. If you are taken ill, your servant must say so at the door, and deny entrance to everybody; not even the most intimate friends should in such case be received, to avoid giving offence to others. The mistress of the house on a *jour de réception* must *not* be in *grande toilette*; this is contrary to all good breeding. The place of the lady of the house in her *salon* is to the right of the fireplace, in an armchair; and this place she should give up to no one except a grandmother, or some person to whom she would show extraordinary respect. Men are expected to leave their *paleots* in the antechamber, and to keep their hats in their hands during the whole of their visit; and the lady should never request a visitor to put down his hat.

To receive well necessarily requires much art and tact in the lady; when she introduces one person to another, she should, of course, instantly engage the introduced persons as rapidly as possible in conversation in which all may join, to avoid embarrassment. She will never talk in an *aparté* or undertone. She will avoid politics and religion. She will not talk, as the Spaniards say, of the "halter to a person whose father has been hung;" if she has visitors of a modest condition, she will not talk of *fêtes* and festivities, and expensive habits and fashions of dress, in which they are not able to share. She will try to make the conversation as general as possible; she will not endeavour to retain any person about to depart, but simply say, "*Déjà!*" When visitors have left, she will not allow anything unpleasant to be said of them; she will give people to understand that her roof is not a retreat for scandal; that civilised hospitality respects with generosity all who confide themselves to its amenities; and that to be witty or sarcastic at the expense of the absent is both easy and ill-bred.

With respect to dinner-parties there is little difference between French and English *étiquette*, except that an invitation to a person of superior position to our own, or to one to whom it is intended to pay respect, should be given in person. And we need not say that a guest at a French dinner-table should be quiet with his legs under the table, especially if he has ladies near him; that he should not blow on his food if it is too hot; that he should not put his nose to his wine—*flairer son vin*; that he should not make any remark about the goodness or badness of the dishes; that he should not drink out of a lady's glass; and that he should not peel his apples, pears, and oranges *en rond comme au village*, but up and down; or that he should not fling his napkin on his chair when he has done with it, as if he were at a *table-d'hôte*, but put it on the table; and above all, that he should not imitate a *commis voyageur* at a *table-d'hôte*, and clean his tumbler with his napkin, with respect to which latter point we remember an agreeable anecdote. A French marshal, when he entertained his officers at dinner, was in the habit of looking sharply at this point—if

an officer wiped his glass at table he judged at once what class of society he came from. On one occasion an officer lately promoted was his guest, and immediately he was seated he began to wipe his glass, as at a *table-d'hôte*. "*Changez le verre de monsieur*," said the marshal to his servant. The glass was changed, and the officer began again with napkin and glass. "*Changez le verre de monsieur*," said the marshal again; "*prenez garde cette fois qu'il soit bien propre*." The glass was changed, and the officer began again the same manoeuvre. The marshal reiterated his former order. After the glass had been changed three or four times, the guest said in an angry voice to the servant, "*Hold! vous, est ce que vous voulez me donner tous les verres de la maison à nettoyer*." Moreover one will take care not to say, "*Voulez-vous, madame, prendre telle chose*," which is the formula used by servants; but "*Permettez-moi, madame*," &c.

Invitations to breakfast should be given in person. In dinners of ceremony, too, the servants should not be in livery, but in black, with white gloves; and the maxim of Brillat Savarin must be observed, "*Inviter quelqu'un à dîner c'est se charger de son bonheur pendant tout le temps qu'il est sous votre toit*." If *champagne frappé* is given during the first service, it must be continued during the whole of the dinner, otherwise it comes on at the dessert. Ladies, too, are expected not to give themselves the airs of being very little eaters, "*se poser en petites mangeuses*;" and gentlemen are expected to remain two hours at least after dinner in the house in which they dine.

With reference to *soirées* and balls also French *étiquette* offers little distinction from that observed in all the civilised world.

In a private concert, however, it is to be noted that when professional singers and players are present (styled *artistes* by our neighbours), even though they are paid for their performance, precisely the same attention and respect is due to them as to the other guests; and to act otherwise would be considered as denoting "*un manque absolu d'éducation*."

From the *étiquette* of social meetings let us pass to the *étiquette* of letter-writing, which plays so large a part in civilised life. As will have been already seen, the *lettres de faire part* form a substantial portion of French correspondence. First we have the *lettres de décès*, letter of announcement of death, with respect to which there is this general rule: no *ascendant*—that is to say, no personal in the progenital line, not even a father or mother—ought to make any appearance in a *lettre de décès*. Let us copy a *lettre de décès* which we have lately received:

"Madame Veuve Latour, née Talhouet, et son fils, Monsieur Oscar Talhouet;

"Madame Lesueur, née Talhouet, Monsieur le Docteur Lesueur, Monsieur et Madame Ernest Lesueur, leur fils et belle-fille, Monsieur Hippolyte Lesueur, leur petit-fils;

"Monsieur Edouard Talhouet, Inspecteur-Général des Ponts et Chaussées, et Madame Talhouet;

"Monsieur et Madame Jourel, leur fille et gendre;

"Madame Veuve Marbouty, née Talhouet, et sa fille Mademoiselle Marbouty;

"Madame Veuve Lariguais, née Talhouet;

"Monsieur et Madame Chanlier leur fille et gendre;

"Madame Herminie Mirecourt, née Talhouet, et son fils Monsieur Eugène Mirecourt;—

"Ont l'honneur de vous faire part de la perte douloureuse qu'ils viennent de faire en la personne de Madame Veuve Talhouet, née de Saint-Alary, décédée à Tulles (Corèze) le 10 janvier 1868, dans sa 88^{me} année, leur mère, belle-mère, grand'mère et arrière-grand'mère."

These *lettres de décès* are of course printed on black-edged paper, which should be of a large form, and glazed. They are not put in an envelope, but simply folded; and thus they are transmitted by the post at a reduced price. We have already spoken of *lettres de faire part*, of marriage, and of births.

As to letters generally, it must be observed that the French are much more formal than ourselves. *Monsieur, en vedette*, except among tolerably-intimate friends, is the ordinary way of commencing a letter; ending, "Veuillez, bien, monsieur, agréer l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée;" or something analogous and less formal. It begins, however, to be agitated whether *Salut et amitié* may not be ordinarily allowed to conclude a letter. No gentleman, however, should think of addressing a lady, especially if she is at all young, as simply *Chère madame* by letter—the proper formula is, *Madame et amie*, or *Chère madame et amie*; and, *vice versâ*, no lady will write, *Cher monsieur*. Manuscript letters are rarely written in the third person, except to inferiors; printed letters, however, may be so expressed. Neither is it the custom now to repeat the *Madame* and *Monsieur* in the superscription of a letter, *A Madame Madame P*—; and when a letter is addressed jointly to *Monsieur* and *Madame*, the *Monsieur* always should come the first; and here it may be mentioned that, in speaking to the Emperor and Empress, it is entirely contrary to *étiquette* to say *Votre Majesté*—*Sa Majesté* must be used, and the third person always employed; thus, *Je présente à l'Empereur* is the proper expression, and not *J'ai l'honneur de présenter à votre Majesté*.

We will end this paper on *étiquette* by recording some of the usages generally observed after a death, respecting the solemnities of interment. As soon as a member of a family is dead, a table is placed near the bed of the dead person, covered with white linen, and on the table is placed a crucifix, two tapers, a vessel of holy water, and a branch of box which has had priestly benediction. As long as the corpse is in the house, a religious silence is observed. The repasts are not served in the ordinary way; the members of the family take their meals in their own rooms, or at most on some corner of a table; and the table is not laid in the dining-room. A sister of charity or a priest watches with the body till the time of interment.

The first step after the death is to go or send to the *mairie*, and make declaration of the death of the deceased; upon which a doctor is despatched from the *mairie* to verify the report of the persons announcing the death, and to make all requisite inquiries as to the cause of decease. The *procès-verbal* is afterwards drawn up at the *mairie*, and the *maire* then fixes the day and hour of the funeral, having regard to the number of funerals to be performed in the *arrondissement*, and the desires of the family. Some member or delegate of the family then arranges with the vicar as to the limit of expense to which they desire to go in celebrating the funeral mass in the parish church, and engages the chairs for those who are to be invited to be present. Letters of invitation to the funeral service are then despatched, and sometimes, in case there is not sufficient time to invite all desirable persons, a notice is inserted in one of the newspapers to this effect:

“Les amis et connaissances de M. M——, qui par oubli involontaire n'auraient pas reçu de lettres de convocation pour assister à son convoi funèbre, sont priés de se joindre au deuil qui se réunira le . . . à . . . heure, à la maison mortuaire, rue . . . no. . .”

The persons invited come to the house of the deceased, *la maison mortuaire*, where the female relatives remain in strict seclusion. They accompany the body to the church, in which portion of the ceremony ladies can join, though they never, or very rarely, accompany the procession from the church to the cemetery. A coronal of white flowers is placed on the coffin of a young girl or child; the decorations, crosses of the Legion of Honour, &c. are placed on the coffin of any person possessing them; and the sword and epaulettes of a military officer are likewise so exposed. In the procession from the church to the cemetery, those who go on foot walk before the carriages, next to the hearse; and the first carriage is that of the family. And we should not leave unnoticed the graceful custom which obtains in France and in all Catholic countries, from all passers-by in the street, of raising their hats to the corpse.

The most strict mourning is that required from a widow. She wears mourning for two years; and her mourning consists of a robe of black-woollen stuff, a black veil, a cap, and a collar and sleeves of crape. These she must wear for a year; after which she wears black silk and black lace for six months; after which she may, for the last six months, wear gray or violet or white. If she remarries before the time of her mourning is expired—which she can do legally at the end of ten months from the date of the death of her husband—she may leave off her mourning for the day of the wedding, but must put it on again the day after; and her husband wears mourning with her. A widower, on the other hand, does not wear mourning for more than a year, and sometimes for not more than six months. Should he marry during his period of mourning, his wife must not wear during that period any other colour but white, gray, or violet.

Black woollen is prescribed for ladies in all cases of *grand deuil*. The *grand deuil* for a father or mother lasts six months, the whole period of mourning being a year. During all periods of *grand deuil* kid gloves are not permitted: the gloves must be of black wool at first; later, those of black silk may be worn. In very deep mourning every kind of ornament, even of black jet, is interdicted.

No person should make any *visite de cérémonie* during the period of *grand deuil*. Thus, a widow must abstain from such for a whole year from the time of the decease of her husband; neither should she during that time, *prendre un jour*, have a day in the week for receiving visits.

We have thus run summarily through the code of French *étiquette*, in the regulations of which may be perceived frequent delicacy of sentiment inspired by a desire to place people on amicable terms with each other. We have not mentioned such of the observances of *étiquette* as may be seen every day in the street; one of which consists in saluting the friend of your friend when you meet the two together, although the former is unknown to you—an observance dictated by a desire not to leave him out in the cold during a friendly exchange of recognitions; and indeed, in a country where the duel is still an institution, men generally have an interest in being as civil to each other as possible.

There can be no doubt, from both what we have said and from the observation of everybody who has visited France, that their code of *étiquette* and of politeness is more elaborate and more stringently observed than that of any other people, not even excepting the Spaniards, who are more stately, solemn, and professing in their politeness, though meaning less. The politeness of Frenchmen has been attributed to their vanity, and their politeness interpreted to be a sort of mutual-admiration system. There may be some truth in this. No doubt the Frenchman is very often vain; but after all, vanity is a social weakness; and if the choice lay between vanity accompanied with politeness, and modesty accompanied with boorishness, in our associates, most civilised people would have no hesitation in choosing the former for general purposes of daily intercourse.

SENSATIONALISM IN SCIENCE

Our Coal-fields

It is often said as a reproach that literature as a whole, and especially Fiction, has become "sensational"—that it loves to produce excitement by descriptions of imaginary crimes and unnatural incidents. But what are all the startling scenes portrayed in novels—though we question if there is any of them which has not had its counterpart in real life—to the dreadful catastrophes predicted for us and for all creation in the pages of Science? As a mild starting instance, let us take the dire prediction about our coal-fields, and the consequent collapse which is to befall England—this little Isle of ours, at present the brightest flowering spot of civilisation and of mechanical power in the whole world.

At meetings of the British Association, and in books and pamphlets, Mr. Jevons and other savans have recently startled the public with predictions—not political predictions, which everyone knows are as worthless as the vaticinations of Zadkiel, but dicta of so-called solid science, based upon that most respected of all grounds of belief, Statistics—that in a short time hence the great power of England will come to an end, owing to the disappearance of the main element of that power. A short time hence—a very short time in the life of a nation—our coal-beds will be all exhausted. Thereafter we must become dependent for coal upon other countries. We shall have to pay an enormous price for the fuel by means of which we withstand the rigours of winter, and a cheap supply of which is absolutely indispensable to keep England as she is. A dreadful prospect, truly! Our Islands are so small that we could not maintain more than half of our present population if our soil alone were left to us. One-half of our people are dependent for food and employment upon other countries. One-half of our food—not to speak of our common luxuries, like tea, sugar, &c.—comes from abroad: and where-with do we purchase those supplies? Simply by our Foreign Trade: simply by importing raw materials, cotton and the like, and manufacturing them into exportable commodities by the help of our coal and iron. Take away our coal, and the population of these Islands must be reduced one-half, and even that remaining half will live but poorly, compared with our present condition.

Our native supplies of coal and iron, we say, enable us to convert the raw products of foreign countries into manufactured commodities, which we export, and can sell in foreign markets at a lower price than they could be produced at in any country save our own; and with the profit which we make on this export-trade we are enabled to purchase the

food and so-called luxuries which are necessary to support our thirty millions of people in their present condition. Forty millions sterling a-year do we spend in importing food, the mere necessities of life, for our consumption; and forty millions more do we import in tea, wine, sugar, tobacco, and other so-called luxuries, but which are indispensable to maintain us in comfort and enable us to withstand the terrible wear and tear of modern life. Eighty millions sterling a-year! How vast the foreign trade, the profit of which enables us to make this enormous yearly payment to other countries! It is our coal and iron that enable us to do this. Without them we could not manufacture so cheaply as to allow of our selling our manufactures in other countries at a price inferior to that of similar commodities manufactured—or which might be manufactured—by those countries themselves. Nay, more: without these native supplies of coal and iron, we should probably have to obtain a large portion of our clothing also from other countries, just as they at present do from us. Frightful prospect! we say again, if this indispensable resource should fail us—as the savans predict.

No one has yet said when our beds of iron will be exhausted: and we are glad to see that some new iron-beds of great richness have just been discovered in one of the outlying ridges of the Lammermoor Hills: and probably other discoveries will be made in those hills—so familiar to us in the vacation-days of our boyhood, and which we know to be rich in metallic ores. But what does all this matter, if coal fail us? Our iron-fields may remain productive for untold generations: but of what use will they be if our coal-fields fail us? We need the coal first to smelt the iron, then to convert it into machinery, and again to set that machinery in motion in our factories. The cost of importing a bulky material like coal would be so great as to put a stop to our manufacturing greatness. True, Belgium and France carry on a portion of their manufacturing industry with English coal; but this is mainly for articles of domestic use, not for export: moreover, the distance from which they bring the coal is very small. But from what quarter could we get coal if our native supply were exhausted? Not certainly from France or Belgium; nor, so far as appears at present, from any country in Europe, however distant. We should have to get it from America: and what would be the cost?

By planting every inch of our moorlands we might possibly manage to supply our grates with wood-fuel without encroaching upon the part of our soil devoted to cultivation, to the supply of food for our people. But for manufactures we should have to import coal from across the Atlantic: and where would our export-trade be then? By so importing coal we might still manufacture our own clothing and commodities for our own use; for if these were imported from America, the freight would increase their price, just as it increased the price of coal which we should require in manufacturing the articles for ourselves. But

good-bye to our present Export-trade! It would be at an end: and with it the only means of maintaining fifteen out of our thirty millions of people! Without native coal, our native iron-fields would be almost useless. We might still make iron goods for ourselves; but our export of iron manufactures would cease, since we could no longer produce them cheap enough to get a sale for them in other countries: and even our exports of raw iron would diminish, owing to our lack of coal for extracting the ore.

It was in the course of a debate in the House of Commons two years ago—we remember it well—a debate on Mr. Gladstone's proposal (since carried out by Mr. Disraeli) for making a prospective reduction of some twenty millions of our National Debt, that this predicted catastrophe in the national fortunes was first brought prominently into public notice. Members of Parliament, especially members of the House of Commons, are an eminently practical, prosaic if you like, set of men. As long as dogmas are propounded only by savans, they regard them with no more interest than they do the harmless flashes of the wild-fire of summer nights, or the flickering streamers of the Aurora Borealis, which have no tangible effect upon the fate or ongoings of this world of mortals below. But lo! that memorable evening the dogmas of the savans on this coal question were taken up and clearly expounded by Mr. Mill, who adduced them as a most potent argument for reducing the amount of the debt as promptly as possible. "If we do not reduce it now," said he, "what is to become of us when the mainsprings of our national wealth are dried up?" As he delivered those dismal predictions, Mr. Gladstone turned round in his seat on the ministerial bench, and listened with marked interest to the words which fell from the Philosopher of Westminster. What did he think at that moment? Six years before he had been the minister who, following Mr. Cobden's unofficial diplomacy, brought forward in the House, and urged with the whole force of Government (although some members of the Cabinet had been lukewarm, indeed opposed to him in this matter) the Commercial Treaty with France, by which we gave up the export-duty on coal and iron, in order that we might get a cheaper supply of gloves, ribbons, and light wines. Doubtless by giving up that export-duty—which was a contribution to our revenue paid by other countries—the owners of our coal and iron mines became able to increase the export of these valuable commodities, seeing that foreigners began to take more of our coal and iron when they had less to pay for it. But there was no gain to England in that. Our coal-owners did not get a higher profit on each ton of coal; they only sold more tons at the same rate of profit as before: the amount of the abolished export-duty going into the pockets of foreigners, while our coal-supplies began to be used up more rapidly than before. The present generation of coal-owners are enabled to sell more of their property than before, and their successors will be proportionately less wealthy. It was like selling the timber on an estate: the

more trees cut down and sold, the more money has the present owner to spend, but the less the value of the estate in the next generation. The case is much worse, in fact, for trees may be planted again, whereas a coal-mine once exhausted, is exhausted for ever.

What thoughts, then, passed through the mind of Mr. Gladstone, as he listened to Mr. Mill's gloomy vaticinations on the approaching extinction of our coal-beds, and with it the collapse of England's greatness, the downfall of her position in the world, it is hard to say. To a mind so sensitive as his, his thoughts ought to have been tinged by a sadness almost amounting to an agony of regret. Had he not himself been instrumental in accelerating this coming catastrophe? Here he was now trying earnestly and with difficulty to effect a small reduction of the National Debt by appropriating for that purpose a million of taxation for eighteen years; how much better would it have been had such an operation been effected by maintaining the export-duty on coal and iron, and appropriating that sum as a perennial sinking fund for the extinction of the National Debt? Surely iron entered into Mr. Gladstone's soul as he thought of the coal. But whatever his thoughts, he said nothing of that kind. To him, the minister who had so energetically insisted upon carrying that treaty—upon sacrificing the export-duty upon the two staples of our power as a manufacturing country—the act was irremediable; neither could he lament it even if he came to see it as a national folly. But when his turn came, he rose and appealed to the statements of the Philosopher of Westminster as the strongest possible reason for adopting measures to reduce the National Debt,—though the proposed reduction was not even a thirtieth part of the whole debt.

We cannot see any special force in this argument. If the threatened catastrophe be real and not imaginary, it goes so far as to make the fate of our National Debt a very small affair indeed. The failure of our native supply of coal would so diminish employment in this country, would so reduce our productive power and the amount of manufactured commodities which we have to export, that the population of these Isles would have to be reduced to one half. What does such a catastrophe mean? In the face of such a tremendous revolution in the national fortunes—of such a cataclysm, a downfall of England—what matters it what becomes of the National Debt? It is simply a payment which the nation makes to some of its own members in return for a service which they, or the original fund-holders, rendered to the State in the past. It is simply a transference of wealth from some members to others. But if such a cataclysm occurred as the flight of one half of our nation,—if fifteen millions of people were to forsake our shores for lack of employment,—who would then give two thoughts about the National Debt? "Let the dead bury the dead." It would be a bagatelle, which in that deluge of misfortune would be swept out of sight.

Moreover, if this dire catastrophe were to happen—if our coal-mines

became exhausted, and no adequate substitute could be found, save by importing coal from the vast beds of America—although the worst of the calamity would fall on England, although England, in fact, would collapse, all Europe would suffer severely. A stampede would take place from this country; our people would fly in millions across the Atlantic; but a vast exodus would likewise take place from the Continent. Without coal, and its offspring steam and railways and steam-navigation, Europe could not maintain anything like its present population. A revolution in the fortunes of nations would ensue such as the world has never beheld. Civilisation and population would forsake their old seats. America, with its vast coal-fields, would become the centre of all power, the seat of civilisation, the supreme central mass of progressive humanity.

But are we really to be subjected to this dire catastrophe? Is England to collapse, and is all Europe to retrograde, at no very distant time, in consequence of the exhaustion of our coal-fields—of those stores of fuel which are the main element of our productive power, the means of employing one-half of our people? That is the question. Is this a catastrophe which is certain to occur, or reasonably to be expected? Or is it but one of those dire calamities, like the end of the world, which once or twice has struck Europe with awe, and which Dr. Cumming and the other sons of the prophets foretell with a precision far surpassing that of the savans who scientifically announce this coming woe?

We confess we do not share the fear. Doubtless a time will come at length when our present coal-fields, ay, and all the new ones yet to be discovered, will be exhausted. But there are two grand points which the preachers of coming woe quite overlook. In the first place, they base their calculations of approaching doom, from the stoppage of our coal-supplies, on the hypothesis that a century hence we shall not be able to work the coal-seams at a greater depth than we can do at present. They say it is found that beyond a certain depth the cost of working and raising the coal to the surface is so great that such work will not pay: it would be cheaper to import coal from America; and in the course of so many years all our coal-beds will be worked down to this depth, so that they can no longer be worked—in other words, they will be virtually non-existent. But this is a tremendous hypothesis. If our savans a century ago had reckoned in the same way, they must have predicted that England would be coalless long ere this; whereas the fact is, we turn out as much coal in one year as would have kept our grandfathers in fuel for a whole generation! It is steam-power and ingenious machinery that has enabled us to do this; it is these agents that have so multiplied our supply of coal by enabling us to work the vast deep-lying seams which previously were beyond our reach.

Why should it be thought that our mechanical power has now

reached its acme? Why, in truth, may we not make as great an advance in the working of mines during the next hundred years as we have done in the past century? Every year our mechanical power is being increased by the ingenuity of man, without any increase in the cost. Why should not this progress continue? As our coal-beds recede from the surface, why should not our means of working them increase in proportion, or even to a greater extent? And as we follow the black seams down into the depths, may they not increase in magnitude, so that actually, a hundred years hence, our supply of coal may be even much greater than at present?

But again: When our coal becomes exhausted, is there to be no substitute for it found? If such were to be the case, it would be a thing without a parallel in the history of the world, in the career of civilisation. We have no faith in such fears. In our boyhood men's hats were made of beaver-skin; and we used often to think, what will happen when all the beavers are used up? Well, the beavers have been used up: only a few continue to flounder about in their dams, and these enjoy comparative immunity. Yet hats there are still, as good as before, and in greater numbers. Again, what would our savage ancestors have thought of our chances of getting clothed after the beasts of chase were destroyed? Could they have imagined a state of things in which thirty millions of people would exist in these islands, all of them clothed from head to foot, and many of them with dozens of suits, without a single skin being used? Not they, indeed! They would have held it certain that if a man could not get another animal's skin to wear, he must go about in his own. See how the vegetable textile materials have come to supplant the animal. As leather became scarce, lo! linoleum, gutta-percha, and what not! Again, as wool began to fall short of our wants, lo, there came King Cotton! Let us trust it will be the same also with merry old King Coal! A new source of heat may dawn upon the world presently—in good time; before it is needed—a successor for our black diamonds! Possibly the new light will be more comely in appearance than King Coal—less sooty and smutty and smoky; altogether more ethereal, as a “new light” should be in this advanced age of the world; but at the same time let us trust he will have as merry an “old soul” as his homely-looking predecessor, and still be the centre of our household gods, of the sweet family circle, through generations of our children's children, when all that remains of the reign of Coal is sundry deep holes in the soil, and a few fine relics of the defunct monarch kept in museums, in much the style as we now keep the bones of the mastodon and megalosaurus.

R. H. PATTERSON.

THE STORY OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL

AMONG the many interesting topics suggested by the history of old London, there are none more worthy of attention than the establishment and progress of those noble medical and other charitable institutions which are the ornaments and pride of our land and times. There is no other country in the world where a systematic benevolence has been organised to the extent to which we find it developed in our favoured land; and the spirit of royal munificence which has covered the British empire with philanthropic establishments has of necessity had freer scope in the capital than elsewhere. The histories of most of the important charities of London carry us back to an early period, and the antiquarian interest attaching to the study of them has none but the most pleasing associations. History generally presents little more than a repetition of aggression on the one hand, and suffering on the other; while the peaceful annals of these institutions display throughout only the better and nobler side of human nature. A thoroughly new light is thrown upon the character of our ancestors in the perusal of these early records. We no longer see the hard, stern, and cruel character of feudal times continually presented to us, but can discern the play of those human feelings which, until they are wilfully and deliberately crushed, are never dead to the sounds of grief or pain, or the claims of suffering fellow-creatures. The quaint forms also which many of the charities at first assumed, and the curious devices for their working, give an insight into the dispositions of their founders or patrons which imparts a personal interest to the annals, seldom afforded by the study of other branches of national history.

The fame attaching to the old-established charities of London has just received a fresh addition in the gracious act by which the Queen has shown her solicitude in the welfare of one of the most important of these institutions. By laying the foundation-stone of the new buildings of St. Thomas's, her Majesty has renewed the association which our sovereigns have always maintained with the royal hospitals of the metropolis.

To trace the origin of St. Thomas's Hospital we must revert to the reign of William Rufus or Henry I., a time when a religious feeling was gaining ground among the people which led to the foundation of many religious houses in different parts of the country. Foremost among the enthusiasts of that time was a pious female, proprietor of a ferry across the Thames near where London Bridge now stands. As

the ferries were then the only means of passing over the river, the lady in question accumulated an ample fortune, which, being unmarried, she devoted to the building of a convent near her residence in Southwark. This establishment she endowed liberally; and since, for her good actions, she was canonised after her death, the edifice was called after her Saint Mary Overie—the latter name being an allusion in Saxon to her employment of crossing the river (over river). The convent was burned down in the year 1212, and the prior and canons erected a small building on the ground where St. Thomas's Hospital formerly stood, as a temporary asylum during the rebuilding of their own establishment.

On the return of the monks to their own priory after its completion, this edifice was left uninhabited for a short period. In the mean time a small "eleemosynary" had been established in connection with the neighbouring abbey of Bermondsey "for indigent children and necessitous proselytes;" and in the course of a few years its utility became so apparent, that it engaged the attention of the then Bishop of Winchester, Peter de la Roche, or De Rupibus, as he was called in the Church nomenclature of the period. He suggested the benevolent plan of enlarging the benefits it conferred on the poor of the neighbourhood by removing it to a more eligible situation, and establishing it as a hospitium, or house of hospitality, for the aged and infirm. The uninhabited structure just referred to was finally chosen for this purpose, on account of its advantageous position, its healthy situation, and the goodness of the water which abounded on the spot where it stood.

The passenger from London Bridge down into Southwark might now fancy these considerations were not of the most judicious kind; but if he will try to imagine the district cleared of bricks and mortar, and—as it is proved to have been by old maps—clothed with fine trees, the noble river flowing clear and limpid at his feet, and the wooded heights of Hampstead and Highgate opposite, showing undimmed by clouds of smoke, he will be able to realise that the worthy old bishop was fully as considerate in this his choice, as he is shown to have been in the many other good deeds which are recorded of him. His interest in the charity did not cease after its removal to the new building. He caused this to be enlarged, contributing to the improvements a munificent yearly revenue of 343*l.*; and by his influence he obtained for it from the Archdeacon of Surrey an additional grant, which had to be acknowledged by the yearly payment of ten shillings and fourpence. He appointed a resident master and brethren, who were to be under the superintendence of the Abbots of Bermondsey; but he reserved the patronage of the establishment to himself and his successors in the episcopacy of Winchester. The building was called the "Spital of Saint Thomas the Martyr of Canterbury;" a dedication to Thomas à Becket very common at a time when the indignation to which the murder of that prelate had given rise was still fresh in the minds of the people.

In the pilgrimages which were made from all parts of the kingdom to the tomb at Canterbury, as the road for many lay through London, and the only passage over the Thames was in the neighbourhood of the "Spital," it was commanded by the bishop that poor pilgrims to and from Canterbury should be permitted to lodge and board in its walls for the night. In the event of sickness they were to be hospitably provided for till their recovery, when they were to be furnished with alms and provisions to continue their journey. The well-to-do portion of the wayfarers meantime put up at the adjoining "Tabarde" Inn, immortalised by Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*. The site of this famous hostelry is still occupied by an inn, which keeps up the memory of the old house. It is much frequented in common with its neighbours—among which is Samuel Weller's establishment, of *Pickwick* notoriety—by lumbering tilt-wagons, accompanied by smock-frocked rustics, who in speech and manners are probably not very dissimilar from their prototypes among the members of the band with which the "father of English poetry" started on the road into Kent one April morning near five hundred years ago.

The hospital thus established grew and flourished to such an extent, that soon after its opening the Archbishop of Canterbury, seeing its advantages and repute, became desirous of being himself its patron, claiming the right on the ground of its being upon the estate of the Archdeacon of Surrey; but the Bishops of Winchester succeeded in retaining the hold they possessed by reason of the donations of their predecessor.

Many grants were made to the hospital: among the latest those of a munificent lord mayor of London, Sir Godfrey Boleyn, the immediate maternal ancestor of Queen Elizabeth. About the same time a worthy sheriff of the City—who, among other curious bequests, left a large sum to portion off yearly a certain number of poor maidens—also made over a considerable amount of property to St. Thomas's.

During the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII., an estimate taken of the revenues of the hospital showed that they amounted to an annual sum of 347*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, and the clear income to 309*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.* There were then a master, three lay-sisters, and the brethren, residing in the building; and forty beds were made up for the poor and sick persons, all of whom were in every way provided for during their stay within its walls.

The period of the Reformation is that from which the ancient public charities, or at least their new constitutions, really date. When bluff King Harry "stamped and swore, and cut the Pope adrift," and, with that eye to the main chance which was one of his chief characteristics, determined on the appropriation of the convent properties, the other establishments in connection with the Church were involved in the common fate. The sums of money thus acquired were prodigious. No fewer than six hundred and forty-five monasteries and abbeys, ninety

colleges and free chapels, and one hundred and ten hospitals of various descriptions, were suppressed. The popular voice was certainly in favour of the proceeding; for it had been felt for some time that great abuses had arisen in all the institutions connected with the Church. Numerous congratulatory addresses were made to the king acquiescing in his plans, and suggesting means for their completion. In that of Sir Richard Gresham, the Lord Mayor of London, we find mention made of "the iij hospitalls or spytells commonly called Seynt George's Spytell, Seynt Barthelmewe's Spytell, and Seynt Thomas Spytell, and the new Abbey of Tower Hill, founded of good devotion by auncient fathers, and endowed with great possessions and rent only for the releife, comferte, and helping of the poore and impotent people who are yet lying in every street, offendyng every clene person passing by the way with theyre fylthy and nasty savors."

The petition goes on to request that the mayor and aldermen might in future have the control of the charities, so that "where now a small number of chanons, priests, and monkes be founde, for theyr own profit only, and not for the common utilitie of the realme, a great number of poore, needy, syke, and indigent persones shall be refreshed, maynteyned, and comforted, and also healed and cured of theyr infirmities frankly and freely by physicions, surgeons, and potycaries, which shall have stipende and salarie only for that purpose, so that all impotent persones not able to labour shall be releved, and all sturdy beggars not willing to labour shall be punished."

The king did not need much inducement to extend his work of appropriation to the hospitals, and St. Thomas's was, with several others, surrendered to the Crown in 1538.

The sudden withdrawal of the means of support afforded to the helpless, needy, and indolent by the Church establishments, and the absence of any recognised form of charity, was felt severely by the whole community. The great number of aged poor and "masterless" men who had formerly been provided for in those retirements were turned loose upon the country, and congregated specially in London, where their depredations and audacity produced the greatest alarm. Representations were made to the king that serious inconvenience was resulting from this source, and his majesty consequently gave instructions to the lord mayor and citizens to provide proper places for the reception of these vagrants. There were also many wounded soldiers returned from the armies in France without provision or help; and for the relief of these it was proposed to endow St. Thomas's Hospital, under the name of the Hospital of the Holy Trinity. The monastery of Gray Friars in Smithfield was intended to be made available for the accommodation, maintenance, and education of fatherless children, and for those of parents who could ill afford to support them. Death, however, prevented the completion of Henry's schemes; but he had already conferred on the lord mayor and the

citizens the Hospital of Saint Bartholomew for the relief of the sick or injured, and that of Bethlehem for the care and custody of lunatics.

The good work begun was continued under Edward VI., "of pious memory." The citizens of London especially bestirred themselves in the matter. In order to provide relief proportionate to the actual distress, it was determined to form an estimate of the number of poor who required charitable aid. For this purpose there was instituted, under the sanction of Edward, a committee or board of inquiry, for the purpose of obtaining information how many fatherless and unprovided-for children, sick and wounded soldiers, lame and diseased poor people, were to be found in the city and liberties of London, and also the number of idle rogues of both sexes who were levying contributions on public sympathy. The committee consisted of thirty persons; and the remarkable census of misery and vice which they compiled shows that within the City's jurisdiction there were:

Fatherless children	300
Children overburdening to their parents	350
Sick and lame persons	200
Aged and infirm	400
Poor householders	650
Idle vagabonds	200

Or a total of 2100 souls for whom provision of different kinds had to be made. The scheme of charity drawn up on the foundation of these figures was a most complete and Utopian one. There was to be no more poverty or crime in London. Poor and aged householders were to have weekly pensions granted them at their own residences. All poor diseased persons were to be at once taken to the hospitals, and if cured and out of employment, were to be set to some sort of work, as were all thieves who happened to be acquitted, either "by book or proclamation." Idle vagabonds were to be apprehended and confined in buildings where their wants were to be supplied, but where they must perforce learn some useful trade. As it was feared that these arrangements would tend to draw within the city's limits an additional number of rogues, it was recommended to increase the number of city beadles, and enjoin these to perambulate the streets and watch in rotation all the gates, so that they might prevent the ingress of country beggars. London, thus purified and rendered virtuous and industrious, was not to be permitted to extend its boundaries and grow unmanageable. The erection of new buildings was strictly prohibited, and some that were built in violation of the law were bestowed on existing charities. Alas, that the whole plan could not have been carried out!

The lord mayor and aldermen gave the plan of social reform their unqualified approbation, and with the sanction of the king opened public subscriptions for starting the work, first contributing handsomely amongst themselves. Small boxes were provided for every inn-

keeper to gather alms for the purpose from his guests, and the aid of the pulpit was obtained for the purpose. The money so raised soon reached a vast sum, with which, in addition to assistance rendered by the king, St. Thomas's and Christ's Hospitals were endowed. The manor of Southwark was purchased of the Crown for the support of the former for a sum of 647*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*; and as the old building had for some time been unoccupied and was falling rapidly into decay, it was repaired and enlarged, at the expense of 1000*l.*, for the immediate reception of three hundred patients. The exact amount subscribed for each institution is not accurately known, and cannot be estimated; for many gifts were made of articles necessary for the furnishing of the building. One worthy citizen in particular undertook to provide five hundred feather-beds, five hundred pads of straw, or mattresses; the same number of blankets, and a thousand pair of sheets; and if these should be found insufficient, he consented to furnish as many more as should render his donation worth a thousand marks. The establishment provided for the hospital consisted of a hospitaller, or chaplain, at a salary of 10*l.*, a clerk at 10*l.*, a steward at 6*l.* 13*s.*, a butler at 5*l.*, a cook at 8*l.*, and physicians and surgeons at 15*l.* each, per annum. Governors were appointed by the city authorities, who named the institution the King's Hospital, in compliment to Edward—though the old name was afterwards generally used—and ordained it to receive two hundred and sixty "wounded soldiers, blind, maimed, sick and helpless objects," who were accordingly admitted in the month of November 1552. The establishment of Christ's Hospital was much less costly to the city authorities, as through the king's beneficence the building of the Gray Friars' monastery was obtained for a very small sum. It was founded in pursuance of the intentions of King Henry VIII., for five hundred poor children; and thus the scheme proposed by the citizens was carried out, with the exception of that part of it relating to "rogues and vagabonds."

The uninhabited palace of Bridewell, the occasional abode of the late king, was deemed by the citizens to be well adapted for the reception, punishment, and employment of vagrants, and a petition was drawn up by the authorities begging the king that he would grant the building for the purpose. The address was presented to Edward by Ridley, Bishop of London, and his majesty granted the prayer, conferring not only Bridewell itself, but appropriated for its support, and that of the other hospitals, the landed estates in connection with the Savoy Palace, and known as Savoy rents. He also contributed 2000 marks from his own purse, and granted to the lord mayor and citizens "power and authority to search, inquire, and seek out in London and Middlesex, all idle ruffians and tavern-hunters, vagabonds, and all persons of ill name and fame, both men and women; and them to examine and commit to Bridewell, and by any means to punish and correct, as to their discretions should seem meet." This completed the number of royal hos-

pitals. They were made subject to a code of laws, at the head of an old copy of which is the following inscription :

THE ORDER
OF THE
HOSPITALS OF K. HENRY
THE VIII. AND K. EDWARD
THE VI.
Viz. { ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S
CHRIST'S
BRIDEWELL
ST. THOMAS'S.

These institutions were ordained to be partly dependent on one another; though Christ's Hospital was expected to be chiefly supported by voluntary contributions, Bridewell by the work of its occupants, and St. Thomas's by its rents and revenues. Great good was effected by the system thus established, but the good citizens had considerable difficulty in the management of the institutions. At St. Thomas's, for instance, the restraints imposed upon the patients seemed to be particularly obnoxious to them, for in the absence of the beadles and porters many of them took every opportunity of getting out, to practise their old occupation of stealing.

In 1693 subscriptions were opened for the rebuilding of the hospital, and seldom has munificence been displayed equal to that of the citizens of London on the occasion. In a short time no less than 38,000*l.* was raised, a vast sum in those days. A spacious building was erected, which could contain nearly 400 patients; and this was enlarged from time to time by the addition of fresh wards. The history of the charity in later days is well known. It continued its useful work on the old site until the near approach of the Charing-Cross line of the South-Eastern Railway rendered its removal advisable. The Music Hall in the Surrey Gardens, which had been damaged by fire a short time previously, was re-roofed, and made temporarily available for the services of the hospital. It was proposed to erect a permanent building a short distance in the country for the future home of St. Thomas's; but, as might be expected, the inhabitants of South London strongly opposed this scheme. While the dispute was pending, the arrangements for the construction of the Southern Thames Embankment showed that an advantageous site would be provided adjoining the proposed river-wall, and arrangements were made by the trustees of the charity with the Board of Works for its possession.

The buildings just commenced will be in every way worthy of the past history of the hospital; for when completed the establishment will be the most perfect of its kind in the world. The structure, too, will be a public advantage, by forming a fitting *vis-à-vis* to the noble Houses of Parliament on the other bank of the river.

E. M'DERMOTT.

THE ALOE

TO *****

“WELL, till that Aloe flourish !
So be it.” Thus I said,
As I stood with thee in the twilight room,
And the Love-star shone o’erhead,—
As I stood with thee by the window lone,
Midst exotics bright and rare,
And the trailer’s blossoms from above
Fell mingling in thy hair.
And the dance was done, and the music o’er,
And the floor no longer stirred,
And the voice of the merry company
From other rooms was heard.
And there you stood in that twilight hour
In your lovely summer prime,
With eyes whose lifting made the dawn
To many a heart by mine.
And yet to mine was their glance upraised
In beauty not unmoved,
As we said we would be friends for aye,
And love as then we loved !

Yes ; till the Aloe flourish !
Though many a year must run
Ere the stately plant we looked on then
Will open to the sun.
And life with thee ’s so sweet and fair,
Each day new joyance giving,
That the young heart all else forgets
In the very joy of living !

Now six short months are hardly flown,
And the snow is on the ground,—
And I sit by the midnight fire alone,
And hear the muffled sound
Of a passing footstep in the street,
Or else the broken lay
Of some reveller letting his gladness out ;
But my thoughts are far away—
Away over hill, and moor, and stream,
To summer-hours again,
To the radiant day we shall meet, and stroll
In our own romantic glen !
And half with a smile and half a sigh
I wonder, with a start,
If any of this winter’s snow
Has chill’d my dear one’s heart !

R. HOGARTH.



Thomas Gray, del.

W. L. Thomas, sc.

THE ALOE.

CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Fourth.

GUSTAVE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER II. CAPTAIN PAGET AWAKENS TO A SENSE OF HIS DUTY.

CAPTAIN PAGET'S return was made known to the Sheldon circle by a letter from the returning wanderer to his daughter. The Captain was laid up with rheumatic gout, and wrote quite piteously to implore a visit from Diana. Miss Paget, always constant to the idea of a duty to be performed on her side, even to this *père prodigue*, obeyed the summons promptly, with the full approval of Georgy, always good-natured, after her own fussy manner.

"And if you'd like to take your papa a bottle of Mr. Sheldon's old port, Diana, remember it's at your disposal. I'm sure I've heard people say that old port is good for the gout—or perhaps, by the bye, what I heard was that it *wasn't* good. I know old port and gout seem to run together in my head, somehow. But if there's anything in the house our papa would like, Diana—wine, or gunpowder tea, or the eider-down coverlet off the spare bed, or the parlour croquet to amuse him of an evening, or a new novel—surely one couldn't forfeit one's subscription by lending a book to a non-subscribing invalid?"

While Georgy was suggesting the loan of almost every portable object in the house as a specific for Captain Paget's gout, Charlotte went for a cab, and made things smooth for her friend's departure. She wrapped her warmly against the February blast, and insisted upon going out to see her seated in the cab, whereby she offered to the pedestrians of that neighbourhood a seraphic vision of loveliness with unbleached hair. Charlotte had been always delightful, but Charlotte engaged to Valentine Hawkehurst was a creature of supernal sweetness and brightness—a radiant ministering angel, hovering lightly above a world too common for her foot to rest upon.

Miss Paget found her father suffering from a by no means severe attack of a respectable family gout, a little peevish from the effects of his affliction, but not at all depressed in mind. He had, indeed, the manner of a man with whom things are going pleasantly. There was a satisfaction in his tone, a placidity in his face, except when disturbed for the moment by a twinge of pain, that were new to Diana, who

had not been accustomed to behold the brighter side of her father's disposition. He seemed grateful for his daughter's visit, and received her with unwonted kindness of manner.

"You have come very promptly, my dear, and I am gratified by your early compliance with my request," he said with dignified affection, after he had given his daughter the kiss of greeting. "I was a great sufferer last night, Diana, a great sufferer, a prisoner to this chair, and the woman below attempted to send me up a dinner—*such* a dinner! One would think a very small degree of education necessary for the stewing of a kidney, but the things that woman gave me last night were like morsels of stewed leather. I am not an epicure, Diana; but with such a constitution as mine, good cooking is a vital necessity. Life in lodgings for a man of my age is a sore trial, my dear. I wish you were well married, Diana, and could give your father a humble corner at your fireside."

Diana smiled. It was a somewhat bitter smile; and there was scorn of herself, as well as scorn of her father, in that bitterness.

"I am not the sort of person to marry well, papa," she said.

"Who knows? You are handsomer than nine-tenths of the women who marry well."

"No, papa; that is your sanguine manner of looking at your own property. And even if I were married to someone to whom I might give obedience and duty, and all that kind of thing, in exchange for a comfortable home, as they say in the advertisements, would you be content with a peaceful corner by my fireside? Do you think you would never pine for clubs and gaming-tables—nay, even for creditors to—to diplomatise with, and difficulties to surmount?"

"No, my dear. I am an old man; the clubs and gaming-houses have done with me, and I with them. I went to see a man at Arthur's a few months ago. I had written to him on a little matter of business—in fact, to be candid with you, my love, for the loan of a five-pound note—and I called at the club for his reply. I caught sight of my face in a distant glass as I was waiting in the strangers' room, and I thought I was looking at a ghost. There comes a time towards the close of a long troublesome life in which a man begins to feel like a ghost. His friends are gone, and his money is gone, his health is gone, his good looks are gone; and the only mistake seems to be that the man himself should be left behind. I remember an observation of Lord Chesterfield's: 'Lord * * * and I have been dead for the last two years, but we don't tell anyone so,' he said; and there are few old men who couldn't say the same. But I am not downhearted to-day, my dear. No, the habit of hoping has never quite deserted me; and it is only now and then that I take a dismal view of life. Come, my love, lay aside your bonnet and things. Dear me! what a handsome black-silk dress, and how well you look in it!"

"It is a present from Charlotte, papa. She has a very liberal

allowance of pocket-money, and is generosity itself. I don't like to take so much from her, but I only wound her by a refusal."

"Of course, my dear. There is nothing so ungracious as a refusal, and no mark of high breeding so rare as the art of gracious acceptance. Any booby can give a present; but to receive a gift without churlish reticence or florid rapture is no easy accomplishment. I am always pleased to see you well dressed, my love"—Diana winced as she remembered her shabby hat and threadbare gown at Fôretdechêne—"and I am especially pleased to see you elegantly attired this evening, as I expect a gentleman by and by."

"A gentleman, papa!" exclaimed Miss Paget, with considerable surprise; "I thought that you had sent for me because you were ill and depressed and lonely."

"Well, yes, Diana, I certainly am ill; and I suppose it is scarcely unnatural that a father should wish to see his only daughter."

Diana was silent. A father's wish to see his daughter was indeed natural and common; but that Captain Paget, who in no period of his daughter's life had evinced for her the common affection of paternity, should be seized all of a sudden with a yearning for her society, was somewhat singular. But Diana's nature had been ennobled and fortified by the mental struggle and the impalpable sacrifice of the last few months, and she was in nowise disposed to repel any affectionate feeling of her father's even at this eleventh hour.

"*He* tells us the eleventh hour is not too late," she thought. "If it is not too late in the sight of that Divine Judge, shall it be thought too late by an erring creature like me?"

After a few minutes of thoughtful silence, she knelt down by her father's chair and kissed him.

"My dear father," she murmured softly, "believe me, I am very pleased to think you should wish to see me. I will come to you whenever you like to send for me. I am glad not to be a burden to you; but I should wish to be a comfort when I can."

The Captain shed his stock tear. It signified something nearer akin to real emotion than usual.

"My dear girl," he said, "this is very pleasing, very pleasing indeed. The day may come—I cannot just now say when—and events may arise—which—the nature of which I am not yet in a position to indicate to you—but the barren fig-tree may not be always fruitless. In its old age the withered trunk may put forth fresh branches. We will say no more of this, my love; and I will only remark that you may not go unrequited for any affection bestowed on your poor old father."

Diana smiled, and this time it was a pensive rather than a bitter smile. She had often heard her father talk like this before. She had often heard these oracular hints of some grand event looming mighty in the immediate future; but she had never seen the vague prophecy

accomplished. Always a schemer, and always alternating between the boastful confidence of hope and the peevish bewailings of despair, the Captain had built his castle to-day to sit among its ruins to-morrow, ever since she had known him.

So she set little value on his hopeful talk of this evening, but was content to see him in good spirits. He contemplated her admiringly as she knelt by his easy-chair, and smoothed the shining coils of her dark hair with a gentle hand, as he looked downward at the thoughtful face—proud and grave, but not ungentle.

"You are a very handsome girl, Diana," he murmured, as much to himself as to his daughter; "yes, very handsome. Egad, I had no idea how handsome!"

"What has put such a fancy into your head to-night, papa?" asked Diana, laughing. "I do not believe in the good looks you are so kind as to attribute to me. When I see my face in the glass I perceive a pale, gloomy countenance that is by no means pleasing."

"You may be out of spirits when you look in the glass. I hope you are not unhappy at Bayswater."

"Why should I be unhappy, papa? No sister was ever kinder or more loving than Charlotte Halliday is to me. I should be very ungrateful to Providence as well as to her if I did not appreciate such affection. How many lonely girls, like me, go through life without picking up a sister?"

"Yes, you are right, my dear. Those Sheldon people have been very useful to you. They are not the kind of people I should have wished a daughter of mine to be *liée* with, if I were in the position my birth entitles me to occupy; but as I am not in that position, I submit. That black silk becomes you admirably. And now, my love, be so kind as to ring the bell for lights and tea."

They had been sitting in the firelight—the mystic, magical, capricious firelight—which made even that tawdry lodging-house parlour seem a pleasant chamber. The tea-tray was brought, and candles. Diana seated herself at the table, and made tea with the contents of a little mahogany caddy.

"Don't pour out the tea just yet," said the Captain; "I expect a gentleman. I don't suppose he'll take tea, but it will look more civil to wait for him."

"And who is this mysterious gentleman, papa?"

"A Frenchman; a man I met while I was abroad."

"*Really* a gentleman?"

"Certainly, Diana," replied her father, with offended dignity. "Do you think I should admit any person to my friendship who is not a gentleman? My business relations I am powerless to govern; but friendship is a different matter. There is no man more exclusive than Horatio Paget. M. Lenoble is a gentleman of ancient lineage and amiable character."

"And rich, I suppose, papa?" asked Diana. She thought that her father would scarcely speak of the gentleman in a tone so profoundly respectful if he were not rich.

"Yes, Diana. M. Lenoble is master of a very fair estate, and is likely to be much richer before he dies."

"And he has been kind to you, papa?"

"Yes, he has shown me hospitality during my residence in Normandy. You need not speak of him to your friends the Sheldons."

"Not even to Charlotte?"

"Not even to Charlotte. I do not care to have my affairs discussed by that class of people."

"But, dear papa, why make a mystery about so unimportant a matter?"

"I do not make a mystery; but I hate gossip. Mrs. Sheldon is an incorrigible gossip, and I daresay her daughter is no better."

"Charlotte is an angel, papa."

"That is very possible. But I beg that you will refrain from discussing my friend M. Lenoble in her angelic presence."

"As you please, papa," said Diana gravely. She felt herself bound to obey her father in this small matter; but the idea of this mystery and secrecy was very unwelcome to her. It implied that her father's acquaintance with this Frenchman was only a part of some new scheme. It was no honest friendship, which the Captain might be proud to own, glad to show the world that in these days of decadence he could still point to a friend. It was only some business alliance, underhand and stealthy; a social conspiracy, that must needs be conducted in darkness.

"Why did papa summon me here if he wants his acquaintance with this man kept secret?" she asked herself; and the question seemed unanswerable.

She pictured this M. Lenoble to herself—a wizened, sallow-faced Macchiavellian individual, whose business in England must needs be connected with conspiracy, treason, commercial fraud, anything or everything stealthy and criminal.

"I wish you would let me go back to Bayswater before this gentleman comes, papa," she said presently. "I heard it strike seven just now, and I know I shall be expected early. I can come again whenever you like."

"No, no, my love; you must stop to see my friend. And now tell me a little about the Sheldons. Has anything been stirring since I saw them last?"

"Nothing whatever, papa. Charlotte is very happy; she always had a happy disposition, but she is gayer than ever since her engagement with—Valentine."

"What an absurd infatuation!" muttered the Captain.

"And he—Valentine—is very good, and works very hard at his literary profession—and loves her very dearly."

It cost her an effort to say this even now, even now when she fancied herself cured of that folly which had once been so sweet to her. To speak of him like this—to put him away out of her own life, and contemplate him as an element in the life of another—could not be done without some touch of the old anguish.

There was a loud double-knock at the street-door as she said this, and a step sounded presently in the passage; a quick, firm tread. There was nothing stealthy about that, at any rate.

"My friend Lenoble," said the Captain; and in the next instant a gentleman entered the room, a gentleman who was in every quality the opposite of the person whom Diana had expected to see.

These speculative pictures are seldom good portraits. Miss Paget had expected to find her father's ally small and shrivelled, old and ugly, dried-up and withered in the fiery atmosphere of fraud and conspiracy; in outward semblance a monkey, in soul a tiger. And instead of this obnoxious creature there burst into the room a man of four-and-thirty years of age, tall, stalwart, with a fair frank face, somewhat browned by summer suns; thick auburn hair and beard, close trimmed and cropped in the approved Gallic fashion—clear earnest blue eyes, and a mouth whose candour and sweetness a moustache could not hide. Henry of Navarre, before the white lilies of France had dazzled his eyes with their fatal splendour, before the court of the Medici had taught the Bearnois to dissemble, before the sometime Protestant champion had put on that apparel of stainless white in which he went forth to stain his soul with the sin of a diplomatic apostasy.

Such a surprise as this makes a kind of crisis in the eventless record of a woman's life. Diana found herself blushing as the stranger stood near the door awaiting her father's introduction. She was ashamed to think of the wrong her imagination had done him.

"My daughter, Diana Paget—M. Lenoble. I have been telling Diana how much I owed to your hospitality during my stay in Normandy," continued the Captain, with his grandest air. "I regret that I can only receive you in an apartment quite unworthy the seigneur of Côténoir.—A charming place, my dear Diana, which I should much like you to see on some future occasion.—Will you take some tea, Lenoble?—Diana, a cup of tea.—The Pagets are a fallen race, you see, my dear sir, and a cup of tea in a lodging-house parlour is the best entertainment I can give to a friend. The Cromie Pagets of Hertfordshire will give you dinner in gold plate, with a footman standing behind the chair of every guest; but our branch is a younger and a poorer one, and I, among others, am paying the price of youthful follies."

Gustave Lenoble looked sympathetic, but the glance of sympathy was directed to Diana, and not to the male representative of the younger *Pagets*. To pity the distressed damsel was an attribute of the Lenoble *mind*; and Gustave had already begun to pity Miss Paget, and to wonder

what her fate in life would be, with no better protector than a father who was confessedly a pauper. He saw that the young lady was very handsome, and he divined, from some indefinable expression of her face, that she was proud; and as he thought of his own daughters, and their easy life and assured future, the contrast seemed to him very cruel.

Chivalrous as the house of Lenoble might be by nature, he could scarcely have felt so keen an interest in Captain Paget's daughter at the first glance, if his sympathies had not been already enlisted for her. The noble Horatio, though slow to act a father's part, had shown himself quick to make capital out of his daughter's beauty and virtues when the occasion offered.

In his intercourse with the seigneur of Côténoir, which had developed from a mere business acquaintance into friendship, Captain Paget had discoursed with much eloquence upon the subject of his motherless daughter; and M. Lenoble, having daughters of his own, also motherless, lent him the ear of sympathy.

"I have heard much of you, Miss Paget," said Gustave presently, "and of your devotion to your father. He has no more favourite theme than your goodness."

Diana blushed, and Diana's father blushed also. That skilled diplomatist felt the awkwardness of the situation, and was prompt to the rescue.

"Yes," he said, "my daughter has been a heroine. There are Antigones, sir, who show their heroic nature by other service than the leading to and fro of a blind father. From the earliest age my poor child has striven to stand alone; too proud, too noble to be a burden on a parent whose love would have given all, but whose means could give but little. And now she comes to me from her home among strangers, to soothe my hour of pain and infirmity. I trust your daughters may prove as worthy of your love, M. Lenoble."

"They are very dear girls," answered the Frenchman; "but for them life has been all sunshine. They have never known a sorrow except the death of their mother. It is the storm that tests the temper of the tree. I wish they might prove as noble in adversity as Miss Paget has shown herself."

This was more than Diana could bear without some kind of protest.

"You must not take papa's praises *au pied de la lettre*, M. Lenoble," she said; "I have been by no means brave or patient under adversity. There are troubles which one must bear. I have borne mine somehow; but I claim no praise for having submitted to the inevitable."

This was spoken with a certain noble pride which impressed Gustave more than all the father's florid eloquence had done. After this the conversation became less personal. M. Lenoble talked of England. It was not his first visit; but he had only the excursionist's knowledge of the British Isles.

"I have been to Scotland," he said. "Your Scotland is grand

mountainous; all that there is of the most savage and poetic. It is a Switzerland lined with Brittany. But that which most speaks to the heart of a stranger is the peaceful beauty of your English landscape."

"You like England, M. Lenoble?" said Diana.

"Have I not reason? My mother was English. I was only five years old when I lost her. She went out of my life like a dream; but I can still recall a faint shadow of her face—an English face—a countenance of placid sadness, very sweet and tender. But why do I talk of these things?"

On this the Frenchman's talk took a gayer turn. This M. Lenoble showed himself a lively and agreeable companion. He talked of Normandy, his daughters and their convent, his little son at Rouen, his aunt Cydalise, the quiet old lady at Beaubocage; his grandfather, his grandmother, the old servants, and everything familiar and dear to him. He told of his family history with boyish candour, untainted by egotism, and seemed much pleased by Diana's apparent interest in his unstudied talk. He was quite unconscious that the diplomatic Horatio was leading him on to talk of these things, with a view to making the conversation supremely interesting to him. That arch diplomatist knew that there is nothing a man likes better than talking of his own affairs, if he can have a decent excuse for such discourse.

The clock struck nine while Diana was listening, really interested. This glimpse of a life so far apart from her own was a relief, after the brooding introspective reveries which of late had constituted so large a portion of her existence. She started up at the sound of the clock.

"What now, Cinderella?" cried her father. "Have you stopped beyond your time, and will your fairy-godmother be angry?"

"No one will be angry, papa; but I did not mean to stay so late. I am sorry your description of Normandy has been so interesting, M. Lenoble."

"Come and see Vevinord and Côténoir, and you will judge for yourself. The townhall of Vevinord is almost as fine as that of Louvain; and we have a church that belongs to the time of Dagobert."

"She shall see them before long," said the Captain; "I shall have business in Rouen again before the next month is out; and if my daughter is a good girl, I will take her over there with me."

Diana stared at her father in utter bewilderment. What could be the meaning of this sudden display of affection?

"I should not be free to go with you, papa, even if you were able to take me," she replied somewhat coldly; "I have other duties."

She felt assured that there was some lurking motive, some diplomatic art at the bottom of the Captain's altered conduct, and she could not altogether repress her scorn. The astute Horatio saw that he had gone a little too far, and that his only child was not of the stuff to be moulded at will by his dexterous hands.

"You will come and see me again, Diana?" he said in a pleading tone; "I am likely to be a prisoner in this room for a week or more."

"Certainly, papa; I will come, if you wish it. When shall I come?"

"Well, let me see—to-day is Thursday; can you come on Monday?"

"Yes, I will come on Monday."

A cab was procured, and Miss Paget was conducted to that vehicle by her new acquaintance, who showed a gallant anxiety for her comfort on the journey, and was extremely careful about the closing of the windows. She arrived at Bayswater before ten; but being forbidden to talk of M. Lenoble, could give but a scanty account of her evening.

"And was your papa kind, dear?" asked Charlotte, "and did he seem pleased to see you?"

"He was much kinder and more affectionate than usual, Lotta dear; so much so, that he set me wondering. Now, if I were as confiding and eager to think well of people as you are, I should be quite delighted by this change. As it is, I am only mystified. I should be very glad if my father and I could be drawn closer together; very glad if my influence could bring about an amendment in his life."

While Miss Paget was discussing her father's affectionate and novel behaviour, the noble Horatio was meditating, by his solitary hearth, upon the events of the evening.

"I'm half-inclined to think he's hit already," mused the Captain. "I must not allow myself to be deluded by manner. A Frenchman's gallantry rarely means much: but Lenoble is one of those straightforward fellows whose thoughts may be read by a child. He certainly seemed pleased with her; interested and sympathetic, and all that kind of thing. And she is an uncommonly handsome girl, and might marry anyone if she had the opportunity. I had no idea she was so handsome until to-night. I suppose I never noticed her by candlelight before. By Jove! I ought to have made her an actress, or singer, or something of that kind. And so I might, if I'd known her face would light up as it does. I wish she wasn't so impracticable—always cutting in with some awkward speech, that makes me look like a fool; when, if she had an ounce of common sense, she might see that I'm trying to make her fortune. Yes, egad, and such a fortune as few girls drop into nowadays! Some of your straitlaced church-going people would call me a neglectful father to that girl, I daresay; but I think if I succeed in making her the wife of Gustave Lenoble, I shall have done my duty in a way that very few fathers can hope to surpass. Such a high-principled fellow as Lenoble is too!—and *that* is a consideration."

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT DO WE HERE, MY HEART AND I?"

AFTER that first summons to Chelsea, Diana went many times—twice and three times a week—to comfort and tend her invalid father. Captain Paget's novel regard for his only child seemed to increase with the familiarity of frequent intercourse.

"I have had very great pleasure in making your acquaintance, my dear Diana," he said one day, in the course of a *tête-à-tête* with his daughter; "and I am charmed to find you everything that a well-born and well-bred young woman ought to be. I am sure you have excellent reason to be grateful to your cousin, Priscilla Paget, for the excellent education you received in her abode; and you have some cause to thank me for the dash and style imparted to your carriage and manner by our foreign wanderings."

The Captain said this with the air of a man who had accompanied his daughter on the grand tour solely with a view to her intellectual improvement. He really thought she had reason to be grateful to him for those accidents of his nomadic life which had secured her a good accent for French and German, and the art of putting on her shawl.

"Yes, my dear child," he continued with dignity, "it affords me real gratification to know you better. I need scarcely say that when you were the associate of my pilgrimage, you were not of an age to be available as a companion. To a man of the world like myself, a young person who has not done growing must always savour somewhat of the schoolroom and the nursery. I am not going to repeat the Byronic impertinence about bread-and-butter; but the society of a girl of the hobbledohoy age is apt to be insipid. You are now a young woman, and a young woman of whom any father might with justice be proud."

After a few such speeches as these, Diana began to think that it was just possible her father might really experience some novel feeling of regard for her. It might be true that his former coldness had been no more than a prejudice against the awkwardness of girlhood.

"I was shabby and awkward, I daresay, in those days," she thought; "and then I was always asking papa for money to buy new clothes; and that may have set him against me. And now that I am no burden upon him, and can talk to him and amuse him, he may feel more kindly disposed towards me."

There was some foundation for this idea. Captain Paget had felt himself more kindly disposed towards his only child from the moment in which she ceased to be an encumbrance upon him. Her sudden departure from Forêtdechêne had been taken in very good part by him.

"A very spirited thing for her to do, Val," he had said, when informed of the fact by Mr. Hawkehurst; "and by far the best thing *she could do*, under the circumstances."

From that time his daughter had never asked him for a sixpence, and from that time she had risen steadily in his estimation. But the feeling which he now exhibited was more than placid approval; it was an affection at once warm and exacting. The fact was, that Horatio Paget saw in his daughter the high-road to the acquirement of a handsome competence for his declining years. His affection was sincere so far as it went; a sentiment inspired by feelings purely mercenary, but not a hypocritical assumption. Diana was, therefore, so much the more likely to be softened and touched by it.

She was softened, deeply touched by this late awakening of feeling. The engagement of Valentine and Charlotte had left her own life very blank, very desolate. It was not alone the man she loved who was lost to her; Charlotte, the friend, the sister, seemed also slipping away from her. As kind, as loving, as tender as of old, this dear friend and adopted sister still might be, but no longer wholly her own. Over the hearts of the purest, Eros reigns with a too despotic power, and mild affection is apt to sneak away into some corner of the temple on whose shrine Love has descended. This mild affection is but a little twinkling taper, that will burn steadily on, perhaps unseen amidst the dazzling glory of Love's supernal lamp, to be found shining benignantly when the lamp is shattered.

For Charlotte, Valentine—and for Valentine, Charlotte—made the sum-total of the universe at this time; or, at best, there was but a small balance which included all the other cares and duties, affections and pleasures, of life. Of this balance Diana had the lion's share; but she felt that things had changed since those days of romantic school-girl friendship in which Charlotte had talked of never marrying, and travelling with her dearest friend Diana amongst all the beautiful scenes they had read of, until they found the loveliest spot in the world, where they would establish themselves in an ideal cottage, and live together for the rest of their lives, cultivating their minds and their flower-garden, working Berlin-wool chairs for their ideal drawing-room, and doing good to an ideal peasantry, who would be just poor enough to be interesting, and sickly enough to require frequent gifts of calf's-foot jelly and green tea.

Those foolish dreams were done with now; and that other dream, of a life to be spent with the reckless companion of her girlhood, was lost to Diana Paget. There was no point to which she could look forward in the future; no star to lure her onward upon life's journey. Her present position was sufficiently comfortable; and she told herself that she must needs be weak and wicked if she were not content with her lot. But beyond the present she dared not look, so blank was the prospect: a desert, without even the mirage; for her dreams and delusions were gone with her hope.

Possessed by such a sense of loneliness, it is scarcely strange if there seemed to her a gleam of joy, a faint glimmer of hope, in the

newly-awakened affection of her father. She began to believe him, and to take comfort from the thought that he was drifting to a haven where he might lie moored, with other battered old hulks of pirate and privateer, inglorious and at rest. To work for him and succour him in his declining years seemed a brighter prospect to this hopeless woman of four-and-twenty than a future of lonely independence. "It is the nature of woman to lean," says the masculine philosopher; but is it not rather her nature to support and sustain, or else why to her is intrusted the sublime responsibility of maternity? Diana was pleased to think that a remorseful reprobate might be dependent on her toil, and owe his reformation to her influence. She was indeed a new Antigone, ready to lead him in his moral blindness to an altar of atonement, more pure than the ensanguined shrine of the Athenian Eumenides.

Her visits to Omega-street were not entirely devoted to *tête-à-têtes* with her father. By reason of those coincidences which are so common to the lives of some people, it generally happened that M. Lenoble dropped in upon his invalid friend on the very day of Miss Paget's visit. M. Lenoble was in London on business, and this business apparently necessitated frequent interviews with Captain Paget. Of course such interviews could not take place in the presence of Diana. Gustave was wont, therefore, to wait with praiseworthy patience until the conclusion of the young lady's visit; and would even, with an inconsistent gallantry, urge her to prolong her stay to its utmost limit.

"It will always be time for my affairs, Miss Paget," he urged, "and I know how your father values your society; and he well may value it. I only hope my daughters will be as good to me, if I have the gout, by and by."

Diana had spent nearly a dozen evenings in Omega-street, and on each of those evenings had happened to meet M. Lenoble. She liked him better on every occasion of these accidental meetings. He was indeed a person whom it was difficult for anyone to dislike; and in the thirty-four years of his life had never made an enemy. She had been pleased with him on the first evening; his bright handsome face, his courteous reverence for her sex—expressed in every word, every tone, every look—his sympathy with all good thoughts, his freshness and candour, were calculated to charm the coldest and most difficult of judges. Diana liked, and even admired him, but it was from an abstract point of view. He seemed a creature as remote from her own life as a portrait of Henry of Navarre, seen and admired in some royal picture-gallery to-day, to fade out of her memory to-morrow.

There was only one point in connection with Gustave Lenoble which occupied her serious thoughts; and this was the nature of his relations with her father.

This was a subject that sorely troubled her. Hope as she might for the future, she could not shut her eyes to the past. She knew that her father had lived for years as a cheat and a trickster—now by one

species of falsehood and trickery, now by another—rarely incautious, but always unscrupulous. How had this village seigneur of Normandy fallen into the Captain's toils; and what was the nature of the net that was spread for him?

The talk of business, the frequent interviews, the evident elation of her father's spirits, combined to assure her that some great scheme was in progress, some commercial enterprise, perhaps not entirely dishonest, nay even honest, when regarded from the sanguine speculator's point of view, but involving the hazard of Gustave Lenoble's fortune.

"It is quite as easy for my father to delude himself as it is for him to delude others. This M. Lenoble is ignorant of English commerce, no doubt, and will be ready to believe anything papa tells him. And he is so candid, so trusting, it would be very hard if he were to be a loser through his confidence in papa. His daughters, too; the hazard of his fortune is peril to their future." Such doubts and fears, gradually developed by reflection, took stronger hold on Miss Paget's mind after every fresh visit to Omega-street. She saw the Frenchman's light-hearted confidence in all humanity, her father's specious manner, and air of Quixotic honour. His sanguine tone, his excellent spirits, filled her with intolerable alarm. Alas, when had she ever seen her father in good spirits, except when some gentlemanly villany was in progress?

Miss Paget endured this uneasiness of mind as long as she could, and then determined to warn the supposed victim. She planned the mode of her warning, and arranged for herself a diplomatic form which would reflect the least possible discredit upon her father; and having once come to this resolution, she was not slow to put it into effect.

When her father was about to send for a cab to convey her back to Bayswater, after her next visit to Omega-street, she surprised him by intercepting his order.

"There is a cab-stand in Sloane-square, papa," she said; "and if M. Lenoble will be so kind as to take me there, I—I would rather get the cab from the stand. The man charges more when he is fetched off the rank, I believe."

She could think of no better excuse for seeing Gustave alone than this most sordid pretence. She blushed as she thought how mean a sound it must have in the ears of the man for whose advantage she was plotting. Happily, M. Lenoble was not among the people who see nothing but meanness in the desire to save a sixpence. His aunt Cydalise had shown him the loveliness of poverty; for there are vows of holy poverty that need no spoken formula, and that are performed without the cloister.

"Poor girl!" thought M. Lenoble; "I daresay even the cost of her coach is a consideration with her; and one dare not pay the coachman."

This was how Gustave read that blush of shame which for a moment dyed Diana's cheek. Her father's was a very different reading.

"The minx sees my game, and is playing into my hands," thought he; "so demure as she is, too! I should never have supposed her capable of such a clever manœuvre to secure ten minutes' *tête-à-tête* with an eligible admirer."

He bade his daughter good-night with more than usual effusion. He began to think that she might prove herself worthy of him after all.

The district between Omega-street and Sloane-square is, after dusk, of all places the most solitary. It is the borderland of Pimlico, or, to borrow from Sidney Smith, the knuckle-end of Belgravia. In these regions of desolation and smoke-blackened stucco, Diana and her companion were as secure from the interruption of the jostling crowd as they might have been in the primeval forests of central America.

Miss Paget's task was not a pleasant one. Shape her warning as she might, it must reflect some discredit upon her father. He had of late been kind to her; she felt this keenly to-night, and it seemed that the thing she was about to do was a sort of parricide. Not against her father's life was her cruel hand to be lifted; but her still more cruel tongue was to slay her father's good name.

"This M. Lenoble likes him and trusts him," she thought to herself. "What a happiness for that poor broken-down old man to have so kind a friend! And I am going to interfere in a manner that may put an end to this friendship!"

This is the shape which her thoughts assumed as she walked silently by Gustave's side, with her hand lying lightly on his arm. He spoke to her two or three times about the dulness of the neighbourhood, the coldness of the night, or some other equally thrilling subject; but, finding by her replies that she was thinking deeply, he made no further attempt at conversation.

"Poor child, she has some trouble on her mind, perhaps," he thought to himself sadly, for his sympathy with this young lady was a very profound feeling. This was the first occasion on which he had ever been alone with her, and he wondered to find what a strange emotion was developed by the novelty of the situation. He had married at twenty years of age, and had never known those brief fancies or foolish passions which waste the freshness of mind and heart. He had married a wife whom he never learned to love; but his nature was so essentially a happy one, that he had failed to discover the something wanting in his life. In all relations—as grandson, husband, father, master—he had been "all simply perfect," as Mademoiselle Cydalise pronounced him; and in a mind occupied by cares for the welfare and happiness of others, he had never found that blank which needed to be filled in order to make his own life completely happy. Only of late, in his thirty-fourth year, had he come to the knowledge of a feeling deeper than dutiful regard for an invalid wife, or affectionate solicitude for motherless children; only of late had he felt his heart stirred by a *more thrilling emotion* than that placid resignation to the will of

Providence which had distinguished his courtship of Mademoiselle de Nérague.

They had nearly reached Sloane-square before Diana took courage to broach the subject so naturally repugnant to her. She had need to remember that the welfare of M. Lenoble and all belonging to him might be dependent on her fortitude.

"M. Lenoble," she began at last, "I am going to say something I shall find it most painful to utter, but which I feel it my duty to say to you. I can only ask you to receive it in a generous spirit."

"But, my dear Miss Paget, I pray you not to say anything that is disagreeable to you. Why should you give yourself pain?—why—"

"Because it is my duty to warn you of a danger which I know only too well, and of which you may be quite ignorant. You are my father's friend, M. Lenoble; and he has very few friends. I should be sorry if anything I were to say should rob him of your regard."

"Nothing that you say shall rob him of my friendship. But why should you persist thus to say anything that is painful? What can you tell me that I do not know, or that I cannot guess? Will you tell me that he is poor? But I know it. That he is a broken-down gentleman? And that also I know. What, then, would you tell me? That he has a daughter who is to him a treasure without price? Ah, mademoiselle, what must I be if I did not know that also; I, who have contemplated that daughter so many times—ah, so many!—when she could not know with what sympathy my eyes watched her dutiful looks, with what profound emotion my heart interpreted her life of affectionate sacrifice."

There was a warmth, a tenderness in his tones which touched Diana's heart as it had not been touched of late. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the full meaning of those tender accents came home to her. The love that she had once dreamed of from the lips of another spoke to her to-night in the words of this stranger. The sympathy for which she had yearned long ago, in the days of her wanderings with Valentine, was given to her to-night without stint or measure. Unhappily, it came too late; and it did not come from the only lips which, as it seemed to her to-night, could make sympathy precious or love divine. But to this lonely girl a good man's affection seemed a treasure for which she must needs be deeply grateful. It was something to discover that she could be loved.

"I too," she said to herself,—“I, of whose presence Valentine is scarcely conscious when he enters a room where Charlotte and I are together; I, whom he greets day after day with the same careless words, the same indifferent look; I, who might fade and waste day by day with some slow disease, until I sank into the grave, before *he* would be conscious of any change in my face,—is it possible that amongst the same race of beings there can be any creature so widely different from Valentine Hawkehurst as to love *me*?”

This was the bitter complaint of her heart, as she compared the

tenderness of this stranger with the indifference of the man to whom, for three long years of her girlhood, she had given every dream, every thought, every hope of her existence. She could not put him away from her heart all at once. The weak heart still fondly clung to the dear, familiar image. But the more intensely she had felt the cold neglect of Valentine, the more grateful to her seemed the unsought affection of Gustave Lenoble.

"You know me as little as you know my father, M. Lenoble," she said, after a long pause, during which they had walked to the end of the long dull street, and were close to the square. "Let us go back a little way, please; I have much more to say. I wish you to be my father's friend always, but, if possible, without danger to yourself. My father is one of those sanguine people who are always ready to embark in some new enterprise, and who go on hoping and dreaming, after the failure of a dozen schemes. He has no money, that I know of, to lose himself, and that fact may make him, unconsciously, reckless of other people's money. I have heard him speak of business relations with you, M. Lenoble, and it is on that account I venture to speak so plainly. I do not want my poor father to delude you, as he has often deluded himself. If you have already permitted him to involve you in any speculation, I entreat you to try to withdraw from it—to lose a little money, if necessary, rather than to lose all. If you are not yet involved, let my warning save you from any hazard."

"My dear Miss Paget, I thank you a thousand times for your advice, your noble thoughtfulness for others. But no, there is no hazard. The business in which your father is occupied for me is not a speculation. It involves no risk beyond the expenditure of a few thousand francs, which, happily, I can afford to lose. I am not at liberty to tell you the nature of the business in question, because I have promised your father to keep that a secret. Dear young lady, you need have no fear for me. I am not a rash speculator. The first years of my life were passed in extreme poverty—the poverty that is near neighbour to starvation. That is a lesson one cannot forget. How shall I thank you for your concern for me—so generous, so noble!"

"It was only my duty to warn you of my poor father's weakness," replied Diana. "If I needed thanks, your kindness to him is the only boon I could ask. He has bitter need of a friend."

"And he shall never lack one while I live; if only for your sake." The last half of the sentence was spoken in lower tones than the first. Diana was conscious of the lurking tenderness of those few words, and the consciousness embarrassed her. Happily they had reached the end of the quiet street by this time, and had emerged into the busier square. No more was said till they reached the cab-stand, when Diana wished her companion good-night.

"I am going back to Normandy in a week, Miss Paget; shall I see you again before I leave England?"

"I really don't know ; our meetings are generally accidental, you see."

"O yes, of course, always accidental," replied Gustave, smiling.

"I am sorry you are going to leave London—for papa's sake."

"And I too am sorry—for my own sake. But, you see, when one has daughters, and a farm, and a château, one must be on the spot. I came to England for one week only, and I have stayed six."

"You have found so much to amuse you in London?"

"Nay, mademoiselle, so much to interest me."

"It is almost the same thing, is it not?"

"A thousand times no! To be amused and to be interested,—ah, what can be so widely different as those two conditions of mind!"

"Indeed! Good-night, M. Lenoble. Please ask the cabman to drive as fast as he can venture to do with consideration for his horse. I am afraid I shall be late, and my friends will be anxious about me."

"You will be late. You consider your friends at Bayswater, and you consider even the cabman's horse. You are charity itself. Will you not consider me a little also, Miss Paget?"

"But how?"

"Let me see you before I go back to Normandy. Your papa likes to see you twice a-week, I know. This is Monday night; will you come to see him on Thursday?"

"If he wishes it."

"He does wish it. Ah, how he wishes it! You will come?"

"If Mrs. Sheldon and Charlotte can spare me."

"They cannot spare you. No one can spare you. That cannot be. It is amongst the things that are impossible. But they will have pity upon—your father; and they will let you come."

"Please ask the cabman to start. Indeed, I shall be late. Good-night, M. Lenoble."

"Good-night."

He took her hand in his, and kissed it, with the grace of a Bayard. He loved her, and took no trouble to conceal his passion. No shadow of doubt darkened that bright horizon to which M. Lenoble looked with hopeful eyes. He loved this penniless, motherless girl, as it was in the blood of the Lenobles to love the poor and the helpless; especially when poverty and helplessness presented themselves in the guise of youth and beauty. He loved her, and she would love him. But why not? He was ten years her senior, but that makes nothing. His auburn hair and beard, in the style of Henry the Great, could show no streak of gray. His eyes had the brightness of one-and-twenty; for the eyes of a man whose soul preserves its youthfulness will keep their clear lustre for half a century. The tall figure, straight as a dart; the frank handsome face which M. Lenoble saw in the glass when he made his toilet, were not calculated to dishearten a hopeful lover; and Gustave, by nature sanguine, enjoyed his dream of happiness, untroubled by one morbid apprehension.

He loved her, and he would ask her for his wife. She would accept his offer; her father would rejoice in so fortunate an alliance; her friends of Bayswater would felicitate a change so desirable. And when he returned to Normandy he would take her with him, and say to his children: "Behold your mother!" And then the great rambling mansion of Côténoir would assume a home-like aspect. The ponderous old furniture would be replaced by lightsome appointments of modern fashion; except, of course, in the grand drawing-room, where there were tapestries said to be from the designs of Boucher, and chairs and sofas, in the true Louis-Quinze style, of immovable bulkiness.

There was but one trifling hitch in the whole scheme of happiness—Diana was a Protestant. Ah, but what then! A creature so sweet, so noble, could not long remain the slave of Anglican heresy. A little talk with Cydalise, a week's "retreat" at the Sacré Cœur, and the thing would be done. The dear girl would renounce her errors, and enter the bosom of the Mother Church. Pouff! M. Lenoble blew the little difficulty away from his finger-tips, and then wafted a kiss from the same finger-tips to his absent beloved.

"And this noble heart warned me against her own father!" M. Lenoble said to himself as he walked towards the hotel at Blackfriars where he had taken up his abode, quite unconscious that the foot of Blackfriars Bridge was not the centre of West-end London. "How noble, how disinterested! Poor old man! He is, no doubt, a speculator; something even of an adventurer. What then? He shall have an apartment at Côténoir, his place at the family-table, his *fauteuil* by the hearth; and there he can do no harm."

There was a strange sentiment in Diana's mind after this evening's conversation with Gustave Lenoble. To feel herself beloved, to know that there was some one creature in the wide, crowded world interested in, nay even attached to, her was a mystery, a surprise, and in some sort a source of pleasure to her. That Gustave Lenoble could ever be any nearer to her than he was at the present time did not occur to her as being within the limits of possibility. She had thrust Valentine from her heart, but the empty chamber could receive no new tenant. It was not swept and garnished; nay, indeed, it was sadly littered with the shreds and patches left by the late occupant. But, while this was so, to know that she could be loved was in some manner sweet to her.

"Ah, now I know that the poet is right," she said to herself. "There is no creature so desolate but some heart responds unto its own. And I have found the generous responsive heart that can pity and love me because I seem so sorely to need love and pity. All my life—my blank, empty life—I will remember and be grateful to him, the first good man who ever called my father friend; the first of all mankind who thought this poor hand worthy to be lifted to his lips."

CHAPTER IV.

SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH.

HAVING pledged herself to visit Omega-street on Thursday, Diana considered herself bound to perform that promise. She felt, however, that there was some touch of absurdity in the position, for to keep a promise so made was in a manner to keep an appointment with M. Lenoble.

"I daresay he has a habit of falling in love with every young woman he meets," she thought, when she considered his conduct from a more prosaic standpoint than the grateful enthusiasm his generous sympathy had at first awakened in her mind. "I have heard that it is a Frenchman's faculty to consider himself irresistible, and to avow his adoration for a new divinity every week. And I was so foolish as to fancy there was a depth of feeling in his tone and manner! I am sure he is all that is good and generous; but the falling in love is no doubt a national failing."

She remembered the impertinent advances of divers unknown foreigners whom she had encountered on pier or *digue*, kursaal or beach, in the frequently unprotected hours of her Continental wanderings.

She had not seen the best side of the foreign mind in her character of unattended and doubtfully-attired English demoiselle. She knew that Gustave Lenoble was of a very different stamp from those specimens of the genus tiger, whose impertinent admiration had often wounded and distressed her; but she was inclined to attribute the fault of shallowness to a nature so frank and buoyant as that of her father's friend.

She walked from Bayswater to Chelsea on the appointed Thursday, for the cost of frequent journeys in cabs was more than her purse could supply. The walk across the Park was pleasant even in the bleak March weather, and she entered the little parlour in Omega-street with the bloom of damask roses upon her cheeks.

"How do you do, papa dear?" she began, as she came into the dusky room; but the figure sitting in her father's accustomed place was not that of her father. It was M. Lenoble, who rose to welcome her.

"Is papa worse?" she asked, surprised by the Captain's absence.

"On the contrary, he is better, and has gone out in a hired carriage for a breath of fresh air. I persuaded him to go. He will be back very shortly."

"I wrote to tell him I should be here to-day, but I am very glad he has gone out, for I am sure the air will do him good. Was he well wrapped up, do you know, M. Lenoble?"

"Enveloped in railway-rugs and shawls to his very nose. I

arranged all that with my own hands. He looked like an ambassador from all the Russias."

"How kind of you to think of such things!" said Diana gratefully.

"And tell me why should I not think of such things? Do you imagine that it is not a pleasure to me to wait upon your father—for your sake?"

There was some amount of awkwardness in this kind of thing. Diana busied herself with the removal of her hat and jacket, which she laid neatly upon a stony-hearted horsehair sofa. After doing this she placed herself near the window, whence she contemplated the dusky street, appearing much interested in the movements of the lamplighter.

"What an admirable way they have of lighting the lamps now!" she remarked, with the conversational brilliance which usually marks this kind of situation; "how much more convenient it must be than the old method with the ladder, you know!"

"Yes, I have no doubt," said Gustave, bringing himself to her side with a couple of steps, and planting himself deliberately in a chair next to hers; "but don't you think, as I start for Normandy to-morrow, we might talk of something more interesting than the lamplighter, Miss Paget?"

"I am ready to talk of anything you like," replied Miss Paget, with that charming assumption of unconsciousness which every woman can command on these occasions.

"You are very good. Do you know that when I persuaded your father to go out for an airing, I was prompted by a motive so selfish as to render the proceeding quite diabolical? Don't be alarmed! The doctor gave his permission for the airing, or I should not have attempted such a thing. Hypocrisy I am capable of, but not assassination. You cannot imagine the diplomacy which I exhibited; and all to what end? Can you imagine that?"

"No, indeed."

"That I might secure one half-hour's uninterrupted talk with you; and, unhappily, you are so late that I expect your father's return every minute. He was to be back again before dusk, and the appearance of the lamplighter demonstrates that the dusk has come. I have so much to say, and so little time to say it; so much, Diane—"

She started as he called her thus, as if in that moment of surprise she would have risen from her chair by his side. She knew what was coming, and having expected nothing so desperate, knew not how to arrest the confession that she would fain have avoided hearing. M. Lenoble laid his hand firmly on hers.

"So much, Diane; and yet so little, that all can be told in three words. I love you."

"M. Lenoble!"

"Ah, you are surprised, you wonder, you look at me with eyes of

sweet amazement! Dear angel, do you think it is possible to see you and not to love you? To see you once is to respect, to admire, to bow the knee before beauty and goodness; but to see you many times, as I have done, the patient consoler of an invalid and somewhat difficult father—ah, my sweet love, who is there so hard amongst mankind that he should escape from loving you, seeing all that?"

The question had a significance that the speaker knew not. Who amongst mankind? Why, was there not one man for whom she would have been content to be the veriest slave that ever abnegated every personal delight for the love of a hard master? And he had passed her by, indifferent, unseeing. She had worshipped him on her knees, as it seemed to her; and he had left her kneeling in the dust, while he went on to offer himself, heart and soul, at another shrine.

She could not forget these things. The memory and the bitterness of them came back with renewed poignancy at this moment, when the voice of a stranger told her she was beloved.

"My dear one, will you not answer me?" pleaded Gustave, in nowise alarmed by Diana's silence, which seemed to him only the natural expression of a maidenly emotion. "Tell me that you will give me measure for measure; that you will love me as my mother loved my father—with a love that trouble and poverty could never lessen; with a love that was strongest when fate was darkest—a star which the dreary night of sorrow could not obscure. I am ten years older than you by my baptismal register, Diane; but my heart is young. I never knew what love was until I knew you. And yet those who know me best will tell you that I was no unkind husband, and that my poor wife and I lived happily. I shall never know love again, except for you. The hour comes, I suppose, in every man's life; and the angel of his life comes in that appointed hour. Mine came when I saw you. I have spoken to your father, and have his warm approval. He was all encouragement, and hinted that I might be assured of your love. Had he sufficient justification for that half-promise, Diane?"

"He had none," Miss Paget answered gravely, "none except his own wishes. You have made me hear more than I wished to hear, M. Lenoble, for the treasure you offer me is one that I cannot accept. With all my heart I thank you for the love you tell me of. Even if it is, as I can but think it, a passing fancy, I thank you, nevertheless. It is sweet to win the love of a good man. I pray you to believe that with all my heart and mind I honour your generous nature, your noble sympathy with the weak and friendless. If you can give me your friendship, you shall find how I can value a good man's regard, but I cannot accept your love."

"Why not?" asked Gustave, aghast.

"Because I cannot give you measure for measure; and I will not give you less."

"But in time, Diane, in time!"

"Time cannot show me your character in a nobler light than that in which I see it now. You do not lack the power to win a woman's heart, but I have no heart to give. If you will be my friend, time will increase my affection for you; but time cannot restore the dead."

"Which means that your heart is dead, Diane?"

"Yes," she answered, with unutterable sadness.

"You love someone younger, happier than I?"

"No, M. Lenoble; no one."

"But you have loved? Yes! A scoundrel, perhaps; a villain, who—"

A spasm of pain contracted his face as he looked at the girl's drooping head; her face, in that dim light, he could not see.

"Tell me this, Diane," he said presently in an altered voice; "there is no barrier between us, no irrevocable obstacle that must part us for ever? There is no one who can claim you by any right—" He paused; and then added, in a lower voice, "by any wrong?"

"No one," answered Miss Paget, lifting her head, and looking her lover full in the face. Even in that uncertain light he could see the proud, steady gaze that seemed the fittest answer of all doubts.

"Thank God!" he whispered. "Ah, how could I fear, even for one moment, that you could be anything but what you seem—the purest among the pure? Why, then, do you reject me? You do not love me, but you ask my friendship; you offer me your friendship, even your affection. Ah, believe me, if those are but real, time will ripen them into love. Your heart is dead. Ah, why should that young heart be dead? It is not dead, Diane; it needs but the fire of true love to warm it into life again. Why should you reject me, since you tell me that you love me; unless you love another? What should divide us?"

"Shadows and memories," Diana replied mournfully,—"vague and foolish; wicked, perhaps; but they come between you and me, M. Lenoble. And since I cannot give you a whole heart, I will give you nothing."

"You have loved someone, someone who did not value your love? Tell me the truth, Diane; you owe me at least as much as that."

"I do owe you the truth. Yes; I have been very foolish. For two or three years of my life there was a person who was our daily companion. He travelled with us—with my father and me; and we saw many changes and troubles together. For a long time he was like my brother; and I doubt if many brothers are as kind to their sisters as he was to me. In his heart that feeling never changed. He was always equally kind, equally careless. Once I deluded myself with the fancy that in his looks and tones, and even in his words, there was some deeper feeling than this careless brotherly kindness; but it was no more than a delusion. My eyes were opened rudely enough. I saw his heart bestowed elsewhere. Do not think that I am so weak, or so

wicked, as to abandon myself to despair because I have been awakened from my foolish dream. I can look the realities of life in the face, M. Lenoble; and I have taught myself to wish all good things for the dear girl who has won the heart that I once thought was mine. The person I am speaking of can boast no superior graces of mind or person. He is only a very commonplace young man, with a certain amount of talent, a disposition inclined to good rather than to evil. But he was the companion of my girlhood; and in losing him it seems to me as if I had lost a part of my youth itself."

To Diana's mind this seemed the end of the discussion. She expected M. Lenoble to bow his head to the inevitable, to utter a friendly farewell, and depart for his Norman home, convinced, if not satisfied. But the light-hearted, easy-tempered Gustave was not a lover of the despairing order, nor an easily-answered suppliant.

"And that is all!" he exclaimed in the cheeriest tone. "A companion of your girlhood, for whom you had a girl's romantic fancy! And the memory of this unspeakable idiot—great Heaven! but how idiotic must this wretch have been, to be loved by you, and not even to know it!—the memory of this *last of the last* is to come between you and me, and divide us for ever? The phantom of this miserable, who could be loved by an angel without knowing it, is to lift its phantasmal hand and thrust me aside—me, Gustave Lenoble, a man, and not an idiot? Ah, thus we blow him to the uttermost end of the world!" cried M. Lenoble, blowing an imaginary rival from the tips of his fingers. "Thus we dismiss him to the arctic regions, the torrid zone—to the Caucasus, where await vultures to gnaw his liver—wherever earth is most remote and uncomfortable—he and the bread-and-butter miss whom he prefers to my Diane!"

This manner of taking things was quite unexpected by Diana. It was much more pleasant than gloomy despair or sullen resentment; but it was, at the same time, much more difficult to deal with.

"He is gone!" cried Gustave presently; "he is on the topmost heights of Caucasus, and the vultures are sharpening their beaks! And now, tell me, Diane—you will be my wife, will you not? You will be a mother to my children? You will transform the old château of Côténoir into a pleasant home? You will cease to live amongst strangers? You will come to those who will love and cherish you as their own, their dearest and best and brightest? You will give your poor old father a corner by your fireside? He is old, and needs a home for his last years. For his sake, Diane, for mine, for my children, let your answer be yes! Ah, not so fast!" he cried, as she was about to speak. "Why are you so quick to pronounce your fatal judgment? Think how much depends on your reply—your father's happiness, my children's, mine!"

"It is of yours only I must think," Miss Paget answered earnestly. "You fancy it is so easy for me to say no. Believe me, it would be

much easier to say yes. When you speak of my father's declining years, I, who know his weary life so well, would be hard of heart indeed if I were not tempted by the haven you offer. Every word that you say gives me some new proof of your goodness, your generosity. But I will not wrong you because you are generous. I shall always be your grateful friend; but you must seek elsewhere for a wife, M. Lenoble. You will have little difficulty in finding one worthier than I."

"I will seek nowhere else for a wife; I will have no wife but you. I have had a wife of other people's choosing; I will choose one for myself this time. Let us be friends, Diane, since your decision is irrevocable as the laws of Draco. You are stone, you are adamant; but no matter, we can be friends. Your father will be disappointed. But what then? He is no doubt accustomed to disappointments. My daughters—for them it is a profound affliction to be motherless, but they must support it. Côténoir must go to wreck and ruin a little longer—a few more rats behind the panelling, a few more moths in the tapestry, that is all. My children say, 'Papa, our home is not comfortable; all is upside-down;' and I reply, 'But what will you, my children? A home without a wife is always upside-down.' And then I take them between my arms, in weeping. It is a poignant picture to rend the heart. But what does it matter, Miss Paget? What is that verse of your grand Will?

'Blow, blow, thou wintry wind;
And let go weep the stricken hind,
While harts ungalled go play.'

Perhaps I have mixed him up, somehow; but the meaning is clear."

A hollow-sounding and somewhat awful cough heralded the approach of Captain Paget, who entered the room at this juncture. If the Captain had prolonged his first airing, after six weeks' confinement to the house, until this late period of the afternoon, he would have committed an imprudence which might have cost him dearly. Happily, he had done nothing of the kind, but had reëntered the house unobserved while Diana and Gustave were conversing close to the window, having preferred to leave his fly at the end of the street, rather than to incur the hazard of interrupting a critical *tête-à-tête*. The interval that had elapsed since his return had been spent by the Captain in his own bedchamber, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the folding-doors between that apartment and the parlour. What he had heard had been by means satisfactory to him; and if a look could annihilate, Miss Paget might have perished beneath the Parthian glance which her father shot at her as he came towards the window, with a stereotyped smile upon his lips, and unspeakable anger in his heart.

He had heard just enough of the conversation to know that Gustave had been rejected—Gustave, with Côténoir and a handsome independ-

ence in the present, and the late John Haygarth's fortune in the future. Rejected by a penniless young woman, who at any moment might find herself without a roof to shelter her from the winds of heaven! Was ever folly, madness, wickedness supreme as this?

Horatio trembled with rage as he took his daughter's hand. She had the insolence to extend her hand for the customary salutation. The Captain's greeting was a grip that made her wince.

"Good-night, Miss Paget," said Gustave gravely, but with by no means the despondent tone of a hopeless lover; "I—well, I shall see you again perhaps, before I go to Normandy. I doubt if I shall go to-morrow. I have my own reasons for staying—unreasonable reasons perhaps, but I shall stay."

All this was said in a tone too low to reach Captain Paget's ear.

"Are you going to leave us, Lenoble?" he asked in a quavering voice. "You will not stop and let Di give you a cup of tea as usual?"

"Not to-night, Captain. Good-bye."

He wrung the old man's hand and departed. Captain Paget dropped heavily into a chair, and for some minutes there was silence. Diana was the first to speak.

"I am glad your doctor considered you well enough to go out for a drive, papa," she said.

"Indeed, my dear," answered her father with a groan; "I hope my next drive may be in a different kind of vehicle—the last journey I shall ever take, until they cart away my bones for manure. I believe they do make manure from the bones of paupers in our utilitarian age."

"Papa, how can you talk so horribly! You are better, are you not? M. Lenoble said you were better."

"Yes, I am better, God help me!" answered the old man, too weak alike in mind and body to hide the passion that possessed him. "That is one of the contradictions of the long farce we call life. If I had been a rich man, with a circle of anxious relations and all the noted men of Savile-row dancing attendance round my bed, I daresay I should have died; but as I happen to be a penniless castaway, with only a lodging-house drudge and a half-starved apothecary to take care of me, and with nothing before me but a workhouse, I live. It is all very well for a man to take things easily when he is ill and helpless, too weak even to think. *That* is not the trying time. The real trial arrives when a little strength comes back to him, and his landlady begins to worry him for her rent, and the lodging-house drudge gets tired of pitying him, and the apothecary sends in his bill, and the wretched high-road lies bare and broad before him, and he hears the old order to move on. The moving-on time has come for me, Di; and the Lord alone knows how little I know where I am to go."

"Papa, you are not friendless; even I can give you a little help."

"Yes," answered the Captain with a bitter laugh; "a sovereign once a quarter—the scrapings of your pittance! *That* help won't save me from the workhouse."

"There is M. Lenoble."

"Yes, there is M. Lenoble; the man who would have given me a home for my old age; he told me so to-day—a home fit for a gentleman—for the position he now occupies is nothing compared to that which he may occupy a year hence. He would have received me as his father-in-law, without thought or question of my antecedents; and if I have not lived like a gentleman, I might have died like one. This is what he would have done for me. But do you think I can ask anything of him now, after you have refused him? I know of your refusal to be that man's wife. I heard—I saw it in his face. You—a beggar, a friendless wretch, dependent on the patronage of a stockbroker's silly wife—you must needs give yourself grand airs, and refuse such a man as that! Do you think such men go begging among young ladies like you, or that they run about the streets, like the roast-pigs in the story, begad, with knives and forks in their backs, asking to be eaten?"

The Captain was walking up and down the room in a fever of rage. Diana looked at him with sad, wondering eyes. Yes, it was the old selfish nature. The leopard cannot change his spots; and the Horatio Paget of the present was the Horatio Paget of the past.

"Pray don't be angry with me, papa," said Diana sorrowfully; "I believe that I have done my duty."

"Done your fiddlesticks!" cried the Captain, too angry to be careful of his diction. "Your duty to whom? Did you happen to remember, miss, that you owe some duty to me, your father, but for whom you wouldn't be standing there talking of duty, like a tragedy queen? By Jove, I suppose you are too grand a person to consider my trouble in this matter! The pains I took to get Lenoble over to England. The way I made the most of my gout even, in order to have you about me. The way I finessed and diplomatized to bring this affair to a successful issue. And now, when I have succeeded beyond my hopes, you spoil everything, and then dare to stand before me and preach about duty. What do you want in a husband, I should like to know? A rich man? Lenoble is that. A handsome man? Lenoble is that. A gentleman, with good blood in his veins? Lenoble comes of as pure a race as any man in that part of France. A good man? Lenoble is one of the best fellows upon this earth. What is it, then, that you want?"

"I want to give my heart to the man who gives me his."

"And what, in the name of all that's preposterous, is to prevent you giving Gustave Lenoble your heart?"

"I cannot tell you."

"No, nor anyone else. But let us have no more of this nonsense."

If you call yourself a daughter of mine, you will marry Gustave Lenoble. If not—"

The Captain found himself brought to a sudden stop in his unconscious paraphrase of Signor Capulet's menace to his recalcitrant daughter, Juliet. With what threat could the noble Horatio terrify his daughter to obedience? Before you talk of turning your rebellious child out of doors, you must provide a home from which to cast her. Captain Paget remembered this, and was for the moment reduced to sudden and ignominious silence. And yet there must surely be some way of bringing this besotted young woman to reason.

He sat for some minutes in silence, with his head leaning on his hand, his face hidden from Diana. This silence, this attitude, so expressive of utter despondency, touched her more keenly than his anger. She knew that he was mean and selfish, that it was of his own loss he thought; and yet she pitied him. He was old and helpless and miserable; so much the more pitiable because of his selfishness and meanness. For the heroic soul there is always some comfort; but for the grovelling nature suffering knows no counterbalance. The ills that flesh is heir to seem utterly bitter when there is no grand spirit to dominate the flesh, and soar triumphant above the regions of earthly pain. Captain Paget's mind, to him, was not a kingdom. He could not look declining years of poverty in the face: he was tired of work. The schemes and trickeries of his life were becoming very odious to him; they were for the most part worn out, and had ceased to pay. Of course he had great hopes, in any event, from Gustave Lenoble; but those hopes were dependent on Gustave's inheritance of John Haygarth's estate. He wanted something more tangible than this—he wanted immediate security; and his daughter's marriage with Gustave would have given him that security, and still grander hopes for the future. He had fancied himself reigning over the vassals of Côte-noir, a far more important personage than the real master of that château. He had pictured to himself a *pied-à-terre* in Paris which it might be agreeable for him to secure, for existence in Normandy might occasionally prove *ennuyeux*. These things were what he meant when he talked of a haven for his declining years; and against the daughter who, for some caprice of her own, could hinder his possession of these things, he had no feeling but anger.

Diana compassionated this weak old man, to whose lips the cup of prosperity had seemed so near, from whose lips her hand had thrust it. He had been promised a home, comfort, respectability, friendship—"all that should accompany old age"—and she had prevented the fulfilment of the promise. Heaven knows how pure her motives had been; but as she watched that drooping head, with its silvered hair, she felt that she had been cruel.

"Papa," she began presently, laying her hand caressingly upon her father's neck; but he pushed aside the timid, caressing hand—"papa

you think me very unkind, only because I have done what I believe to be right; indeed it is so, papa dear. In what I said to Gustave Lenoble this evening, I was governed only by my sense of right."

"Indeed!" cried the Captain, with a strident laugh; "and where did you pick up your sense of right, madam, I should like to know? From what Methodist parson's hypocritical twaddle have you learnt to lay down the law to your poor old father about the sense of right? 'Honour your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land,' miss. *That's* what your Bible teaches you; but the Bible has gone out of fashion, I daresay, since I was a young man; and your model young woman of the present generation taunts her father with her sense of right. Will your sense of right be satisfied when you hear of your father rotting in the old-men's ward of a workhouse, or dying on the London stones?"

"I am not unfeeling, papa. With all my heart I pity you; but it is cruel on your part to exaggerate the misery of your position, as I am sure you must be doing. Why should your means of living fail because I refuse to marry M. Lenoble? You have lived hitherto without my help, as I have lived of late without yours. Nothing could give me greater happiness than to know that you were exempt from care; and if my toil can procure you a peaceful home in the future—as I believe it can, or education and will to work must go for nothing—there shall be no lack of industry on my part. I will work for you; I will indeed, papa—willingly, happily."

"When your work can give me such a home as Côténoir—a home that one word of yours would secure for me—I will thank you."

"If you will only wait, papa, if you will only have patience—"

"Patience! Wait! Do you know what you are talking about? Do you prate of patience, and waiting, and hope in the future to a man who has no future—to a man whose days are numbered, and who feels the creeping chills of death stealing over him every day as he sits beside his wretched hearth, or labours through his daily drudgery? I can live as I have always lived! Yes; but do you know, or care to know, that with every day life becomes more difficult for me? Your fine friends at Bayswater have done with me. I have spent the last sixpence I shall ever see from Philip Sheldon. Hawkehurst has cut me, like the ungrateful hound he is. When they have squeezed the orange, they throw away the rind. Didn't Voltaire say that, when Frederick of Prussia gave him the go-by? Heaven knows it's true enough; and now you, who by a word might secure yourself a splendid position—yes, I say splendid for a poor drudge and dependent like you, and insure a home for me—you, forsooth, must needs favour me with your high-flown sentiments about your sense of right, and promise me a home in the future, if I will wait and hope! No, Diana, waiting and hoping are done with for me, and I can find a home in the bed of the river without your help."

"You would not be so wicked as to do that!" cried Diana, aghast.

"I don't know about the wickedness of the act. But, rely upon it, when my choice lies between the workhouse and the river, I shall prefer the river. The modern workhouse is no inviting sanctuary, and I dare say many a homeless wretch makes the same choice."

For some minutes there was silence. Diana stood with her elbows resting on the chimneypiece, her face covered with her hands.

"O, Lord, teach me to do the thing which is right!" she prayed, and in the next breath acted on the impulse of the moment.

"What would you have me do?" she asked.

"What anyone but an idiot would do of her own accord—accept the good fortune that has dropped into your lap. Do you think such luck as yours goes begging every day?"

"You would have me accept Gustave Lenoble's offer, no matter what falsehoods may be involved in my acceptance of it?"

"I can see no reason for falsehood. Anyone but an idiot would honour such a man; anyone but an idiot would thank Providence for such good fortune."

"Very well, papa," exclaimed Diana, with a laugh that had no mirthful music, "I will not be the exceptional idiot. If M. Lenoble does me the honour to repeat his offer—and I think from his manner he means to do so—I will accept it."

"He shall repeat it!" cried the Captain, throwing off his assumption of the tragic father. The *Œdipus Coloneus*, the *Lear*—the venerable victim of winter winds and men's ingratitude—was transformed in a moment into an elderly Jeremy Diddler, lined with Lord Foppington. "He shall repeat it; I will have him at your feet to-morrow. Yes, Di, my love, I pledge myself to bring that about, without compromise to your maidenly pride or the dignity of a Paget. My dear child, I ought to have known that reflection would show you where your duty lies. I fear I have been somewhat harsh, but you must forgive me, Di; I have set my heart on this match, for your happiness as well as my own. I could not stand the disappointment; though I admired, and still admire, the high feeling, and all that kind of thing, which prompted your refusal. A school-girlish sentimentality, child, but with something noble in it; not the sentimentality of a vulgar school-girl. The blue blood will show itself, my love; and now—no, no, don't cry. You will live to thank me for to-night's work; yes, my child, to thank me, when you look round your comfortable home by and by—when my poor old bones are mouldering in their unpretending sepulchre—and say to yourself, 'I have my father to thank for this. Adverse circumstances forbade his doing his duty as happier fathers are allowed the privilege of doing theirs, but it was his forethought, his ever-watchful care, which secured me an admirable husband and a happy home.' Mark my words, the time will come when you will say this, my dear."

"I will try to think of you always kindly, papa," Miss Paget answered in a low sad voice; "and if my marriage can secure your happiness and Gustave Lenoble's, I am content. I only fear to take too much, and give too little."

"My love, you must certainly be the lineal descendant of Don Quixote. Too much, and too little forsooth! Let Lenoble find a handsomer woman, or a more elegant woman, by gad, elsewhere! Such a woman as a duke might be proud to make his duchess, by Jove! There shall be no sense of obligation on our side, my love. Gustave Lenoble shall be made to feel that he gets change for his shilling. Kiss me, child, and tell me you forgive me for being a little rough with you, just now."

"Forgive you?—yes, papa. I daresay you are wiser than I. Why should I refuse M. Lenoble? He is good and kind, and will give us a happy home. What more can I want? Do I want to be like Charlotte, to whom life seems all poetry and brightness?"

"And who is going to throw herself away upon a penny-a-liner, by Jove!" interjected the Captain.

"Can I hope to be like that girl, with her happy ignorance of life, her boundless love and trust! O, no, no, papa; those things are not for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast, and sobbed like a child. This was her second farewell to the man she had loved, the dreams she had dreamed. The Captain comforted her with a paternal embrace, but was as powerless to comprehend her emotion as if he had found himself suddenly called upon to console the sorrows of a Japanese widow.

"Hysterical," he murmured. "These noble natures are subject to that kind of thing. And now, my love," he continued, in a more business-like tone, "let us talk seriously. I think it would be very advisable for you to leave Bayswater, and take up your abode in these humble lodgings with me immediately."

"Why, papa?"

"The reason is sufficiently obvious, my love. It is not right that you should continue to eat the bread of dependence. As the future wife of Gustave Lenoble—and, in this case, the word future means immediately—"

"Papa," cried Diana suddenly, "you will not hurry me into this marriage? I have consented for your sake. You will not be so ungenerous as to—"

"As to hurry you? No, my dear, of course not. There shall be no indecent haste. Your wishes, your delicate and disinterested motives, shall be consulted before all things; yes, my love," cried the Captain, sorely afraid of some wavering on the part of his daughter, and painfully anxious to conciliate her, "all shall be in accordance with *your wishes*. But I must urge your immediate removal from Bays-

water ; first, because M. Lenoble will naturally wish to see you oftener than he can while you are residing with people whose acquaintance I do not want him to make ; and secondly, because you have no further need of Mrs. Sheldon's patronage."

"It has been kindness, affection, papa—never patronage. I could not leave Mrs. Sheldon or Charlotte abruptly or ungraciously, upon any consideration. They gave me a home when I most bitterly needed one. They took me away from the dull round of schoolroom drudgery that was fast changing me into a hard, hopeless, joyless automaton. My first duty is to them."

The Captain's angry sniff alone expressed the indignation which this impious remark inspired.

"My next shall be to you and M. Lenoble. Let me give Mrs. Sheldon due notice of the change in our plans."

"What do you call due notice?" asked Horatio peevishly.

"A quarter's notice."

"O, indeed! Then for three months you are to dance attendance upon Mrs. Sheldon, while M. Lenoble is waiting to make you his wife."

"I must consult the wishes of my friends, papa."

"Very well, my dear," replied the Captain, with a sigh that was next of kin to a groan; "you must please yourself and your friends, I suppose; your poor old father is a secondary consideration." And then, timeously mindful of the skirmish he had just had with his daughter, Captain Paget made haste to assure her of his regard and submission.

"All shall be as you please, my love," he murmured. "There, go into my room, and smooth your hair, and bathe your eyes, while I ring for the tea."

Diana obeyed. She found eau-de-cologne and the most delicate of Turkey sponges on her father's wash-handstand; jockey-club and ivory-backed brushes, somewhat yellow with age, but bearing crest and monogram, on his dressing-table. The workhouse did not seem quite so near at hand as the Captain had implied; but with these sanguine people it is but a step from disappointment to despair.

"What am I to tell Mrs. Sheldon, papa?" she asked, when she was pouring out her father's tea.

"Well, I think you had better say nothing, except that my circumstances have somewhat improved, and that my failing health requires your care."

"I hate secrets, papa."

"So do I, my dear; but half-confidences are more disagreeable than secrets."

Diana submitted. She secretly reserved to herself the right to tell Charlotte anything she pleased. From that dear, adopted sister she would hide nothing.

"If M. Lenoble should repeat his offer, and I should accept it, I

will tell her all," she thought. "It will make that dear girl happy to know that there is someone who loves me, besides herself."

And then she thought of the strange difference of fate that gave to this Charlotte Halliday, with her rich stepfather and comfortable surroundings, a penniless soldier of fortune for a lover, while to her, the spendthrift adventurer's daughter, came a wealthy suitor.

"Will hers be the dinner of herbs, and mine the stalled ox?" she thought. "Ah, Heaven forbid! Why is it so difficult to love wisely, so easy to love too well?"

She remembered the cynical French proverb, "When we cannot have what we love, we must love what we have." But the cynical proverb brought her no comfort.

She went back to Bayswater with a strange, bewildered feeling; after having promised her father to go to Omega-street whenever he sent for her. There was no actual pain in her mind, no passionate desire to recall her promise, no dread horror of the step to which she had pledged herself. The feeling that oppressed her was the sense that such a step should have been the spontaneous election of her grateful heart, proud of a good man's preference, instead of a weak submission to a father's helplessness.

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INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE

An Essay

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

THERE is scarcely any citizen, being free, and above the grade of an absolute pauper, who is disqualified from participating to some extent in the benefits of Assurance ; but for want of a proper knowledge and comprehension of the subject, nourishing fruits are often allowed to rot on the branch, and fertile crops to wither on the ground.

I have not at hand the statistics of the number of persons in the United Kingdom who pay premiums upon Life Policies or who habitually insure their property against Fire. I may arbitrarily assume, however, that the aggregate number of such persons is One Million, paying large or small premiums to various Assurance and Insurance Companies. Now, it may confidently be calculated that were the doctrine and theory of Insurance—its details and mode of working, and the direct or contingent advantages it presents—better understood by the community at large, the number of insured persons might, say in the course of the next ten years, be doubled, and, at the expiration of another decade, quadrupled. Immense publicity has of late years been given to Insurance projects, good, bad, and indifferent. The community have a general and indistinct notion that all kinds of things can be insured and all kinds of contingencies provided for by paying a certain sum of money yearly or half-yearly into an office. “They discover that not only may they insure their ships against the fury of the waves, their houses and property against the dire calamity of fire, or (still more important) make suitable provisions for those dependent upon them in the event of their untimely removal by death ; but that they may also secure compensation in the event of loss of sight, for broken limbs by railway mismanagement, for fractured heads by midnight bandits, the casualties of the chase, or the frightful risks of the battle-field.” They may insure their crops against the devastations of hail-storms ; their plate-glass against the carelessness of servants, or the damage done by evilly-disposed persons ; their cows and horses against the ravages of disease ; their ledgers against bad debts ; their house-property against insolvent tenants ; their racehorses against the infidelity of grooms ; and their tills and strong boxes against the defalcations of dishonest clerks. With all this, and although it is known that these things *can* be done, there is a deplorable amount of public ignorance as to *how* they are

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done, and *why* they are done, and by what means a respectable Insurance Company, while offering the most liberal terms and the most substantial bonuses to its clients, may yet so conduct its operations as to make the undertaking profitable to itself. To explain the "how," the "why," and the "whereby" of Life and Fire Insurance is the purpose of this brief essay.

The Father of Mathematics prefaces his immortal body of Geometry by certain Definitions, certain Postulates, and certain Axioms. He tells the tyro that a point is that which hath no parts, or which hath no magnitude; that a terminated straight line may be produced to any length in a straight line; that if equals be taken from equals, the remainders are equal, and that things which are double of the same are equal to one another. These dicta may be self-apparent, and we may have an innate although inarticulate consciousness of them; but they do not the less need to be laid down and promulgated. There are a great many things which we know; but we require to be told that we know them before we are aware of our knowledge. "In intellectual matters," says Lord Bacon, in the *De Augmentis*, "it is much more common, as may be seen in most of the propositions of Euclid, which till they be demonstrated they seem strange to our assent, but being demonstrated our mind ampteth of them, as the lawyers say, by a kind of relation, as though we have known them before." Molière, who had probably never read a line of Bacon—if, indeed, he had ever heard of the Sage of Verulam—has made M. Jourdain, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, give vent to an analogous reflection respecting talking prose. And this is precisely the case with Life Assurance: its doctrine is very terse; its scheme is built on invariably-logical conditions, and its theory is so simple that a child might understand it, *when its bearings are clearly and succinctly put before the child's mind*. Remembering this, I cannot do better than preface what may be termed the propositions and problems of Assurance by following the Euclidean example, and briefly stating certain definitions, postulates, and axioms which may be regarded as the outworks to the great fortress of Insurance; and master the outworks, and the citadel must eventually be stormed.

I. *Insurance* and *Assurance* are virtually identical: but a useful, if not always practical, distinction between the two has been set up. Mr. Babbage has observed that "*Assurance* is a contract dependent on the duration of life, which must either happen or fail. *Insurance* is a contract relating to any other uncertain event which may partly happen or partly fail: thus, in adjusting the price for the insurance of houses and ships, regard is always had to the chance of salvage arising from partial destruction." Custom, then, has sanctioned the term of *Insurance* as applicable to Fire and Maritime policies, and of *Assurance* as applied to Lives.

II. All insurance contracts partake of the nature of wagers. The

chances may be stated as one pound against a certain number of pounds that such an event does or does not happen. In insurance wagers, however, the converse occurs to that which usually takes place on the turf. The better, or insurer, never loses his entire stake—save when by his own culpable negligence he allows his policy to lapse. It is the Insurance Company who lays the odds, and who sometimes lose the difference.

III. When an individual or a corporate body has a large number of such contracts on hand, the element of wagering is merged in the Doctrine of Averages. The Doctrine of Averages has been developed out of the Theory of Probabilities, on which, as I am neither Descartes nor Pascal, I will not pretend to descant; but I may observe that the late Prince Consort in a memorable speech applied the Theory of Probabilities to the chances of the Sun rising on any given morrow morning; and that Professor de Morgan has written a learned treatise, showing that the game of *Rouge et Noir*, and the pastime of tossing up “heads or tails” with halfpence, are wholly governed by the Doctrine of Averages. Huygens the Dutchman and the Grand Pensionary De Witt were also most profound authorities on Probabilities. Before the theory was reduced to a mathematical canon, as easy to compute as quantities by logarithms, the doctrines of chances were matters of pure haphazard speculation and insurance wagers, and were mostly laid by Jews and Lombards.*

IV. Mutual Assurance is the broadest and most rational basis on which such contracts can be laid, and it is also one of the earliest adopted, at least in our own country. Mutual Assurance is founded (as Mr. Francis in his *Annals of Life Assurance* points out) on the axiom that “union is strength.” It was practised by the Saxon guilds, both

* Authorities differ as to the origin of Marine Insurances. Some say that they came into use a thousand years B.C., others a thousand years afterwards. If the first assertion be correct, the ships of Tarshish, with the treasures and jewels of King Solomon, may have been insured at the usual premiums for specie. The Commentaries on the Pandects of Justinian exhibit a certain familiarity with the practice of Marine Insurance. Fresh knowledge was probably obtained from the Rhodians. Commerce and finance, prior to the Christian era, were centred almost exclusively in the cities of the Mediterranean seaboard, and of the Greek and Turkish Archipelago. As Bills of Exchange are said to have been an invention of the Lombards—although such instruments were probably known to the Romans, and “backing a bill” is indirectly hinted at in the Proverbs of Solomon—and as the same enterprising race first introduced Bills of Lading and Charter Parties into maritime commerce, they may have been the first to give tangible form to Insurance Contracts and Life Policies. Lombard-street was named after those shrewd financiers who seem to have been able to meet the Jews on their own ground and beat them; and policies of Marine Insurance are even now often declared on their face to be made “after the manner and custom of those concluded in Lombard-street, London.” Insurance was not, however, in early times, wholly abandoned to Hebrews and Lombards. When Richard II. was a prisoner in the island of Oleron, he found consolation in the compilation of a maritime code, in which he traced the practice and custom of Marine Insurance.

before and after the Conquest. Every freeman after the age of fourteen being bound to find sureties to keep the peace, certain neighbours composed of one or more families became bound for one another, either to produce any one of the number who should offend against the law, or to make pecuniary satisfaction for the offence. To do this they raised a fund by mutual payments, which they placed in one common stock. This was pure Mutual Assurance. From this arose other mutually-insuring fraternities, of whose nature an idea may be gathered by one of the rules of the Guild of St. Catherine. "If a member suffer from fire, water, robbery, or other calamity, the Guild shall lend him a sum of money without interest."

V. Calculation as to the premiums payable by persons at different periods of life for a certain sum to be paid to their heirs or assigns on their deaths must be based on Tables in which the averages of human life are compared and adjusted. Bills of Mortality and Parish Registers are the first basis for such calculations; and climate, with the sanitary conditions of places of residence, must also be taken into consideration. Modern practice, likewise, after striking a gross average of the duration of life, proceeds minutely to fit the burden of premium to the shoulders of the person insured by careful inquiries, not only into his actual state of health, but into his constitution, the constitution of his parents, and his own personal habits and regimen of life. It may be regarded by some as testimony to the antiquity of this spirit of inquiry, that Pliny, in his well-known observations on the census of Vespasian, and the enumeration of the inhabitants of Italy between the Apennines and the Po, takes especial care to distinguish the number of persons living at ages above one hundred; and a much later writer, Eusebius, remarks, that "the experiences of a long series had led to the examination of the facts which had thus been handed down to his time with greater accuracy." It is certain that about the period of the division of the Roman Empire, a table was actually in existence by which annuities could be valued.

VI. No sensibly and honestly conducted Assurance Company has anything to fear from the establishment of properly-constituted rivals. "What they have to fear," says Mr. Cornelius Walford in his well-known *Insurance Guide and Handbook*, "and what all who are interested in the progress of Life Assurance have to fear and deplore, is the constant establishment of Companies holding forth delusive principles, or having no higher aim than to provide handsome incomes for pretentious managers and needy directors,—men who neither deserve success nor know the means of securing it."

VII. "Mortality," says Dr. Southwood Smith, "is subject to a law the operation of which is as regular as that of gravitation;" and Mr. Babbage remarks: "Nothing is more proverbially uncertain than the duration of human life when the maxim is applied to an individual; but there are few things less subject to fluctuation than the average

duration of life in a multitude of individuals." These are essentially axiomatic truths, and I have quoted them in order that non-scientific persons, when effecting a policy on their lives in a substantial office, may rest assured that the premiums they have to pay are rigidly based on averages, and that neither one penny more nor one penny less than their life-risk—as a life—warrants will be charged them ; and that, by contrasting such equitable rates with those of offices which profess to charge "exceptionally low premiums," in defiance of duly-tabulated averages, they may be enabled to form an estimate of the amount of confidence which a sensible person should repose in such unscrupulous bidders for public support. The average duration of human life in Great Britain at the present time is forty-one years, ranging from twenty-six in Liverpool to thirty-seven in London, and as high as forty-five in the county of Surrey.

VIII. The Life or Mortality Tables—everyone has heard of the famous Northampton Tables—are the keystone or pivot on which the whole science of Life Assurance hinges.

IX. Mortality Tables have been supplemented by others which have been evolved from them, called "Experience Tables." These were based on the recorded experience of seventeen well-known Life Offices, observing upon 83,905 lives. The data were collected under the superintendence of a Committee of Actuaries. These tables are beautifully graduated ; and but for the subsequent publication of Dr. Farr's tables, which had the advantage of far more extended data, would probably have been the most popular Assurance "calculating-machine" of the day.

X. "A body of one thousand individuals, in place of paying down a round sum at once, and receiving a small annual return, choose to engage to pay to the office a small sum annually, and the office engages to pay a round sum on the death of each. Interest is thrown out of account, and the office is not supposed to pay anything more than the actual sum it receives. Each individual of the thousand pays to the office the sum of one pound yearly, and the office in return agrees to pay 50*l.* 10*s.* to the executors of every man when he dies. A moment's consideration will show that the office is equally safe in the transaction, and equally certain of fulfilling its engagements as in the case of an annuity. One man pays in 1*l.*, and dies at the end of the year : the office pays 50*l.* 10*s.* on the day of his death ; and thus he has been a gainer. Another man pays into the office 1*l.* annually for 100 years, and upon the day of his death the office pays 50*l.* 10*s.* ; he has thus been a loser. And in the same way the other individuals are either losers or gainers ; but the gains exactly correspond with the losses, and at the end of 100 years the sum of 50*l.* 10*s.* has been paid by the office to every man." Take the converse of this, a thousand men paying a round sum to receive a certain fixed sum annually, and the result would be identical. At the end of 100 years the whole body of annuitants would be exhausted.

These postulates comprise almost the whole theory of Life Assurances and Annuities.

Prior to the Great Fire of London, when fire-engines were first introduced, Charles I. wrote to the Lord Mayor, calling his attention to the new machines "for spouting of water," and suggesting that some should be obtained for the protection of the city. The earlier fire-engines had been simply *squirts* of large size, a pair of which are preserved to this day in the Rolls Chapel, Lincoln's-Inn.

Among the first English contractors of Life Policies were the Crusaders, who were wont to insure their lives against accident or captivity in their pilgrimages to and from the Holy Sepulchre. There are many romantic stories which have been handed down to us in song or legend of their release from durance among the cruel Paynims by the fair daughters of Emirs and Agas ; but a more prosaic hue is given to the picture if we consider the heavy penalties payable by insurance-brokers when these gallant knights "came to grief."

Another phase in Insurance was the Lottery. It was long the rapacious and immoral custom of our governments to feed a depleted revenue by the encouragement of public gambling ; and Acts of Parliament for raising so many thousands of pounds "by way of lottery" are common in the Statute-Book. All classes of the community, from the Prince of the Blood to the quasi-pauper, subscribed to these national raffles ; and the history of the Lottery presents many most extraordinary instances of the caprices of Fortune. In its business aspect the Lottery offered a fine opportunity to the insurance-brokers to drive a profitable trade. Speculators were insured against drawing blanks,—or prizes either ; for the brokers would either give or take odds, as "betting-men" on the turf do now. They would also wager against a certain number being drawn before or after a given day. There were, at one period, more than four hundred offices in London alone kept by persons who made a livelihood, and sometimes acquired fortunes, by insuring against such risks. Late in the last century, indeed, Gambling Insurances attained the proportions of a mania ; and we find the insurance-brokers speculating heavily in the preposterous wagers laid regarding the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon. Reverting to the more legitimate branches of the science, we find that when the Great Fire took place in 1666 there were no Fire-Insurance Companies, in the strict sense of the term, in the metropolis. The deficiency might at the first blush be considered exceedingly fortunate for the financiers of the day, who would have had some terrific claims to adjust between Pudding-lane and Pie-corner ; yet, according to American actuaries, a series of extensive conflagrations is rather beneficial than detrimental to the Fire Companies. For the moment they are called upon to disburse large sums of money ; but numbers of people who never dreamt of insuring their property before become eager to effect Fire Policies, and in the end, by the increase of revenue, the offices are the gainers. Besides,

the doctrine of averages is strictly applicable to fires ; whereas, by strict attention to business, and liberal treatment of its clients, an Insurance-office can reckon, with respect to its premiums, on the most gratifying average of all,—a steady augmentation.

After the Fire the Corporation of London and the mercantile classes were panic-stricken. Deputy Newbold proposed that the City should undertake the business of Fire Insurance ; and his advice was followed, and the Corporation carried on their Assurance operations until a *mandamus* was issued from the Courts of Law, and the City had to show cause why it should not discontinue the business. It failed to prove its case to the satisfaction of the judges, and Municipal Insurance was discontinued. Long prior to this, a system of Fire Insurance had been suggested on the Continent to Count Anthony Gunther von Oldenburg. This magnate, however, failed to see his way in the matter. He considered that insuring against Fire was equivalent to tempting Providence, by setting the devices of men against the decrees of Heaven. If Providence, argued people of the Count of Oldenburg's way of thinking, ordained that houses, cities, hayricks, and merchandise should periodically be destroyed by fire, why they must burn, and it was mere folly and impiety to counteract the evil, or to forestall its probability. The same argument was used—and formed the basis, too, for many eloquent pulpit discourses—against vaccination. The small-pox was looked upon as a variety of the chastening-rod, and many conscientious persons considered any attempts to prevent it or mitigate its violence as wickedly rebellious.

A year before the Great Fire, there occurred in London the Great Plague ; and curiously enough, through these two calamities, the public mind was impelled to the consideration of the two principal features of Insurance ; that on Lives, and that against Fire. The latter was brought home to all men's perceptions by the enormous ravages caused by the conflagration, which had laid three-fourths of the capital of England in ashes ; the former was irresistibly suggested by the continuous study of the Bills of Mortality on the part of those who had escaped, but who were still apprehensive of the recurrence of the Great Pestilence.

Among those who studied these precursors of our Registrar-General's returns was John Graunt, Citizen and Captain of the Trainbands. This gentleman, an F.R.S. by grace of Charles II., who personally desired the Royal Society to admit him as a fellow, held the opinion that these Bills of Mortality were worth much more attention than had hitherto been bestowed upon them. He constructed, from weekly returns, a Mortality Table : and, rough and ready as were his calculations, there can be no doubt that Captain John Graunt, F.R.S., laid *in petto* the first stone of the institute of British actuaries. Other more abstruse calculators followed in his wake. Sir William Petty, the friend of Christopher Wren—the son of a Romney clothier and ancestor of the Marquises of Lansdowne—took up the subject of Life-Tables, and, little by little,

ratiocinative science began to peep out, like veins of fine gold in quartz, from the rugged facts heaped up by parish-clerks in the Bills of Mortality. Then Corbyn, Wayman Lee, Thomas Simpson, "schoolmaster and caster of nativities," with many others, set to work in earnest in the development of mortality-tables, and this gradually paved and fenced the highway to Life Insurance. The first manifestation in practical results was in annuity projects. The lottery system, having been a failure, was for a time suppressed by the government, which was striving to raise money by contracting for annuities; and the conclusion naturally followed that what the government could do—not being a monopoly—could likewise be effected by private individuals. Individuals speedily began to deal in these investments. Among them was conspicuous Sudby, who had risen from the grade of an attorney's clerk to be an extensive capitalist; but his dealings were not exempt from the imputation of one-sidedness. It need scarcely be said that the side to which he was partial was his own, for in the then imperfect state of knowledge as to life-averages the public had but a very misty notion of the market-value of such commodities as annuities. The celebrated Portuguese Jew, who subsequently became Sir Judah Manasseh Lopez, was also an active speculator in annuities, and almost to within our own times private bankers and financiers continued to grant them. An annuity, for example, to sustain the declining years of James Barry, the historical painter, who decorated the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, was purchased by the artist's friends from the grandfather of the present Sir Robert Peel. Annuity-granting has, in its time, like every other financial speculation, partaken of the nature of a gaming transaction. There has been an annuity mania. Every coffee-house between Change Alley and Temple Bar had at one time its annuity project; and as expectant annuitants were bound, as a rule, to pay the purchase-money down, the business was, for a time, very profitable both to honest and to fraudulent speculators.

The hour and the man destined to accomplish the real development of the theory of Assurance were, however, fast approaching. The man was Dr. Price, a Unitarian preacher, who is said to have succeeded but indifferently in that vocation. Whatever may have been his shortcomings in the pulpit, it is indubitable that he achieved very brilliant results as a statist. He discovered the true value of annuities; fixed irrevocably the data from which calculations should issue, and drove the mere guess-work speculators from the field. The exertions of Dr. Price effectually cleared the financial atmosphere. Insurance passed out of the domain of games of hazard, and several highly-respectable Companies were founded. The "Hand-in-Hand," the "Amicable," the "London Assurance," the "Royal Exchange," with many more corporations now no longer existing, commenced operations, and laid the foundations of that tremendous financial scheme which now deals with Life and Fire.

The majority of the early Companies only did business in London, others confined their attentions to the Provinces ; but all carried on their business more as though they were afraid of it than as though they believed in its stability. The fact was, that Assurance—even a century since—was still only half understood. But, in the mean time, the commercial fame of England had grown in astonishing ratio of increase. Material wealth had followed closely on the heels of martial victories. The ships of Britain were on every sea, her commerce in every clime. The loss of the American colonies was compensated by the acquisition of an immense empire in India. Obscure villages were accreting into great towns, and towns into cities. Newton-le-Willows ceased to be the commercial centre of Lancashire. A poor little port on the Mersey, half encompassed by marshes, frequented by long-legged birds, which have now become as mythical as the Dodo—a port which had once bowed humbly to Bristol, and had even been of smaller account than Gloucester—sprang up, to the astonishment of the world, to be LIVERPOOL. A petty inland town, founded on the ruins of an old Roman station—a town which the Jacobites were wont to boast was so inconsiderable that, in the rebellion of 1745, it was captured “by a Scots sergeant and a wench”—suddenly elbowed its way to the front rank among English cities, and amidst the clanking of a thousand piston-rods, and the whirring of ten thousand spindles, proclaimed itself to be MANCHESTER. It may fairly be estimated that in the period between the accession and the death of George III., the property, the “stock,” the “plant” of the British empire was, at least, increased four-fold. The development in Insurance business naturally kept pace with the increase of property requiring to be insured.

The mention of Liverpool obviously suggests the name of the almost unprecedentedly successful enterprise whose history is so intimately bound up with that of the maritime capital of Lancashire. Everything connected with the modern development of Liverpool has been on a gigantic scale, and the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY has, by a parity of reasoning, often been likened to a giant ; but it is but fair to observe that, if the simile holds good, the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON does not imitate the monsters of nursery legends by eating up all the other giants, but is the rather anxious to show them how to live, and to find room and scope in the world.

The year 1836 gave birth to this now famous undertaking ; and fortunately for those who have subsequently become affiliated to it, the earliest destinies of the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON were swayed by a gentleman of rare powers of mind, of singular concentration of purpose, and of almost gigantic energy. This gentleman awoke betimes to the conviction that the birthplace of the financial colossus given over to his keeping was—withstanding its relative splendour and local importance—only a city inhabited by a few hundred thousand persons. The *whole island in fact* could not boast of more than twenty millions ; but

there remained the World, and that World he was determined should be the vantage-ground of his young giant. The scheme of the LIVERPOOL, now LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, was henceforth to be addressed to hundreds of millions of people, and to owners of thousands of millions worth of the goods, the commodities, and the tenements of mankind; and it has been by the sedulous keeping in mind of the universal basis on which its transactions are planned, that the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON has continued to prosper and to increase, year by year, in astonishing progression. To the rare qualities, then, of a Managing Director whom no obstacles could deter, no difficulties daunt—who, taking the Liverpool Office as a nucleus, successively surrounded it with wider and wider concentric circles—who began to dot the Map of the World, as the Jesuit *abbé* in the *Wandering Jew* dotted his globe with red crosses, first with indices few and far between, but gradually till the dots formed thick clusters, marking the locality of district boards and agencies—to the unparalleled foresight, sagacity, and vigour of action of this gentleman, the surprising development of the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON COMPANY, which now proudly supplants its name with that of the GLOBE, must be held to be mainly due. Few will quarrel with its style and title. Its birthplace was Liverpool. As it grew in fame and wealth, it advanced its operations to London, and its ramifications now extend over the entire globe.

The leading features of this vast and important undertaking may be summed up in the following brief statement of facts. THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY (of which the first formation dates so far back as 1836, and which is specially empowered by Act of Parliament) is strictly a Proprietary Institution; and by its operations, of whatsoever nature they may be, no Insurer against Fire, no holder of a Policy on the life of himself or of another person (albeit his so holding it entitles him to participation in the periodical bonuses), no purchaser or recipient of one of its annuities, is involved in the slightest liability or responsibility ordinarily accruing to partnership. The colossal capital of the Company is the most forcible guarantee for its stability. This capital amounts to Two Millions Sterling, issued and issuable as stock not liable to further calls by the Company or the Directors thereof. Of this capital the amount paid up is Three Hundred and Ninety Thousand Pounds; but, in order to form an adequate estimate of the wealth and resources of the enterprise, it must be taken into account that the nominal capital is both morally and materially augmented by the unlimited liability of the Proprietors, and by the immense resources laid up to provide against all possible contingencies. The chief *passive* advantages offered by the Company are these:—Entire safety to the Insurer through *absence of liability* and partnership responsibility; security of tenure and certainty of protection through an inalienable Surplus Reserve.

Fund of large amount; universality of scope and comprehensiveness of operation through the appointment of resident Boards in various places, exercising the fullest control over the business in their respective districts, thus securing to the inhabitants thereof all the advantages of a purely local undertaking based on the resources of a large, powerful, and flourishing enterprise established in the political and commercial capitals of the British Empire. That a Company so founded, so fenced about with safeguards and precautions, and so wisely and equitably organised, should have attracted, in a marked degree, the attention of the public, and have come to be regarded as among the first Insurance Companies in the world, is but natural; and the absence of all undue forcing of its claims to support (through a wish to achieve sudden notoriety or factitious greatness) which has marked its history has tended to promote the quiet confidence and to inspire the implicit sense now universally felt in its management. An exceedingly acceptable expression of trust and confidence is found in the almost unprecedented measure of public support enjoyed by the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY, and the eagerness shown by the community at large to avail themselves of the facilities placed by the Company within its reach. It would be invidious to "name names"—save that perhaps of the indefatigable Managing Director in Liverpool, Mr. Swinton Boulton—or a list of the names of the principal members of the Proprietary Boards both in England and abroad might form a very *libro d'oro* eloquent of wealth, position, and influence: it may suffice, however, to mention that there are Boards in Liverpool, in London, in Manchester, in Leeds, in Sheffield, and Nottingham; in Glasgow (for Scotland generally); in Bristol (for the West of England and South Wales); in Sydney and Melbourne (for our Australian colonies); in Montreal (for Canada); and in New York (for the United States). In addition to these, the ramifications of the Company's operations are still further extended by a numerous and judiciously-selected system of foreign agencies, ranging from Berlin to Bordeaux, from Hamburg to Havre, from Bombay to Batavia, from Yokohama to the Rio Grande, from Madras to Manilla, from Barbadoes to St. John's, New Brunswick, and from Cape Town to Ceylon. There are also agencies in Oporto, Gottenburg, Calcutta, Foo Chow, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Singapore, Alexandria, Port Elizabeth, Halifax, Nova Scotia; in St. John's, Newfoundland; in Bahia and Demerara; at Kingston, Jamaica; at Pernambuco, Trinidad, and Valparaiso.

From the *passive* advantages offered by the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY the transition is easy to its *actively*-beneficial features, and a succinct sketch may now expediently be given of its resources and business. In addition to the unlimited liability of upwards of one thousand proprietors, the Company possesses more than Three Millions and a Quarter Sterling of Invested Funds, consisting of paid-up Capital, Reserve Fund, Life-Insurance Reserve,

and undivided profits. The Revenue of the Company is close upon One Million and a Half Sterling per annum, and in this gigantic income are included only the Fire-premiums, the Life-premiums, and the interest on the investments. So much for the resources of the Company. With regard to its business the objects pursued are: First, Insurance against loss by fire of property of every description, both at home and abroad. Thus a bank in Lombard-street, a warehouse in Manchester, a dock in Liverpool, a dwelling-house in Belgravia, a grain-store in Chicago, a timber-yard at Quebec, a rope-walk at Dantzic, a theatre at Milan, a palace at Venice, a sherry *bodega* at Cadiz, a leather-factory at Moscow, a "boiling-down" establishment at Sydney, a fortress at Ehrenbreitstein, or a porcelain tower at Nankin, can all be duly and safely insured against elemental damage. Next, the Company effects insurances on lives in all their different branches, including the endowment of Children and of Adults, and the sale and purchase of annuities, reversions, and contingent interests. The progress of the Company in these departments of its operations may be fairly tested by a comparison between the business done in 1836 and that transacted thirty years afterwards. In 1836 the Fire-premiums amounted to 9,970*l.* and the Life-premiums to 881*l.* In 1866 the sum paid in Fire-premiums was 818,055*l.*, while that disbursed on Life-policies was 254,397*l.* There was a vast increase in the Fire-premiums between 1851 and 1856; and this is explained by the fact that the Company, having become in the first-named year firmly established at home, then commenced its foreign business. The Directors, however, with commendable wisdom, did not seek to establish a foreign connection until by success at home it had proved itself worthy of confidence abroad. *Chi va piano, says the Italian proverb, va sano; e chi va sano va lontano.*

Few arguments can be proven nowadays without frequent references to figures; but were any apology needed for still further plunging into statistics, it would be found in the fact that Life Assurance is entirely a matter of arithmetic, and if it be not "according to Cocker," acts on a very flimsy basis indeed. The reader therefore will not think me tedious if I again call his attention to pounds, shillings, and pence, and mention that the amount paid by the LIVERPOOL, LONDON, AND GLOBE COMPANY in the course of thirty years, and in satisfaction of claims under policies, exceeds Six Millions Sterling. The stupendous sum expended in satisfaction of such demands is the strongest evidence of the practice of the Directors in dealing with their claimants; and, taken in conjunction with the surprisingly rapid growth of the Company's business throughout the world, is much more demonstrative of the spirit in which losses are adjusted than any artfully-selected and ostentatiously-paraded examples of assumed liberality, the real extent of which cannot be known without a searching investigation of the subsidiary facts connected with each individual case.

In the Fire Department the inquirer will find that the premiums are not extravagantly high. Indeed, the Directors have never advocated high rates, except to meet some temporary emergency bearing upon a particular manufacture or locality; and a desire is consistently shown to make even these subservient and ancillary to the improvement of the risk on which they are concentrated;—to the mutual advantage, it logically follows, both of the Company and of the Insurer. There are First-class or common Insurances issued, with certain exceptions, at one-and-sixpence per cent, including all kinds of buildings of which the walls are of brick or stone, which are covered with slate or metal, and in which no trade is carried on. Next come the Second-class or simply hazardous Insurances, which are concluded (again subject to certain exceptions) at two-and-sixpence per cent, and which comprise brick and timber, or timber, or plaster buildings wherein trades not hazardous are carried on, and merchandise not hazardous is deposited. Last come the Third-class or doubly-hazardous Insurances, effected (with exceptions) at four-and-sixpence per cent on glass, china, and earthenware, hazardous trades, and hazardous goods. It must be obvious that there must be "Peace Risks" as well as "War Risks;" and as Marine Insurers demand additional premiums on merchantmen when privateers are scouring the seas, or pirates infesting distant archipelagos, he who insures against Fire must expect to pay more if he carries on a hazardous trade in a dangerously-constructed house, in which, perhaps, may be stored specially-destructible commodities. Household Furniture is also insured by the Company; but in view of the trouble and difficulty experienced in classifying and valuing those goods and chattels which, when separately insured, are charged a higher rate than such as come under the "First-class," policies are issued upon the whole of the effects in a dwelling-house, without separate valuations, at the uniform rate of two shillings per cent.

There are Fourth-class or special Insurances, comprising those risks which can only be insured by special agreement. Jewels, for instance, medals and other curiosities, clocks and watches, come under this head. Pictures, prints, drawings, and statuary of unusual value, are all special things which must be specially insured. Extra-hazardous risks are also created by reason of a particular trade, the nature of goods, the narrowness of a place, the dangerous condition of neighbouring buildings, or the use of any kiln, furnace, still, steam-engine, stove, or oven in the process of manufacture. In all cases, however—even to the most perilous—the premiums are kept as low as is consistent with the security of the Company; and in every district there are efficient surveyors to give every facility for the accurate description of property. Policies can likewise be effected on farming-stock, free from the duty imposed on the insurance in Great Britain of all other property, except public hospitals and workmen's tools;

and the scale of premiums for the insurance of such farming-stock corresponds with that fixed by the majority of established offices. The only division required by the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON is between live stock, dead stock, and growing crops. The Company make good the loss when animals are killed by lightning, or other property is consumed by fire thereby. All these varieties of Fire Insurance can be effected on property in the Colonies and on the Continent at premiums analogous to those required by other companies doing similar business abroad ; but they are too various and depend too much upon special and local circumstances to be set forth here.*

Our attention is now demanded by the Life Department of the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE COMPANY, and an endeavour will be made to place before the reader, in as succinct a manner as is consistent with comprehensiveness, the principal advantages offered to those who are desirous of effecting Life Policies. Engagements which are to last a lifetime—to provide for survivors, to supply means for carrying on a business, if, by the death of a partner, capital should be withdrawn, to secure funds for the payment of mortgages at a fixed period or sooner, if death should intervene—ought obviously to be contracted only with Companies of whose sufficiency and permanence there can be no reasonable doubt. The extensive funds of the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE COMPANY, and its steady growth, indicate it as among the most eligible of Life-offices with which such business can be safely transacted ; while the principle of *certainly* introduced into its system of Bonus Policies naturally attracts those who wish to make adequate provision for contingencies without being dependent on the results of valuations and assessments which they do not understand, or in which they do not care to be involved. That one man should have the entire amount of the premiums he has paid returned to his representatives in the shape of Bonuses, die when he may, and another receive less than a third of his outlay, although his policy be as old, is not calculated to relieve perplexity, or to induce confidence that “the promises of to-day will be borne out on the morrow,” or that such promises may not culminate in bitter disappointment when the next Bonus is declared. These apprehensions, however, are at once and definitively removed by the system of Fixed Bonuses peculiar to the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE COMPANY—Bonuses which are sanctioned by high authority, and have been adopted in their entirety by no other Company. Under this system there is no uncertainty as

* A few words may be here said respecting the Government Duty on Insurances. The amount of the duty collected by a Company increases necessarily with the development of its operations. But it yields no profit, and is very commonly collected when the corresponding premium is paid over to another office. The duty collected in England and Ireland, paid over by the LONDON AND LIVERPOOL AND GLOBE in 1866, was 91,099*l*. The entire premiums, as stated above, were 818,055*l*.

to what is promised ; there is no possibility of disappointment as to what may be realised : while the Bonus being fixed, and not contingent on the fluctuations of profits, the Assured are freed under any circumstances from liability as participators in the profits of the concern. If it be true that a leading object aimed at by Insurance Companies is to render that certain which, without their agency, would be at the best doubtful, that Company would seem to fulfil most adequately such a purpose of its existence which places all the inducements it offers to the world on the clear basis of distinct guarantee. The first Bonus granted by this Company accrues to each Policy after Five Annual Payments of Premiums have been made ; a further Bonus is conceded after the payment of ten annual premiums, and the amount then increases annually, and at each succeeding period of ten years there is a further and large augmentation. For example, a policy for 1000*l.* on the life of a person aged forty years, and on which the annual premium amounts to 32*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, will, after five annual payments of premium, represent 1040*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* After ten years' payments it will represent 1101*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* ; every year thereafter the policy will be increased by 10*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* At the expiration of thirty years the sum payable at death would be raised to 1610*l.*, and so on, with an annual increase until, when forty annual payments had been made, the policy would attain its full value of 2000*l.* Let us suppose that Lord Brougham had insured his life at the age of forty for forty thousand pounds ; eight years ago his heirs would have become entitled to receive eighty thousand pounds at his death, whenever that event might have happened.

The LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE COMPANY so order the issue of their Policies that the premiums can be paid either in one sum or in a limited number of payments, and on what is termed the "half-premium system," which allows one moiety of the premium to a term of seven years as a debt against the policy. Policies may also be surrendered, and the Directors, although not anxious to encourage the practice, are yet prepared to treat on liberal terms with those who desire to give up their insurances. It is likewise very important to notice that all Policies issued in the United Kingdom to persons on their own lives or on the lives of others become, after the expiration of seven years from the date of same, absolutely INDISPUTABLE, except on the ground of fraud or unwarranted change of climate. In this travelling age, however, the Directors recognise the impossibility of keeping all their clients at home, and whole-world leave is granted on the issue of the policy, provided the assured make a declaration of the extent to which they intend to travel, and pay a premium of five shillings per cent annually during the continuance of the license. Finally, claims under Policies are paid in thirty days after the claim itself has been admitted, being the same time as is allowed for the payment of renewal premiums.

The LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE COMPANY also grant An-

nuities, and it is probable that they effect a larger number of such contracts than any other Joint-Stock Company. The rates are liberal, and the mode of transacting the business is devoid of unnecessary trouble or formality. Endowments for children on attaining a certain age, or for persons in advanced years, may also be acquired; and the sale and purchase of Reversions and Contingent Interests also forms a portion of the business of the Company.

I am aware that the details which I have ventured to submit to the reader's notice may not be held, at the first blush, to be quite so interesting as the contents of a story from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, or the last sensation novel. Nor is the perusal of a will in Doctors' Commons worth the shilling it costs when the testator has not left you anything. Nor is your banker's book very good reading when you have overdrawn your account. But circumstances alter cases. A man will study the most complicated Act of Parliament ever drawn, and with the most absorbed attention, if it contains a clause for pulling his house down. Trust-deeds are not ordinarily reckoned as among the most amusing order of literature; but the Shandys' Marriage Settlement was, doubtless, in the highest degree interesting to Mrs. Shandy. Thus, then, when a man or woman comes, as all should come, at some period or another of their lives,—

"Whoe'er thou art, thy master see,
Who is, or was, or is to be,"—

to ask himself or herself the imperial question, "Shall I insure my life? To what amount, and in what office?" the dullest and dreariest statement of facts will present more interest than the most brilliant essay or the most thrilling romance. If, in the pursuance of his task, the writer has so succeeded in marshalling his facts that they have come clearly, in natural sequence, and divested of needless digressions and reflections, to the comprehension of his readers, he will have been very amply repaid indeed for his labours.

May 26th, 1868.



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